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M, DCC, LXXIII.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK BY

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

VOLUME II.

Quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina
Digne scripserit? aut pulvere Troico
Nigrum Merionen? aut ope Palladis
Tydiden superis parem? HOR.

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THE ILIAD.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Embaſſy to Achilles.

AGAMEMNON, after the laſt day's defeat, propoſes to the Greeks to quit the ſiege, and return to their country. Diomed oppoſes this, and Neſtor ſeconds him, praiſing his wiſdom and reſolution. He orders the guard to be ſtrengthened, and a council ſummoned to deliberate what meaſures were to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon purſues this advice; and Neſtor farther prevails upon him to ſend ambaſſadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulyſſes and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phoenix. They make, each of them, very moving and preſſing ſpeeches, but are rejected with roughneſs by Achilles, who notwithſtanding retains Phoenix in his tent. The ambaſſadors return unſucceſsfully to the camp, and the troops betake themſelves to ſleep. This book, and the next following, take up the ſpace of one night, which is the twenty-ſeventh from the beginning of the poem. The ſcene lies on the ſea-ſhore, the ſtation of the Grecian ſhips.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Embassy to Achilles.

AGAMEMNON, after the last day's defeat, proposes to the Greeks to quit the siege, and return to their country. Diomed opposes this, and Nestor seconds him, praising his wisdom and resolution. He orders the guard to be strengthened, and a council summoned to deliberate what measures were to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon pursues this advice, and Nestor further prevails upon him to send ambassadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulysses and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phœnix. They make each of them, very moving and pressing speeches, but are rejected with roughness by Achilles: who notwithstanding retains Phœnix in his tent. The ambassadors return unsuccessfully to the camp; and the troops betake themselves to sleep.

BOOK IX.

THUS joyful Troy maintain'd the watch of night;
While fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,
And heav'n-bred horror, on the Grecian part;
Sat on each face, and ſadden'd ev'ry heart.
As from its cloudy dungeon iſſuing forth,
A double tempeſt of the weſt and north
Swells o'er the ſea, from Thracia's frozen ſhore,
Heaps waves on waves, and bids th' Ægean roar;
This way and that the boiling deeps are toſt;
Such various paſſions urg'd the troubled hoſt.
Great Agamemnon griev'd above the reſt;
Superior ſorrows ſwell'd his royal breaſt;
Himſelf his orders to the heralds bears,
To bid to council all the Grecian peers,
But bid in whiſpers: Theſe ſurround their chief,
In ſolemn ſadneſs, and majeſtic grief.
The king amidſt the mournful circle roſe;
Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows:
So ſilent fountains, from a rock's tall heed,
In ſable ſtreams ſoft-trickling waters ſhed.
With more than vulgar grief he ſtood oppreſt;
Words, mix'd with ſighs, thus burſting from his breaſt.

Ye ſons of Greece! partake your leader's care,
Fellows in arms, and princes of the war!
Of partial Jove too juſtly we complain,
And heav'nly oracles believ'd in vain.

A ſafe return was promis'd to our toils,
With conqueſt honour'd, and enrich'd with ſpoils;
Now ſhameful flight alone can ſave the hoſt!
Our wealth, our people, and our glory loſt.
So Jove decrees, almighty lord of all!
Jove, at whoſe nod whole empires riſe or fall,
Who ſhakes the feeble props of human truſt,
And tow'rs and armies humbles to the duſt.
Haſte then, for ever quit theſe fatal fields,
Haſte to the joys our native country yields:
Spread all your canvas, all your oars employ,
Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended Troy.

He ſaid; deep ſilence held the Grecian band,
Silent, unmov'd, in dire diſmay they ſtand,
A penſive ſcene! till Tydeus' warlike ſon
Roll'd on the king his eyes, and thus begun.

When kings adviſe us to renounce our fame,
Firſt let them ſpeak, who firſt have ſuffer'd ſhame.
If I oppoſe thee, prince! thy wrath with-hold,
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.
Thou firſt, and thou alone in fields of fight,
Durſt brand my courage, and defame my might:
Nor from a friend th' unkind reproach appear'd,
The Greeks ſtood witneſs, all our army heard.
The gods, O chief, from whom our honours ſpring,
The Gods have made thee but by halves a king:
They gave thee ſceptres, and a wide command,
They gave dominion o'er the ſeas and land;
The nobleſt pow'r that might the world controul
They gave thee not——a brave and virtuous ſoul.
Is this a gen'ral's voice, that would ſuggeſt
Fears like his own to ev'ry Grecian breaſt?

Confiding in our want of worth, he ſtands;
And if we fly, 'tis what our king commands.
Go thou, inglorious! from th' embattled plain;
Ships thou haſt ſtore, and neareſt to the main:
A nobler care the Grecians ſhall employ,
To combat, conquer, and extirpate Troy.
Here Greece ſhall ſtay; or, if all Greece retire,
Myſelf will ſtay, till Troy or I expire;
Myſelf, and Sthenelus, will fight for fame:
God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.
He ceas'd; the Greeks loud acclamations raiſe,
And voice to voice reſounds Tydides' praiſe.
Wiſe Neſtor then his rev'rend figure rear'd;
He ſpoke: The hoſt in ſtill attention heard.
O truly great! in whom the gods have join'd
Such ſtrength of body with ſuch force of mind;
In conduct, as in courage, you excell,
Still firſt to act what you adviſe ſo well.
Thoſe wholeſome counſels which thy wiſdom moves,
Applauding Greece with common voice approves.
Kings thou canſt blame; a bold, but prudent youth;
And blame ev'n kings with praiſe, becauſe with truth.
And yet thoſe years that ſince thy birth have run,
Would hardly ſtyle thee Neſtor's youngeſt ſon.
Then let me add what yet remains behind,
A thought unfiniſh'd in that gen'rous mind;
Age bids me ſpeak; nor ſhall th' advice I bring,
Diſtaſte the people, or offend the king.
Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,
Unworthy property, unworthy light,
Unfit for public rule, or private care;
That wretch, that monſter who delights in war:

Whoſe luſt is murder, and whoſe horrid joy,
To tear his country, and his kind deſtroy!
This night, refreſh and fortify thy train;
Between the trench and wall let guards remain:
Be that the duty of the young and bold;
But thou, O king, to council call the old:
Great is thy ſway, and weighty are thy cares;
Thy high commands muſt ſpirit all our wars.
With Thracian wine recruit thy honour'd gueſts,
For happy counſels flow from ſober feaſts.
Wiſe, weighty counſels aid a ſtate diſtreſt,
And ſuch a monarch as can chuſe the beſt.
See! what a blaze from hoſtile tents aſpires,
How near our fleet approach the Trojan fires!
Who can unmov'd, behold the dreadful light,
What eye beholds them, and can cloſe to-night?
This dreadful interval determines all;
To-morrow, Troy muſt flame, or Greece muſt fall.
Thus ſpoke the hoary ſage, the reſt obey;
Swift thro' the gates the guards direct their way.
His ſon was firſt to paſs the lofty mound,
The gen'rous Thraſymed, in arms renown'd:
Next him, Aſcalaphus, Ialmen, ſtood,
The double offspring of the warrior god.
Deipyrus, Apharens, Merion join,
And Lycomed, of Creon's noble line.
Sev'n were the leaders of the nightly bands,
And each bold chief a hundred ſpears commands.
The fires they light, to ſhort repaſts they fall,
Some line the trench, and others man the wall.
The king of men, on public counſels bent,
Conven'd the princes in his ample tent;

Each ſeiz'd a portion of the kingly feaſt,
But ſtaid his hand when thirſt and hunger ceas'd.
Then Neſtor ſpoke, for wiſdom long approv'd,
And ſlowly riſing, thus the council mov'd.
Monarch of nations! whoſe ſuperior ſway,
Aſſembled ſtates, and lords of earth obey,
The laws and ſceptres to thy hand are giv'n,
And millions own the care of thee and heav'n.
O king! the counſels of my age attend;
With thee my cares begin, in thee muſt end;
Thee, prince! it fits alike to ſpeak and hear,
Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,
To ſee no wholeſome motion be withſtood,
And ratify the beſt for public good.
Nor, tho' a meaner give advice, repine,
But follow it, and make the wiſdom thine.
Hear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haſte,
At once my preſent judgement, and my paſt.
When from Pelides' tent you forc'd the maid,
I firſt oppos'd, and faithful, durſt diſſuade;
But bold of ſoul, when headlong fury fir'd,
You wrong'd the man, by men and gods admir'd:
Now ſeek ſome means his fatal wrath to end,
With pray'rs to move him, or with gifts to bend.
To whom the king. With juſtice haſt thou ſhown
A prince's faults, and I with reaſon own.
That happy man, whom Jove ſtill honours moſt,
Is more than armies, and himſelf an hoſt.
Bleſs'd in his love, this wond'rous hero ſtands;
Heav'n fights his war, and humbles all our bands.
Fain would my heart, which err'd thro' frantic rage,
The wrathful chief and angry gods aſſuage.

If gifts immenſe his mighty ſoul can bow,
Hear, all ye Greeks, and witneſs what I vow.
Ten weighty talents of the pureſt gold,
And twice ten vaſes of refulgent mold;
Sev'n ſacred tripods, whoſe unſully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame;
Twelve ſteeds unmatch'd in fleetneſs and in force,
And ſtill victorious in the duſty courſe;
(Rich were the man whoſe ample ſtores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged ſpeed);
Sev'n lovely captives of the Leſbian line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
The ſame I choſe for more than vulgar charms,
When Leſbos ſunk beneath the hero's arms:
All theſe, to buy his friendſhip, ſhall be paid,
And join'd with theſe the long-conteſted maid;
With all her charms, Briſeis I reſign,
And ſolemn ſwear thoſe charms were never mine;
Untouch'd ſhe ſtaid, uninjur'd ſhe removes,
Pure from my arms, and guiltleſs of my loves.
Theſe inſtant ſhall be his; and if the pow'rs
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hoſtile tow'rs,
Then ſhall he ſtore (when Greece the ſpoil divides)
With gold and braſs his loaded navy's ſides.
Beſides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race,
With copious love ſhall crown his warm embrace;
Such as himſelf will chuſe; who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heav'nly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: When our wars are o'er,
If ſafe we land on Argos' fruitful ſhore,
There ſhall he live my ſon, our honours ſhare,
And with Oreſtes ſelf divide my care.

Yet more——three daughters in my court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;
Laodice and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Chryſothemis with golden hair;
Her let him chuſe, whom moſt his eyes approve;
I aſk no preſents, no reward for love;
Myſelf will give the dow'r; ſo vaſt a ſtore,
As never father gave a child before.
Sev'n ample cities ſhall confeſs his ſway;
Him Enope, and Pherae him obey,
Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
And ſacred Pedaſus for vines renown'd;
Æpeia fair, the paſtures Hira yields,
And rich Antheia with her flow'ry fields;
The whole extent to Pylo's ſandy plain,
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the ſoil:
There ſhall he reign with pow'r and juſtice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
All this I give, his vengeance to controul,
And ſure all this may move his mighty ſoul.
Pluto, the grizly god, who never ſpares,
Who feels no mercy, and who hears no pray'rs,
Lives dark and dreadful in deep hell's abodes,
And mortals hate him, as the worſt of Gods.
Great tho' he be, it fits him to obey;
Since more than his my years, and more my ſway.
The monarch thus: The rev'rend Neſtor then:
Great Agamemnon! glorious king of men!
Such are thy offers as a prince may take,
And ſuch as fits a gen'rous king to make.

Let choſen delegates this hour be ſent
(Myſelf will name them) to Pelides' tent:
Let Phoenix lead, rever'd for hoary age,
Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the ſage.
Yet more to ſanctify the word you ſend,
Let Hodius and Eurybates attend.
Now pray to Jove to grant what Greece demands;
Pray, in deep ſilence, and with pureſt hands.
He ſaid, and all approv'd. The heralds bring
The cleanſing water from the living ſpring.
The youth with wine the ſacred goblets crown'd,
And large libations drench'd the ſands around.
The rite perform'd, the chiefs their thirſt allay,
Then from the royal tent they take their way;
Wiſe Neſtor turns on each his careful eye,
Forbids t' offend, inſtructs them to apply:
Much he adviſ'd them all, Ulyſſes moſt,
To deprecate the chief, and ſave the hoſt.
Thro' the ſtill night they march, and hear the roar
Of murm'ring billows on the ſounding ſhore.
To Neptune, ruler of the ſeas profound,
Whoſe liquid arms the mighty globe ſurround,
They pour forth vows their embaſſy to bleſs,
And calm the rage of ſtern Æacides.
And now arriv'd, where on the ſandy bay
The Myrmidonian tents and veſſels lay;
Amus'd at eaſe, the godlike man they found,
Pleas'd with the ſolemn harp's harmonious ſound.
(The well-wrought harp from conquer'd Thebae came,
Of poliſh'd ſilver was its coſtly frame);
With this he ſooths his angry ſoul, and ſings
Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.

Patroclus only of the royal train,
Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty ſtrain:
Full oppoſite he ſate, and liſten'd long,
In ſilence waiting till he ceas'd the ſong.
Unſeen the Grecian embaſſy proceeds
To his high tent; the great Ulyſſes leads.
Achilles ſtarting, as the chiefs he ſpy'd,
Leapt from his ſeat, and laid the harp aſide.
With like ſurpriſe aroſe Menoetius' ſon:
Pelides graſp'd their hands, and thus begun:
Princes, all hail! whatever brought you here,
Or ſtrong neceſſity, or urgent fear;
Welcome, tho' Greeks! for not as foes ye came;
To me more dear than all that bear the name.
With that the chiefs beneath his roof he led,
And plac'd in ſeats with purple carpets ſpread.
Then thus—Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open ev'ry ſoul.
Of all the warriors yonder hoſt can ſend,
Thy friend moſt honours theſe, and theſe thy friend.
He ſaid; Patroclus o'er the blazing fire
Heaps in a brazen vaſe three chines entire:
The brazen vaſe Automedon ſuſtains,
Which fleſh of porket, ſheep, and goat contains:
Achilles at the genial feaſt preſides,
The parts transfixes, and with ſkill divides.
Meanwhile Patroclus ſweats the fire to raiſe;
The tent is brighten'd with the riſing blaze:
Then, when the languid flames at length ſubſide,
He ſtrows a bed of glowing embers wide,
Above the coals the ſmoking fragments turns,
And ſprinkles ſacred ſalt from lifted urns;

With bread the glitt'ring caniſters they load,
Which round the board Menoetius' ſon beſtow'd;
Himſelf, oppos'd t' Ulyſſes full in ſight,
Each portion parts, and orders ev'ry rite.
The firſt fat off'rings, to th' immortals due,
Amidſt the greedy flames Patroclus threw;
Then each indulging in the ſocial feaſt,
His thirſt and hunger ſoberly repreſt.
That done, to Phoenix Ajax gave the ſign;
Not unperceiv'd; Ulyſſes crown'd with wine
The foaming bowl, and inſtant thus began,
His ſpeech addreſſing to the godlike man.
Health to Achilles! happy are thy gueſts!
Not thoſe more honour'd whom Atrides feaſts;
Tho' gen'rous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
That Agamemnon's regal tent affords;
But greater cares ſit heavy on our ſouls,
Not eas'd by banquets or by flowing bowls;
What ſcenes of ſlaughter in yon fields appear!
The dead we mourn, and for the living fear:
Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful ſtands,
And owns no help but from thy ſaving hands:
Troy and her aids for ready vengeance call;
Their threat'ning tents already ſhade our wall:
Hear how with ſhouts their conqueſts they proclaim,
And point at ev'ry ſhip their vengeful flame!
For them the father of the gods declares;
Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs.
See, full of Jove, avenging Hector riſe!
See, heav'n and earth the raging chief defies;
What fury in his breaſt, what lightning in his eyes!

He waits but for the morn to ſink in flame
The ſhips, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name.
Heav'ns! how my country's woes diſtract my mind,
Leſt fate accompliſh all his rage deſign'd.
And muſt we, gods! our heads inglorious lay
In Trojan duſt, and this the fatal day?
Return, Achilles! oh return, though late;
To ſave thy Greeks, and ſtop the courſe of fate;
If in that heart, or grief, or courage lies,
Riſe to redeem; ah yet to conquer, riſe!
The day may come, when all our warriors ſlain,
That heart ſhall melt, that courage riſe in vain.
Regard in time, O prince divinely brave!
Thoſe wholeſome counſels which thy father gave.
When Peleus in his aged arms embrac'd
His parting ſon, theſe accents were his laſt.
My child! with ſtrength, with glory and ſucceſs,
Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bleſs!
Truſt that to heav'n; but thou, thy cares engage
To calm thy paſſions, and ſubdue thy rage:
From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
And ſhun contention, the ſure ſource of woe;
That young and old may in thy praiſe combine,
The virtues of humanity be thine—
This, now deſpis'd advice, thy father gave;
Ah! check thy anger, and be truly brave,
If thou wilt yield to great Atrides' pray'rs,
Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares;
If not—but hear me, while I number o'er
The proffer'd preſents, an exhauſtleſs ſtore.
Ten weighty talents of the pureſt gold,
And twice ten vaſes of refulgent mold;

Sev'n ſacred tripods, whoſe unſully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame;
Twelve ſteeds unmatch'd in fleetneſs and in force,
And ſtill victorious in the duſty courſe;
(Rich were the man whoſe ample ſtores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged ſpeed);
Sev'n lovely captives of the Leſbian line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
The ſame he choſe, for more than vulgar charms,
When Leſbos ſunk beneath thy conqu'ring arms.
All theſe, to buy thy friendſhip, ſhall be paid,
And join'd with theſe the long-conteſted maid,
With all her charms, Briſeis he'll reſign,
And ſolemn ſwear thoſe charms were only thine;
Untouch'd ſhe ſtay'd, uninjur'd ſhe removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltleſs of his loves.
Theſe inſtant ſhall be thine; and if the pow'rs
Give to our arms proud Ilion's lofty tow'rs,
Then ſhalt thou ſtore (when Greece the ſpoil divides)
With gold and braſs thy loaded navy's ſides.
Beſides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race,
With copious love ſhall crown thy warm embrace;
Such as thyſelf ſhall chuſe, who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heav'nly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: When our wars are o'er,
If ſafe we land on Argos' fruitful ſhore,
There ſhalt thou live his ſon, his honours ſhare,
And with Oreſtes' ſelf divide his care.
Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;
Laodice and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Chryſothemis with golden hair;

Her ſhalt thou wed whom moſt thy eyes approve;
He aſks no preſents, no reward for love:
Himſelf will give the dow'r; ſo vaſt a ſtore,
As never father gave a child before.
Sev'n ample cities ſhall confeſs thy ſway,
Thee Enope, and Pherae thee obey;
Cardamyle, with ample turrets crown'd,
And ſacred Pedaſus, for vines renown'd:
Æpeia fair, the paſtures Hira yields,
And rich Antheia, with her flow'ry fields:
The whole extent to Pylos' ſandy plain,
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the ſoil.
There ſhalt thou reign with pow'r and juſtice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
Such are the proffers which this day we bring;
Such the repentance of a ſuppliant king.
But if all this relentleſs thou diſdain,
If honour, and if int'reſt plead in vain;
Yet ſome redreſs to ſuppliant Greece afford,
And be, amongſt her guardian gods, ador'd.
If no regard thy ſuff'ring country claim,
Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame:
For now that chief, whoſe unreſiſted ire
Made nations tremble, and whole hoſts retire,
Proud Hector, now th' unequal fight demands,
And only triumphs to deſerve thy hands.
Then thus the goddeſs-born. Ulyſſes, hear
A faithful ſpeech, that knows nor art, nor fear;
What in my ſecret ſoul is underſtood,
My tongue ſhall utter, and my deeds make good.

Let Greece then know, my purpoſe I retain:
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart deteſts him as the gates of hell.
Then thus in ſhort my fix'd reſolves attend,
Which nor Atrides, nor his Greeks can bend.
Long toils, long perils in their cauſe I bore,
But now th' ungrateful glories charm no more.
Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim;
The wretch and hero find their prize the ſame;
Alike regretted in the duſt he lies,
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
A life of labours, lo! what fruit remains?
As the bold bird her helpleſs young attends,
From danger guards them, and from want defends;
In ſearch of prey ſhe wings the ſpacious air,
And with th' untaſted food ſupplies her care;
For thankleſs Greece ſuch hardſhips have I brav'd,
Her wives, her infants by my labours ſav'd;
Long ſleepleſs nights in heavy arms I ſtood,
And ſweat laborious days in duſt and blood.
I ſack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
And twelve lay ſmoking on the Trojan plain;
Then at Atrides' haughty feet were laid
The wealth I gather'd, and the ſpoils I made.
Your mighty monarch theſe in peace poſſeſt;
Some few my ſoldiers had, himſelf the reſt.
Some preſent too to ev'ry prince was paid;
And ev'ry prince enjoys the gift he made:
I only muſt refund, of all his train;
See what pre-eminence our merits gain!

My ſpoil alone his greedy ſoul delights;
My ſpouſe alone muſt bleſs his luſtful nights:
The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;
But what's the quarrel then of Greece to Troy!
What to theſe ſhores th' aſſembled nations draws;
What calls for vengeance, but a woman's cauſe?
Are fair endowments, and a beauteous face
Belov'd by none but thoſe of Atreus' race?
The wife whom choice and paſſion both approve,
Sure ev'ry wiſe and honeſt man will love.
Nor did my fair one leſs diſtinction claim;
Slave as ſhe was, my ſoul ador'd the dame.
Wrong'd in my love, all proffers I diſdain;
Deceiv'd for once, I truſt not kings again.
Ye have my anſwer—what remains to do,
Your king, Ulyſſes, may conſult with you.
What needs he the defence this arm can make?
Has he not walls no human force can ſhake?
Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round,
With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?
And will not theſe (the wonders he has done)
Repel the rage of Priam's ſingle ſon?
There was a time ('twas when for Greece I fought)
When Hector's proweſs no ſuch wonders wrought:
He kept the verge of Troy, nor dar'd to wait
Achilles' fury at the Scaean gate;
He try'd it once, and ſcarce was ſav'd by fate.
But now theſe antient enmities are o'er;
To-morrow we the fav'ring gods implore;
Then ſhall you ſee our parting veſſels crown'd,
And hear with oars the Helleſpont reſound.

The third day hence, ſhall Phthia greet our ſails,
If mighty Neptune ſend propitious gales;
Phthia to her Achilles ſhall reſtore
The wealth he left for this deteſted ſhore:
Thither the ſpoils of this long war ſhall paſs,
The ruddy gold, the ſteel, and ſhining braſs;
My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,
And all that reſts of my unraviſh'd prey.
One only valu'd gift your tyrant gave,
And that reſum'd, the fair Lyrneſſian ſlave.
Then tell him, loud, that all the Greeks may hear,
And learn to ſcorn the wretch they baſely fear;
(For arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,
And meditates new cheats on all his ſlaves;
Though ſhameleſs as he is, to face theſe eyes
Is what he dares not; if he dares, he dies);
Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,
Nor ſhare his council, nor his battle join:
For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice, were mine.
No—let the ſtupid prince, whom Jove deprives
Of ſenſe and juſtice, run where frenzy drives;
His gifts are hateful: Kings of ſuch a kind
Stand but as ſlaves before a noble mind.
Not though he proffer'd all himſelf poſſeſt,
And all his rapine could from others wreſt;
Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
The many-peopled Orchomenian town;
Not all proud Thebes' unrivall'd walls contain,
The world's great empreſs on th' Egyptian plain,
(That ſpreads her conqueſts o'er a thouſand ſtates,
And pours her heroes through a hundred gates,

Two hundred horſemen, and two hundred cars
From each wide portal iſſuing to the wars) :
Tho' bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more
Than duſt in fields, or ſand along the ſhore;
Should all theſe offers for my friendſhip call,
'Tis he that offers, and I ſcorn them all.
Atrides' daughter never ſhall be led
(An ill-match'd conſort) to Achilles's bed;
Like golden Venus, though ſhe charm'd the heart,
And vy'd with Pallas in the works of art,
Some greater Greek let thoſe high nuptials grace;
I hate alliance with a tyrant's race.
If heav'n reſtore me to my realms with life,
The rev'rend Peleus ſhall elect my wife;
Theſſalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
And kings that ſue to mix their blood with mine.
Bleſs'd in kind love, my years ſhall glide away,
Content with juſt hereditary ſway;
There, deaf for ever to the martial ſtrife,
Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.
Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;
Not all Apollo's Pythian treaſures hold,
Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of ſway,
Can bribe the poor poſſeſſion of a day!
Loſt herds and treaſures we by arms regain,
And ſteeds unrivall'd on the duſty plain:
But from our lips the vital ſpirit fled,
Returns no more to wake the ſilent dead.
My fates long ſince by Thetis were diſclos'd,
And each alternate, life or fame propos'd;
Here if I ſtay, before the Trojan town,
Short is my date, but deathleſs my renown.

If I return, I quit immortal praiſe
For years on years, and long-extended days.
Convinc'd, though late, I find my fond miſtake,
And warn the Greeks the wiſer choice to make:
To quit theſe ſhores, their native ſeats enjoy,
Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended Troy.
Jove's arms diſplay'd, aſſerts her from the ſkies;
Her hearts are ſtrengthen'd, and her glories riſe.
Go, then, to Greece report our fix'd deſign;
Bid all your councils, all your armies join;
Let all your forces, all your arts conſpire
To ſave the ſhips, the troops, the chiefs from fire.
One ſtratagem has fail'd, and others will:
Ye find Achilles is unconquer'd ſtill.
Go then—digeſt my meſſage as ye may—
But here this night let rev'rend Phoenix ſtay:
His tedious toils and hoary hairs demand
A peaceful death in Phthia's friendly land.
But, whether he remain, or ſail with me,
His age be ſacred, and his will be free.
The ſon of Peleus ceas'd: The chiefs around,
In ſilence rapt, in conſternation drown'd,
Attend the ſtern reply. Then Phoenix roſe;
(Down his white beard a ſtream of ſorrow flows),
And while the fate of ſuff'ring Greece he mourn'd,
With accents weak theſe tender words return'd.
Divine Achilles! wilt thou then retire,
And leave our hoſts in blood, our fleets on fire?
If wrath ſo dreadful fill thy ruthleſs mind,
How ſhall thy friend, thy Phoenix ſtay behind?
The royal Peleus, when from Phthia's coaſt
He ſent thee early to th' Achaian hoſt;

Thy youth as then in ſage debates unſkill'd,
And new to perils of the direful field;
He bade me teach thee all the ways of war;
To ſhine in councils, and in camps to dare.
Never, ah never let me leave thy ſide!
No time ſhall part us, and no fate divide.
Not though the god, that breath'd my life, reſtore
The bloom I boaſted, and the port I bore,
When Greece of old beheld my youthful flames,
(Delightful Greece, the land of lovely dames).
My father, faithleſs to my mother's arms,
Old as he was, ador'd a ſtranger's charms.
I try'd what youth could do (at her deſire)
To win the damſel, and prevent my ſire.
My ſire with curſes loads my hated head,
And cries, "Ye furies! barren be his bed."
Infernal Jove, the vengeful fiends below,
And ruthleſs Proſerpine, confirm'd his vow.
Deſpair and grief diſtract my lab'ring mind!
Gods! what a crime my impious heart deſign'd?
I thought (but ſome kind god that thought ſuppreſt)
To plunge the poinard in my father's breaſt:
Then meditate my flight; my friends in vain
With pray'rs intreat me, and with force detain.
On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny ſwine,
They daily feaſt, with draughts of fragrant wine.
Strong guards they plac'd, and watch'd nine nights entire;
The roofs and porches flam'd with conſtant fire;
The tenth, I forc'd the gates, unſeen of all;
And favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall.

My travels thence thro' ſpacious Greece extend;
In Phthia's court at laſt my labours end.
Your ſire receiv'd me, as his ſon careſs'd,
With gifts enrich'd, and with poſſeſſions bleſs'd.
The ſtrong Dolopians thenceforth own'd my reign,
And all the coaſt that runs along the main.
By love to thee his bounties I repaid,
And early wiſdom to thy ſoul convey'd:
Great as thou art, my leſſons made thee brave,
A child I took thee, but a hero gave.
Thy infant breaſt a like affection ſhow'd;
Still in my arms, (an ever-pleaſing load),
Or at my knee, by Phoenix wouldſt thou ſtand;
No food was grateful but from Phoenix' hand.
I paſs my watchings o'er thy helpleſs years,
The tender labours, the compliant cares;
The gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,
And Phoenix felt a father's joys in thee:
Thy growing virtues juſtify'd my cares,
And promis'd comfort to my ſilver hairs.
Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, reſign'd;
A cruel heart ill ſuits a manly mind:
The gods (the only great and only wiſe)
Are mov'd by off'rings, vows, and ſacrifice;
Offending man their high compaſſion wins,
And daily pray'rs atone for daily ſins.
Pray'rs are Jove's daughters, of celeſtial race,
Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face;
With humble mien, and with dejected eyes,
Conſtant they follow, where Injuſtice flies:

Injuſtice ſwift, erect, and unconfin'd,
Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind,
While Pray'rs, to heal her wrongs move ſlow behind.
Who hears theſe daughters of almighty Jove,
For him they mediate to the throne above:
When man rejects the humble ſuit they make,
The ſire revenges for the daughters ſake;
From Jove commiſſion'd, fierce Injuſtice then
Deſcends, to puniſh unrelenting men.
Oh let not headlong paſſion bear the ſway;
Theſe reconciling goddeſſes obey:
Due honours to the ſeed of Jove belong;
Due honours calm the fierce, and bend the ſtrong.
Were theſe not paid thee by the terms we bring,
Were rage ſtill harbour'd in the haughty king;
Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes ſhould engage
Thy friend to plead againſt ſo juſt a rage.
But ſince what honour aſks, the gen'ral ſends,
And ſends by thoſe whom moſt thy heart commends,
The beſt and nobleſt of the Grecian train;
Permit not theſe to ſue, and ſue in vain!
Let me (my ſon) an ancient fact unfold,
A great example drawn from times of old;
Hear what our fathers were, and what their praiſe,
Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.
Where Calydon on rocky mountains ſtands,
Once fought th' Ætolian and Curetian bands;
To guard it thoſe, to conquer theſe advance;
And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.
The ſilver Cynthia bade contention riſe,
In vengeance of neglected ſacrifice;

On Oeneus' fields ſhe ſent a monſtrous boar,
That levell'd harveſts, and whole foreſts tore:
This beaſt (when many a chief his tuſks had ſlain)
Great Meleager ſtretch'd along the plain.
Then, for his ſpoils, a new debate aroſe,
The neighbour nations thence commencing foes.
Strong as they were, the bold Curetes fail'd,
While Meleager's thund'ring arm prevail'd:
Till rage at length inflam'd his lofty breaſt,
(For rage invades the wiſeſt and the beſt.)
Curs'd by Althaea, to his wrath he yields,
And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields.
'(She from Marpeſſa ſprung, divinely fair,
'And matchleſs Idas more than man in war;
'The god of day ador'd the mother's charms;
'Againſt the god the father bent his arms:
'The afflicted pair, their ſorrows to proclaim,
'From Cleopatra chang'd this daughter's name,
'And call'd Alcyone; a name to ſhow,
'The father's grief, the mourning mother's woe.')
To her the chief retir'd from ſtern debate,
But found no peace from fierce Althaea's hate:
Althaea's hate th' unhappy warrior drew,
Whoſe luckleſs hand his royal uncle ſlew;
She beat the ground, and call'd the pow'rs beneath
On her own ſon to wreak her brother's death;
Hell heard her curſes from the realms profound,
And the red fiends that walk the nightly round.
In vain Ætolia her deliv'rer waits,
War ſhakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.
She ſent ambaſſadors, a choſen band,
Prieſts of the gods, and elders of the land;

Beſought the chief to ſave the ſinking ſtate;
Their prayers were urgent, and their proffers great:
(Full fifty acres of the richeſt ground,
Half paſture green, and half with vineyards crown'd.)
His ſuppliant father, aged Oeneus, came;
His ſiſters follow'd; ev'n the vengeful dame,
Althaea ſues; his friends before him fall:
He ſtands relentleſs, and rejects them all.
Meanwhile the victor's ſhouts aſcend the ſkies;
The walls are ſcal'd; the rolling flames ariſe;
At length his wife (a form divine) appears,
With piercing cries, and ſupplicating tears;
She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,
The heroes ſlain, the palaces o'erthrown,
The matrons raviſh'd, the whole race enſlav'd:
The warrior heard, he vanquiſh'd, and he ſav'd.
Th' Ætolians, long diſdain'd, now took their turn,
And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.
Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,
Nor ſtay, till yonder fleets aſcend in fire:
Accept the preſents: Draw thy conqu'ring ſword;
And be amongſt our guardian gods ador'd.
Thus he: The ſtern Achilles thus reply'd.
My ſecond father, and my rev'rend guide;
Thy friend, believe me, no ſuch gifts demands,
And aſks no honours from a mortal's hands:
Jove honours me, and favours my deſigns;
His pleaſure guides me, and his will confines:
And here I ſtay, (if ſuch his high beheſt),
While life's warm ſpirit beats within my breaſt.
Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart;
No more moleſt me on Atrides' part:

Is it for him theſe tears are taught to flow,
For him theſe ſorrows? for my mortal foe!
A gen'rous friendſhip no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one reſentment glows;
One ſhould our int'reſts and our paſſions be;
My friend muſt hate the man that injures me.
Do this, my Phœnix, 'tis a gen'rous part;
And ſhare my realms, my honours, and my heart.
Let theſe return: Our voyage, or our ſtay,
Reſt undetermin'd till the dawning day.
He ceas'd; then order'd for the ſage's bed
A warmer couch with num'rous carpets ſpread.
With that, ſtern Ajax his long ſilence broke,
And thus, impatient, to Ulyſſes ſpoke.
Hence let us go—why waſte we time in vain?
See what effect our low ſubmiſſions gain!
Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we muſt relate,
The Greeks expect them, and our heroes wait.
Proud as he is, that iron heart retains
Its ſtubborn purpoſe, and his friends diſdains.
Stern, and unpitying! if a brother bleed,
On juſt atonement we remit the deed;
A ſire the ſlaughter of his ſon forgives;
The price of blood diſcharg'd, the murd'rer lives;
The haughtieſt hearts at length their rage reſign,
And gifts can conquer ev'ry ſoul but thine.
The gods that unrelenting breaſt have ſteel'd,
And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield.
One woman ſlave was raviſh'd from thy arms;
Lo, ſev'n are offer'd, and of equal charms.
Then hear, Achilles! be of better mind;
Revere thy roof, and to thy gueſts be kind;

And know the men, of all the Grecian hoſt,
Who honour worth, and prize thy valour moſt.
Oh ſoul of battles, and thy people's guide!
(To Ajax thus the firſt of Greeks reply'd),
Well haſt thou ſpoke; but at the tyrant's name
My rage rekindles, and my ſoul's on flame:
'Tis juſt reſentment, and becomes the brave;
Diſgrac'd, diſhonour'd, like the vileſt ſlave!
Return, then, heroes! and our anſwer bear,
The glorious combat is no more my care;
Not till amidſt yon ſinking navy ſlain,
The blood of Greeks ſhall dye the ſable main;
Not till the flames, by Hector's fury thrown,
Conſume your veſſels, and approach my own:
Juſt there, th' impetuous homicide ſhall ſtand,
There ceaſe his battle, and there feel our hand.
This ſaid, each prince a double goblet crown'd,
And caſt a large libation on the ground;
Then to their veſſels, thro' the gloomy ſhades,
The chiefs return; divine Ulyſſes leads.
Meantime Achilles' ſlaves prepar'd a bed,
With fleeces, carpets, and ſoft linen ſpread:
There, till the ſacred morn reſtor'd the day,
In ſlumbers ſweet the rev'rend Phoenix lay.
But in his inner-tent, an ampler ſpace,
Achilles ſlept; and in his warm embrace
Fair Diomede of the Leſbian race.
Laſt, for Patroclus was the couch prepar'd,
Whoſe nightly joys the beauteous Iphis ſhar'd;
Achilles to his friend conſign'd her charms,
When Scyros fell before his conqu'ring arms.

And now th' elected chiefs, whom Greece had ſent,
Paſs'd thro' the hoſts, and reach'd the royal tent.
Then riſing all, with goblets in their hands,
The peers and leaders of th' Achaian bands,
Hail'd their return; Atrides firſt begun.
Say what ſucceſs? divine Laertes' ſon!
Achilles' high reſolves declare to all;
Returns the chief, or muſt our navy fall?
Great king of nations! (Ithacus reply'd),
Fix'd is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride;
He ſlights thy friendſhip, thy propoſals ſcorns,
And thus implor'd, with fiercer fury burns.
To ſave our army, and our fleets to free,
Is not his care; but left to Greece and thee.
Your eyes ſhall view, when morning paints the ſky,
Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly;
Us too he bids our oars and ſails employ,
Nor hope the fall of heav'n-protected Troy;
For Jove o'erſhades her with his arm divine,
Inſpires her war, and bids her glory ſhine.
Such was his word: What farther he declar'd,
Theſe ſacred heralds and great Ajax heard.
But Phoenix in his tent the chief retains,
Safe to tranſport him to his native plains,
When morning dawns; if other he decree,
His age is ſacred, and his choice is free.
Ulyſſes ceas'd: The great Achaian hoſt,
With ſorrow ſeiz'd, in conſternation loſt,
Attend the ſtern reply. Tydides broke
The gen'ral ſilence, and undaunted ſpoke.
Why ſhould we gifts to proud Achilles ſend!
Or ſtrive with pray'rs his haughty ſoul to bend?

His country's woes he glories to deride,
And pray'rs will burſt that ſwelling heart with pride.
Be the firſt impulſe of his rage obey'd;
Our battles let him, or deſert, or aid;
Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit;
That, to his madneſs, or to heav'n commit.
What for ourſelves we can, is always ours;
This night let due repaſt refreſh our pow'rs;
(For ſtrength conſiſts in ſpirits and blood,
And theſe are ow'd to gen'rous wine and food);
But, when the roſy meſſenger of day
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,
Rang'd at the ſhips, let all our ſquadrons ſhine
In flaming arms, a long-extended line:
In the dread front let great Atrides ſtand,
The firſt in danger, as in high command.
Shouts of acclaim the liſt'ning heroes raiſe,
Then each to heav'n the due libation pays:
Till ſleep deſcending o'er the tents, beſtows
The grateful bleſſings of deſir'd repoſe.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Night-adventure of Djomed and Ulyſſes.

UPON the refuſal of Achilles to return to the army, the diſtreſs of Agamemnon is deſcribed in the moſt lively manner. He takes no reſt that night, but paſſes through the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all poſſible methods for the public ſafety. Menelaus, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, and Diomed, are employed in raiſing the reſt of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to ſend ſcouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their poſture, and diſcover their intentions. Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprize, and makes choice of Ulyſſes for his companion. In their paſſage they ſurpriſe Dolon, whom Hector had ſent on a like deſign to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the ſituation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rheſus and the Thracians who were lately arrived. They paſs on with ſucceſs; kill Rheſus, with ſeveral of his officers, and ſeize the famous horſes of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The ſame night continues; the ſcene lies in the two camps.

ILIAD.

BOOK X.

BOOK X.

ALL night the chiefs before their veſſels lay,
And loſt in ſleep the labours of the day:
All but the king; with various thoughts oppreſt,
His country's cares lay rolling in his breaſt.
As when by lightnings Jove's aetherial pow'r
Foretells the ratt'ling hail, or weighty ſhow'r,
Or ſends ſoft ſnows to whiten all the ſhore;
Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar;
By fits one flaſh ſucceeds, as one expires,
And heav'n flames thick with momentary fires.
So, burſting frequent from Atrides' breaſt,
Sighs following ſighs, his inward fears confeſt.
Now o'er the fields, dejected, he ſurveys
From thouſand Trojan fires the mounting blaze;
Hears in the paſſing wind their muſic blow,
And marks diſtinct the voices of the foe.
Now, looking backwards to the fleet and coaſt,
Anxious he ſorrows for th' endanger'd hoſt.
He rends his hairs, in ſacrifice to Jove,
And ſues to him that ever lives above:
Inly he groans, while glory and deſpair
Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war.
A thouſand cares his lab'ring breaſt revolves,
To ſeek ſage Neſtor now the chief reſolves;
With him, in wholeſome counſels, to debate
What yet remains to ſave th' afflicted ſtate.
He roſe, and firſt he caſt his mantle round,
Next on his feet the ſhining ſandals bound;

A lion's yellow ſpoils his back conceal'd;
His warlike hand a pointed jav'lin held.
Meanwhile his brother, preſs'd with equal woes,
Alike deny'd the gifts of ſoft repoſe,
Laments for Greece: That in his cauſe before
So much had ſuffer'd, and muſt ſuffer more.
A leopard's ſpotted hide his ſhoulders ſpread;
A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head:
Thus (with a jav'lin in his hand) he went
To wake Atrides in the royal tent.
Already wak'd, Atrides he deſcry'd,
His armour buckling at his veſſel's ſide.
Joyful they met; the Spartan thus begun:
Why puts my brother his bright armour on?
Sends he ſome ſpy, amidſt theſe ſilent hours,
To try yon camp, and watch the Trojan pow'rs?
But ſay, what hero ſhall ſuſtain that taſk?
Such bold exploits uncommon courage aſk;
Guideleſs, alone, through night's dark ſhade to go,
And, 'midſt a hoſtile camp, explore the foe?
To whom the king: In ſuch diſtreſs we ſtand,
No vulgar counſels our affairs demand;
Greece to preſerve is now no eaſy part,
But aſks high wiſdom, deep deſign, and art.
For Jove, averſe, our humble pray'r denies,
And bows his head to Hector's ſacrifice.
What eye has witneſs'd, or what ear believ'd
In one great day, by one great arm achiev'd,
Such wond'rous deeds as Hector's hand has done,
And we beheld, the laſt revolving ſun?
What honours the belov'd of Jove adorn!
Sprung from no god, and of no goddeſs born;

Yet ſuch his acts, as Greeks unborn ſhall tell,
And curſe the battle where their fathers fell.
Now ſpeed thy haſty courſe along the fleet,
There call great Ajax, and the prince of Crete;
Ourſelf to hoary Neſtor will repair;
To keep the guards on duty be his care;
(For Neſtor's influence beſt that quarter guides,
Whoſe ſon, with Merion, o'er the watch preſides.)
To whom the Spartan: Theſe thy orders born,
Say, ſhall I ſtay, or with diſpatch return?
There ſhalt thou ſtay, (the king of men reply'd),
Elſe may we miſs to meet without a guide,
The paths ſo many, and the camp ſo wide.
Still with your voice the ſlothful ſoldiers raiſe;
Urge by their fathers fame, their future praiſe.
Forget we now our ſtate and lofty birth:
Not titles, here, but works, muſt prove our worth.
To labour is the lot of man below;
And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.
This ſaid, each parted to his ſev'ral cares;
The king to Neſtor's ſable ſhip repairs;
The ſage protector of the Greeks he found
Stretch'd in his bed, with all his arms around;
The various-colour'd ſcarf, the ſhield he rears,
The ſhining helmet, and the pointed ſpears:
The dreadful weapons of the warrior's rage,
That, old in arms, diſdain'd the peace of age.
Then leaning on his hand his watchful head,
The hoary monarch rais'd his eyes, and ſaid.
What art thou, ſpeak, that, on deſigns unknown,
While others ſleep, thus range the camp alone?

Seek'ſt thou ſome friend, or nightly centinel?
Stand off, approach not, but thy purpoſe tell.
O ſon of Neleus, (thus the king rejoin'd),
Pride of the Greeks, and glory of thy kind!
Lo here the wretched Agamemnon ſtands,
Th' unhappy gen'ral of the Grecian bands;
Whom Jove decrees with daily cares to bend,
And woes that only with his life ſhall end!
Scarce can my knees theſe trembling limbs ſuſtain,
And ſcarce my heart ſupport its load of pain.
No taſte of ſleep theſe heavy eyes have known;
Confus'd and ſad I wander thus alone,
With fears diſtracted, with no fix'd deſign,
And all my people's miſeries are mine.
If ought of uſe thy waking thoughts ſuggeſt,
(Since cares, like mine, deprive thy ſoul of reſt),
Impart thy counſel, and aſſiſt thy friend;
Now let us jointly to the trench deſcend,
At ev'ry gate the fainting guard excite,
Tir'd with the toils of day, and watch of night:
Elſe may the ſudden foe our works invade,
So near, and favour'd by the gloomy ſhade.
To him thus Neſtor. Truſt the pow'rs above,
Nor think proud Hector's hopes confirm'd by Jove;
How ill agree the views of vain mankind
And the wiſe counſels of th' eternal mind!
Audacious Hector, if the gods ordain
That great Achilles riſe and rage again,
What toils attend thee, and what woes remain?
Lo faithful Neſtor thy command obeys;
The care is next our other chiefs to raiſe:

Ulyſſes, Diomed, we chiefly need:
Meges for ſtrength, Oileus fam'd for ſpeed.
Some other be diſpatch'd, of nimbler feet,
To thoſe tall ſhips, remoteſt of the fleet,
Where lie great Ajax, and the king of Crete.
To rouſe the Spartan I myſelf decree;
Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee;
Yet I muſt tax his ſloth, that claims no ſhare
With his great brother in his martial care:
Him it behov'd to ev'ry chief to ſue,
Preventing ev'ry part perform'd by you;
For ſtrong neceſſity our toils demands,
Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands.

To whom the king: With rev'rence we allow
Thy juſt rebukes, yet learn to ſpare them now.
My gen'rous brother is of gentle kind,
He ſeems remiſs, but bears a valiant mind;
Thro' too much def'rence to our ſov'reign ſway,
Content to follow when we lead the way.
But now, our ills induſtrious to prevent,
Long ere the reſt, he roſe, and ſought our tent.
The chiefs you nam'd, already, at his call,
Prepare to meet us at the navy-wall;
Aſſembling there, between the trench and gates,
Near the night guards, our choſen council waits.

Then none (ſaid Neſtor) ſhall this rule withſtand,
For great examples juſtify command.
With that the venerable warrior roſe;
The ſhining greaves his manly legs incloſe;
His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,
Warm with the ſofteſt wool, and doubly lin'd.

Then ruſhing from his tent, he ſnatch'd in haſte
His ſteely lance, that lighten'd as he paſt.
The camp he travers'd thro' the ſleeping croud,
Stopt at Ulyſſes' tent, and call'd aloud.
Ulyſſes, ſudden as the voice was ſent,
Awakes, ſtarts up, and iſſues from his tent.
What new diſtreſs, what ſudden cauſe of fright,
Thus leads you wand'ring in the ſilent night?
O prudent chief! (the Pylian ſage reply'd,)
Wiſe as thou art, be now thy wiſdom try'd:
Whatever means of ſafety can be ſought,
Whatever counſels can inſpire our thought,
Whatever methods, or to fly or fight;
All, all depend on this important night!
He heard, return'd, and took his painted ſhield:
Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd thro' the field.
Without his tent, bold Diomed they found,
All ſheath'd in arms, his brave companions round:
Each ſunk in ſleep, extended on the field,
His head reclining on his boſſy ſhield.
A wood of ſpears ſtood by, that fix'd upright,
Shot from their flaſhing points a quiv'ring light.
A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed;
A ſplendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.
Then with his foot, old Neſtor gently ſhakes
The ſlumb'ring chief, and in theſe words awakes.
Riſe, ſon of Tydeus! to the brave and ſtrong
Reſt ſeems inglorious, and the night too long.
But ſleep'ſt thou now! when from yon hill the foe
Hangs o'er the fleet, and ſhades our walls below!
At this, ſoft ſlumber from his eye-lids fled:
The warrior ſaw the hoary chief, and ſaid,

Wond'rous old man! whoſe ſoul no reſpite knows,
Tho' years and honours bid thee ſeek repoſe.
Let younger Greeks our ſleeping warriors wake;
Ill fits thy age theſe toils to undertake.
My friend, (he anſwer'd), gen'rous is thy care,
Theſe toils, my ſubjects and my ſons might bear,
Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conſpire
To eaſe a ſov'reign, and relieve a ſire.
But now the laſt deſpair ſurrounds our hoſt;
No hour muſt paſs, no moment muſt be loſt;
Each ſingle Greek, in this concluſive ſtriſe,
Stands on the ſharpeſt edge of death or life:
Yet if my years thy kind regard engage,
Employ thy youth as I employ my age;
Succeed to theſe my cares, and rouſe the reſt;
He ſerves me moſt, who ſerves his country beſt.
This ſaid, the hero o'er his ſhoulders flung
A lion's ſpoils, that to his ancles hung;
Then ſeiz'd his pond'rous lance, and ſtrode along.
Meges the bold, with Ajax fam'd for ſpeed,
The warrior rous'd, and to th' intrenchments led.
And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard;
A wakeful ſquadron, each in arms prepar'd:
Th' unweary'd watch their liſt'ning leaders keep,
And couching cloſe, repell invading ſleep.
So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,
With toil protected from the prowling train;
When the gaunt lioneſs, with hunger bold,
Springs from the mountains tow'rd the guarded fold:
Thro' breaking woods her ruſtling courſe they hear:
Loud, and more loud, the clamours ſtrike their ear

Of hounds and men; they ſtart, they gaze around,
Watch ev'ry ſide, and turn to ev'ry ſound.
Thus watch'd the Grecians, cautious of ſurpriſe,
Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes;
Each ſtep of paſſing feet increas'd th' affright;
And hoſtile Troy was ever full in ſight.
Neſtor with joy the wakeful band ſurvey'd,
And thus accoſted through the gloomy ſhade.
'Tis well, my ſons! your nightly cares employ,
Elſe muſt our hoſt become the ſcorn of Troy.
Watch thus, and Greece ſhall live—The hero ſaid;
Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.
His ſon, and godlike Merion march'd behind,
(For theſe the princes to their council join'd).
The trenches paſs'd, th' aſſembled kings around
In ſilent ſtate the conſiſtory crown'd.
A place there was yet undefil'd with gore,
The ſpot where Hector ſtopt his rage before,
When night deſcending, from his vengeful hand,
Repriv'd the relics of the Grecian band:
(The plain beſide with mangled corpſe was ſpread,
And all his progreſs mark'd by heaps of dead.)
There ſat the mournful kings: When Neleus' ſon
The council opening, in theſe words begun.
"Is there (ſaid he) a chief ſo greatly brave,
His life to hazard, and his country ſave?
Lives there a man, who ſingly dares to go
To yonder camp, or ſeize ſome ſtraggling foe?
Or favour'd by the night approach ſo near,
Their ſpeech, their counſels, and deſigns to hear?
If to beſiege our navies they prepare,
Or Troy once more muſt be the ſeat of war?

This could he learn, and to our peers recite,
And paſs unharm'd the dangers of the night;
What fame were his thro' all ſucceeding days,
While Phoebus ſhines, or men have tongues to praiſe?
What gifts his grateful country would beſtow?
What muſt not Greece to her deliv'rer owe?
A ſable ewe each leader ſhould provide,
With each a ſable lambkin by her ſide;
At ev'ry rite his ſhare ſhould be increaſt,
And his the foremoſt honours of the feaſt.
Fear held them mute: Alone, untaught to fear,
Tydides ſpoke——The man you ſeek, is here.
Thro' yon black camps to bend my dang'rous way,
Some god within commands, and I obey.
But let ſome other choſen warrior join,
To raiſe my hopes, and ſecond my deſign.
By mutual confidence, and mutual aid,
Great deeds are done, and great diſcov'ries made;
The wiſe new prudence from the wiſe acquire,
And one brave hero fans another's fire.
Contending leaders at the word aroſe:
Each gen'rous breaſt with emulation glows:
So brave a taſk each Ajax ſtrove to ſhare,
Bold Merion ſtrove, and Neſtor's valiant heir;
The Spartan wiſh'd the ſecond place to gain,
And great Ulyſſes wiſh'd, nor wiſh'd in vain.
Then thus the king of men the conteſt ends,
Thou firſt of warriors, and thou beſt of friends,
Undaunted Diomed! what chief to join
In this great enterpriſe, is only thine.
Juſt be thy choice, without affection made;
To birth, or office, no reſpect be paid;

Let worth determine here. The monarch ſpake,
And inly trembled for his brother's ſake.
Then thus (the godlike Diomed rejoin'd)
My choice declares the impulſe of my mind.
How can I doubt, while great Ulyſſes ſtands
To lend his counſels, and aſſiſt our hands?
A chief, whoſe ſafety is Minerva's care;
So fam'd, ſo dreadful, in the works of war:
Bleſs'd in his conduct, I no aid require;
Wiſdom like his might paſs thro' flames of fire.
It fits thee not, before theſe chiefs of fame,
(Reply'd the ſage), to praiſe me, or to blame:
Praiſe from a friend, or cenſure from a foe,
Are loſt on hearers that our merits know.
But let us haſte—Night rolls the hours away,
The redd'ning orient ſhews the coming day,
The ſtars ſhine fainter on th' aetherial plains,
And of Night's empire but a third remains.
Thus having ſpoke, with gen'rous ardour preſs'd,
In arms terrific their huge limbs they dreſs'd.
A two-edg'd faulchion Thraſymed the brave,
And ample buckler, to Tydides gave:
Then in a leathern helm he cas'd his head,
Short of its creſt, and with no plume o'erſpread:
(Such as by youths unus'd to arms, are worn;
No ſpoils enrich it, and no ſtuds adorn.)
Next him Ulyſſes took a ſhining ſword,
A bow and quiver, with bright arrows ſtor'd:
A well-prov'd caſque, with leather braces bound,
(Thy gift, Meriones), his temples crown'd;
Soft wool within; without, in order ſpread,
A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.

This from Amyntor, rich Ormenus' ſon,
Autolychus by fraudful rapine won,
And gave Amphidamas; from him the prize
Molus receiv'd, the pledge of ſocial ties;
The helmet next by Merion was poſſeſs'd,
And now Ulyſſes' thoughtful temples preſs'd.
Thus ſheath'd in arms, the council they forſake,
And dark thro' paths oblique their progreſs take.
Juſt then, in ſign ſhe favour'd their intent,
A long-wing'd heron great Minerva ſent;
Thus, tho' ſurrounding ſhades obſcur'd their view,
By the ſhrill clang and whiſtling wings, they knew;
As from the right ſhe ſoar'd, Ulyſſes pray'd,
Hail'd the glad omen, and addreſs'd the maid.

O daughter of that god, whoſe arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield!
O thou! for ever preſent in my way,
Who all my motions, all my toils ſurvey!
Safe may we paſs beneath the gloomy ſhade,
Safe by thy ſuccour to our ſhips convey'd;
And let ſome deed this ſignal night adorn,
To claim the tears of Trojans yet unborn.

Then godlike Diomed preferr'd his pray'r:
Daughter of Jove, unconquer'd Pallas! hear.
Great queen of arms, whoſe favour Tydeus won,
As thou defend'ſt the ſire, defend the ſon.
When on Æſopus' banks the banded pow'rs
Of Greece he left, and ſought the Theban tow'rs,
Peace was his charge; receiv'd with peaceful ſhow,
He went a legate, but return'd a foe:
Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy ſhield,
He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.

So now be preſent, oh celeſtial maid!
So ſtill continue to the race thine aid!
A youthful ſteer ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,
Untam'd, unconſcious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and with ſpreading horns,
Whoſe taper tops refulgent gold adorns.
The heroes pray'd; and Pallas from the ſkies,
Accords their vow, ſucceeds their enterpriſe.
Now, like two lions panting for the prey,
With deathful thoughts they trace the dreary way,
Thro' the black horrors of th' enſanguin'd plain,
Thro' duſt, thro' blood, o'er arms and hills of ſlain.
Nor leſs bold Hector, and the ſons of Troy,
On high deſigns the wakeful hours employ.
Th' aſſembled peers their lofty chief inclos'd;
Who thus the counſels of his breaſt propos'd:
What glorious man for high attempts prepar'd,
Dares greatly venture for a rich reward?
Of yonder fleet a bold diſcov'ry make,
What watch they keep, and what reſolves they take?
If now ſubdu'd they meditate their flight,
And ſpent with toil neglect the watch of night?
His be the chariot that ſhall pleaſe him moſt,
Of all the plunder of the vanquiſh'd hoſt;
His the fair ſteeds that all the reſt excel;
And his the glory to have ſerv'd ſo well.
A youth there was among the tribes of Troy,
Dolon his name, Eumedes' only boy.
(Five girls beſide the rev'rend herald told)
Rich was the ſon in braſs, and rich in gold;
Not bleſs'd by nature with the charms of face,
But ſwift of foot, and matchleſs in the race.

Hector! (he ſaid), my courage bids me meet
This high atchievement, and explore the fleet:
But firſt exalt thy ſceptre to the ſkies,
And ſwear to grant me the demanded prize;
Th' immortal courſers and the glitt'ring car,
That bear Pelides thro' the ranks of war.
Encourag'd thus, no idle ſcout I go,
Fulfil thy wiſh, their whole intention know;
Ev'n to the royal tent purſue my way,
And all their counſels, all their aims betray.
The chief then heav'd the golden ſceptre high,
Atteſting thus the monarch of the ſky.
Be witneſs thou! immortal lord of all!
Whoſe thunder ſhakes the dark aerial hall:
By none but Dolon ſhall this prize be born,
And him alone th' immortal ſteeds adorn.
Thus Hector ſwore: The gods were call'd in vain;
But the raſh youth prepares to ſcour the plain:
Acroſs his back the bended bow he flung,
A wolf's grey hide around his ſhoulders hung,
A ferret's downy fur his helmet lin'd,
And in his hand a pointed jav'lin ſhin'd.
Then (never to return) he fought the ſhore,
And trod the path his feet muſt tread no more.
Scarce had he paſs'd the ſteeds and Trojan throng,
(Still bending forward as he cours'd along),
When, on the hollow way, th' approaching tread
Ulyſſes mark'd, and thus to Diomed.
O friend! I hear ſome ſtep of hoſtile feet,
Moving this way, or haſt'ning to the fleet;
Some ſpy perhaps, to lurk beſide the main;
Or nightly pillager that ſtrips the ſlain;

Yet let him paſs, and win a little ſpace;
Then ruſh behind him, and prevent his pace.
But if too ſwift of foot he flies before,
Confine his courſe along the fleet and ſhore,
Betwixt the camp and him our ſpears employ,
And intercept his hop'd return to Troy.
With that they ſtepp'd aſide, and ſtoop'd their head,
(As Dolon paſs'd), behind a heap of dead:
Along the path the ſpy unwary flew;
Soft, at juſt diſtance, both the chiefs purſue.
So diſtant they, and ſuch the ſpace between,
As when two teams of mules divide the green,
(To whom the hind like ſhares of land allows),
When now new furrows part th' approaching ploughs.
Now Dolon liſt'ning heard them as they paſt:
Hector (he thought) had ſent, and check'd his haſte,
Till ſcarce at diſtance of a jav'lin's throw,
No voice ſucceeding, he perceiv'd the foe.
As when two ſkilful hounds the lev'ret wind,
Or chaſe thro' woods obſcure the trembling hind;
Now loſt, now ſeen, they intercept his way,
And from the herd ſtill turn the flying prey:
So faſt, and with ſuch fears the Trojan flew;
So cloſe, ſo conſtant, the bold Greeks purſue.
Now almoſt on the fleet the daſtard falls,
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls;
When brave Tydides ſtopp'd; a gen'rous thought
(Inſpir'd by Pallas) in his boſom wrought,
Leſt on the foe ſome forward Greek advance,
And ſnatch the glory from his lifted lance.

Then thus aloud: Whoe'er thou art, remain;
This jav'lin elſe ſhall fix thee to the plain.
He ſaid, and high in air the weapon caſt,
Which wilful err'd, and o'er his ſhoulder paſt;
Then fix'd in earth. Againſt the trembling wood
The wretch ſtood prop'd, and quiver'd as he ſtood.
A ſudden palſy ſeiz'd his turning head;
His looſe teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled:
The panting warriors ſeize him as he ſtands,
And with unmanly tears his life demands.
O ſpare my youth, and for the breath I owe,
Large gifts of price my father ſhall beſtow.
Vaſt heaps of braſs ſhall in your ſhips be told,
And ſteel well-temper'd, and refulgent gold.
To whom Ulyſſes made this wiſe reply:
Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.
What moves thee, ſay, when ſleep has clos'd the ſight,
To roam the ſilent fields in dead of night?
Cam'ſt thou the ſecrets of our camp to find,
By Hector prompted, or thy daring mind?
Or art ſome wretch by hopes of plunder led,
Thro' hopes of carnage to deſpoil the dead?
Then thus pale Dolon with a fearful look,
(Still as he ſpoke, his limbs with horror ſhook):
Hither I came, by Hector's words deceiv'd;
Much did he promiſe, raſhly I believ'd:
No leſs a bribe than great Achilles' car,
And thoſe ſwift ſteeds that ſweep the ranks of war,
Urg'd me, unwilling, this attempt to make;
To learn what counſels, what reſolves you take:
If now ſubdu'd, you fix your hopes on flight,
And tir'd with toils, neglect the watch of night.

Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize,
(Ulyſſes, with a ſcornful ſmile, replies):
Far other rulers thoſe proud ſteeds demand;
And ſcorn the guidance of a vulgar hand;
Ev'n great Achilles ſcarce their rage can tame,
Achilles ſprung from an immortal dame.
But ſay, be faithful, and the truth recite!
Where lies encamp'd the Trojan chief to-night?
Where ſtand his courſers? in what quarter ſleep
Their other princes? tell what watch they keep?
Say, ſince this conqueſt, what their counſels are;
Or here to combat from their city far,
Or back to Ilion's walls transfer the war?
Ulyſſes thus; and thus Eumedes' ſon:
What Dolon knows, his faithful tongue ſhall own.
Hector, the peers aſſembling in his tent,
A council holds at Ilus' monument.
No certain guards the nightly watch partake;
Where-e'er yon fires aſcend, the Trojans wake.
Anxious for Troy, the guard the natives keep;
Safe in their cares, th' auxiliar forces ſleep,
Whoſe wives and infants, from the danger far,
Diſcharge their ſouls of half the fears of war.
Then ſleep thoſe aids among the Trojan train,
(Inquir'd the chief), or ſcatter'd o'er the plain?
To whom the ſpy: Their pow'rs they thus diſpoſe:
The Paeons, dreadful with their bended bows,
The Carians, Caucons, the Pelaſgian hoſt,
And Leleges, encamp along the coaſt.
Not diſtant far, lie higher on the land,
The Lycian, Myſian, and Maeonian band,

And Phrygia's horſe, by Thymbra's ancient wall;
The Thracians utmoſt, and apart from all.
Theſe Troy but lately to her ſuccour won,
Led on by Rheſus, great Eioneus' ſon:
I ſaw his courſers in proud triumph go,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-ſnow:
Rich ſilver plates his ſhining car infold:
His ſolid arms, refulgent, flame with gold;
No mortal ſhoulders ſuit the glorious load,
Celeſtial panoply, to grace a god!
Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be born,
Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,
In cruel chains; till your return reveal
The truth or falſehood of the news I tell.
To this Tydides, with a gloomy frown:
Think not to live, tho' all the truth be ſhown;
Shall we diſmiſs thee, in ſome future ſtrife
To riſk more bravely thy now forfeit life?
Or that again our camps thou may'ſt explore!
No—once a traitor, thou betray'ſt no more.
Sternly he ſpoke, and as the wretch prepar'd
With humble blandiſhment to ſtroke his beard,
Like lightning ſwift the wrathful faulchion flew,
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two;
One inſtant ſnatch'd his trembling ſoul to hell,
The head, yet ſpeaking, mutter'd as it fell.
The furry helmet from his brow they tear,
The wolfe's grey hide, th' unbended bow and ſpear:
Theſe great Ulyſſes lifting to the ſkies,
To fav'ring Pallas dedicates the prize.
Great queen of arms! receive this hoſtile ſpoil,
And let the Thracian ſteeds reward our toil:

Thee firſt of all the heav'nly hoſt we praiſe;
O ſpeed our labours, and direct our ways!
This ſaid, the ſpoils with dropping gore defac'd,
High on a ſpreading tamariſk he plac'd;
Then heap'd with reeds, and gather'd boughs, the plain,
To guide their footſteps to the place again.
Thro' the ſtill night they croſs the devious fields,
Slipp'ry with blood, o'er arms and heaps of ſhields,
Arriving where the Thracian ſquadrons lay,
And eas'd in ſleep the labours of the day,
Rang'd in three lines they view the proſtrate band:
The horſes yok'd beſide each warrior ſtand;
Their arms in order on the ground reclin'd,
Thro' the brown ſhade the fulgid weapons ſhin'd;
Amidſt lay Rheſus, ſtretch'd in ſleep profound,
And the white ſteeds behind his chariot bound.
The welcome ſight Ulyſſes firſt deſcries,
And points to Diomed the tempting prize.
The man, the courſers, and the car behold!
Deſcrib'd by Dolon, with the arms of gold.
Now, brave Tydides! now thy courage try,
Approach the chariot, and the ſteeds untie;
Or, if thy ſoul aſpires to fiercer deeds,
Urge thou the ſlaughter, while I ſeize the ſteeds.
Pallas (this ſaid) her hero's boſom warms,
Breath'd in his heart, and ſtrung his nervous arms;
Where-e'er he paſs'd, a purple ſtream purſu'd;
His thirſty faulchion, fat with hoſtile blood,
Bath'd all his footſteps, dy'd the fields with gore,
And a low groan remurmur'd thro' the ſhore.

So the grim lion, from his nightly den,
O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen;
On ſheep or goats, reſiſtleſs in his way,
He falls, and foaming rends the guardleſs prey.
Nor ſtopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
Till twelve lay breathleſs of the Thracian band.
Ulyſſes following, as his partner ſlew,
Back by the foot each ſlaughter'd warrior drew;
The milk-white courſers ſtudious to convey
Safe to the ſhips, he wiſely clear'd the way;
Leſt the fierce ſteeds, not yet to battles bred,
Should ſtart, and tremble at the heaps of dead.
Now twelve diſpatch'd, the monarch laſt they found;
Tydides' faulchion fix'd him to the ground.
Juſt then a deathful dream Minerva ſent;
A warlike form appear'd before his tent,
Whoſe viſionary ſteel his boſom tore:
So dream'd the monarch, and awak'd no more.
Ulyſſes now the ſnowy ſteeds detains,
And leads them, faſten'd by the ſilver reins;
Theſe, with his bow unbent, he laſh'd along;
(The ſcourge forgot, on Rheſus chariot hung.)
Then gave his friend the ſignal to retire;
But him, new dangers, new atchievements fire:
Doubtful he ſtood, or with his reeking blade
To ſend more heroes to th' infernal ſhade,
Drag off the car where Rheſus' armour lay,
Or heave with manly force, and lift away.
While unreſolv'd the ſon of Tydeus ſtands,
Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands.
Enough, my ſon, from farther ſlaughter ceaſe,
Regard thy ſafety, and depart in peace;

Haſte to the ſhips, the gotten ſpoils enjoy,
Nor tempt too far the hoſtile gods of Troy.
The voice divine confeſs'd the martial maid;
In haſte he mounted, and her word obey'd;
The courſers fly before Ulyſſes' bow,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter ſnow.
Not unobſerv'd they paſs'd: The god of light
Had watch'd his Troy, and mark'd Minerva's flight,
Saw Tydeus' ſon with heav'nly ſuccour bleſs'd,
And vengeful anger fill'd his ſacred breaſt.
Swift to the Trojan camp deſcends the pow'r,
And wakes Hippocoon in the morning hour,
(On Rheſus' ſide accuſtom'd to attend,
A faithful kinſman, and inſtructive friend.)
He roſe, and ſaw the field deform'd with blood,
An empty ſpace where late the courſers ſtood,
The yet-warm Thracians panting on the coaſt;
For each he wept, but for his Rheſus moſt:
Now while on Rheſus' name he calls in vain,
The gath'ring tumult ſpreads o'er all the plain;
On heaps the Trojans ruſh, with wild affright,
And wond'ring view the ſlaughters of the night.
Meanwhile the chiefs, arriving at the ſhade
Where late the ſpoils of Hector's ſpy were laid,
Ulyſſes ſtopp'd; to him Tydides bore
The trophy, dropping yet with Dolon's gore:
Then mounts again; again their nimble feet
The courſers ply, and thunder tow'rds the fleet.
Old Neſtor firſt perceiv'd th' approaching ſound,
Beſpeaking thus the Grecian peers around.
Methinks the noiſe of trampling ſteeds I hear,
Thick'ning this way, and gath'ring on my ear;

Perhaps ſome horſes of the Trojan breed
(So may, ye gods! my pious hopes ſucceed)
The great Tydides and Ulyſſes bear,
Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.
Yet much I fear (ah may that fear be vain)
The chiefs out-number'd by the Trojan train;
Perhaps, ev'n now purſu'd, they ſeek the ſhore;
Or, oh! perhaps thoſe heroes are no more.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when lo! the chiefs appear,
And ſpring to earth; the Greeks diſmiſs their fear:
With words of friendſhip and extended hands
They greet the kings; and Neſtor firſt demands:
Say thou, whoſe praiſes all our hoſt proclaim,
Thou living glory of the Grecian name!
Say whence theſe courſers? by what chance beſtow'd,
The ſpoil of foes, or preſent of a god?
Not thoſe fair ſteeds ſo radiant and ſo gay,
That draw the burning chariot of the day.
Old as I am, to age I ſcorn to yield,
And daily mingle in the martial field;
But ſure till now no courſers ſtruck my ſight
Like theſe, conſpicuous thro' the ranks of fight.
Some god, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize,
Bleſs'd as ye are, and fav'rites of the ſkies;
The care of him who bids the thunder roar,
And her *, whoſe fury bathes the world with gore.
Father! not ſo, (ſage Ithacus rejoin'd),
The gifts of heav'n are of a nobler kind;
Of Thracian lineage are the ſteeds ye view,
Whoſe hoſtile king the brave Tydides ſlew;

* Minerva.

Sleeping he dy'd, with all his guards around,
And twelve beſide lay gaſping on the ground.
Theſe other ſpoils from conquer'd Dolon came,
A wretch, whoſe ſwiftneſs was his only fame,
By Hector ſent our forces to explore,
He now lies headleſs on the ſandy ſhore.
Then o'er the trench the bounding courſers flew;
The joyful Greeks with loud acclaim purſue;
Straight to Tydides' high pavilion born,
The matchleſs ſteeds his ample ſtall adorn:
The neighing courſers their new fellows greet,
And the full racks are heap'd with gen'rous wheat.
But Dolon's armour, to his ſhips convey'd,
High on the painted ſtern Ulyſſes laid,
A trophy deſtin'd to the blue-ey'd maid.
Now from nocturnal ſweat, and ſanguine ſtain,
They cleanſe their bodies in the neighb'ring main:
Then in the poliſh'd bath, refreſh'd from toil,
Their joints they ſupple with diſſolving oil,
In due repaſt indulge the genial hour,
And firſt to Pallas the libations pour:
They ſit, rejoicing in her aid divine,
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The third battle, and the acts of Agamemnon.

AGAMEMNON having armed himself, leads the Grecians to battle: Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them; while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva give the signals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement, till the king shall be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy; Ulysses and Diomed put a stop to him for a time; but the latter being wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, till Menelaus and Ajax rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax; but that hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the mean time Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sent Patroclus to inquire which of the Greeks was wound-

ed in that manner. Neſtor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of ſome former wars which he remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon perſuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at leaſt to permit him to do it, clad in Achilles's armour. Patroclus in his return meets Eurypylus, alſo wounded, and aſſiſts him in that diſtreſs.

This book opens with the eight and twentieth day of the poem; and the ſame day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, ſixteenth, ſeventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The ſcene lies in the field near the monument of Ilus.

BOOK XI.

THE ſaffron morn, with early bluſhes ſpread,
Now roſe refulgent from Tithonus' bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal ſight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with ſacred light:
When baleful Iris, ſent by Jove's command,
The torch of diſcord blazing in her hand,
Thro' the red ſkies her bloody ſign extends,
And wrapt in tempeſts, o'er the fleet deſcends,
High on Ulyſſes' bark, her horrid ſtand
She took, and thunder'd thro' the ſeas and land.
Ev'n Ajax and Achilles heard the ſound,
Whoſe ſhips, remote, the guarded navy bound.
Thence the black fury thro' the Grecian throng
With horror ſounds the loud Orthian ſong:
The navy ſhakes, and at the dire alarms
Each boſom boils, each warrior ſtarts to arms.
No more they ſigh inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.
The king of men his hardy hoſt inſpires,
With loud command, with great example fires;
Himſelf firſt roſe, himſelf before the reſt
His mighty limbs in radiant armour dreſt.
And firſt he cas'd his manly legs around
In ſhining greaves, with ſilver buckles bound:
The beaming cuiraſs next adorn'd his breaſt,
The ſame which once king Cinyras poſſeſt:
(The fame of Greece and her aſſembled hoſt
Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coaſt;

'Twas then the friendſhip of the chief to gain,
This glorious gift he ſent, nor ſent in vain).
Ten rows of azure ſteel the work infold,
Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold;
Three glitt'ring dragons to the gorget riſe,
Whoſe imitated ſcales, againſt the ſkies
Reflected various light, and arching bow'd
Like colour'd rainbows o'er a ſhow'ry cloud:
(Jove's wond'rous bow, of three celeſtial dyes,
Plac'd as a ſign to man amid the ſkies).
A radiant baldric o'er his ſhoulder ty'd,
Suſtain'd the ſword that glitter'd at his ſide;
Gold was the hilt, a ſilver ſheath encas'd
The ſhining blade, and golden hangers grac'd.
His buckler's mighty orb was next diſplay'd,
That round the warrior caſt a dreadful ſhade;
Ten zones of braſs its ample brim ſurround,
And twice ten boſſes the bright convex crown'd:
Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,
And circling terrors fill'd th' expreſſive ſhield:
Within its concave hung a ſilver thong,
On which a mimic ſerpent creeps along,
His azure length in eaſy waves extends,
Till in three heads the embroider'd monſter ends.
Laſt o'er his brows his fourfold helm he plac'd,
With nodding horſe-hair formidably grac'd;
And in his hands two ſteely jav'lins wields,
That blaze to heav'n, and lighten all the fields.
That inſtant Juno, and the martial maid
In happy thunders promis'd Greece their aid;
High o'er the chief they claſh'd their arms in air,
And leaning from the clouds, expect the war.

Cloſe to the limits of the trench and mound,
The fiery courſers to their chariots bound
The ſquires reſtrain'd: The foot, with thoſe who wield
The lighter arms, ruſh forward to the field.
To ſecond theſe, in cloſe array combin'd,
The ſquadrons ſpread their ſable wings behind.
Now ſhouts and tumults wake the tardy ſun,
As with the light the warriors toils begun,
Ev'n Jove whoſe thunder ſpoke his wrath, diſtill'd
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field:
The woes of men unwilling to ſurvey,
And all the ſlaughters that muſt ſtain the day.
Near Ilus' tomb, in order rang'd around,
The Trojan lines poſſeſs'd the riſing ground.
There wiſe Polydamas and Hector ſtood;
Æneas, honour'd as a guardian god;
Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine;
The brother-warriors of Antenor's line;
With youthful Acamas, whoſe beauteous face,
And fair proportion, match'd th' aetherial race:
Great Hector, cover'd with his ſpacious ſhield,
Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.
As the red ſtar now ſhows his ſanguine fires
Thro' the dark clouds, and now in night retires;
Thus thro' the ranks appear'd the godlike man,
Plung'd in the rear, or blazing in the van;
While ſtreamy ſparkles, reſtleſs as he flies,
Flaſh'd from his arms as lightning from the ſkies.
As ſweating reapers in ſome wealthy field,
Rang'd in two bands, their crooked weapons wield,

Bear down the furrows, till their labours meet;
Thick fall the heapy harveſts at their feet:
So Greece and Troy the field of war divide,
And falling ranks are ſtrow'd on ev'ry ſide.
None ſtoop'd a thought to baſe inglorious flight:
But horſe to horſe and man to man they fight.
Not rabid wolves more fierce conteſt their prey;
Each wounds, each bleeds, but none reſigns the day.
Diſcord with joy the ſcene of death deſcries,
And drinks large ſlaughter at her ſanguine eyes:
Diſcord alone of all th' immortal train,
Swells the red horrors of this direful plain;
The gods in peace their golden manſions fill,
Rang'd in bright order on th' Olympian hill;
But gen'ral murmurs told their griefs above,
And each accus'd the partial will of Jove.
Meanwhile apart, ſuperior, and alone,
Th' eternal monarch, on his awful throne,
Wrapt in the blaze of boundleſs glory ſat;
And fix'd, fulfill'd the juſt decrees of fate.
On earth he turn'd his all-conſid'ring eyes,
And mark'd the ſpot where Ilion's tow'rs ariſe;
The ſea with ſhips, the fields with armies ſpread,
The victor's rage, the dying, and the dead.
Thus while the morning-beams increaſing bright
O'er heav'n's pure azure ſpread the growing light,
Commutual death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverſe battle gor'd with equal wounds.
But now (what time in ſome ſequeſter'd vale
The weary woodman ſpreads his ſparing meal,
When his tir'd arms refuſe the ax to rear,
And claim a reſpite from the ſylvan war;

But not till half the proſtrate foreſts lay
Stretch'd in long ruin, and expos'd the day);
Then, nor till then, the Greeks' impulſive might
Pierc'd the black phalanx, and let in the light.
Great Agamemnon then the ſlaughter led,
And ſlew Bienor at his people's head;
Whoſe ſquire Oileus, with a ſudden ſpring,
Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his king;
But in his front he felt the fatal wound,
Which pierc'd his brain, and ſtretch'd him on the ground.
Atrides ſpoil'd, and left them on the plain:
Vain was their youth, their glitt'ring armour vain;
Now ſoil'd with duſt, and naked to the ſky,
Their ſnowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.
Two ſons of Priam next to battle move,
The product one of marriage, one of love;
In the ſame car the brother-warriors ride,
This took the charge to combat, that to guide:
Far other taſk! than when they wont to keep,
On Ida's tops their father's fleecy ſheep.
Theſe on the mountains once Achilles found,
And captive led, with pliant oſiers bound;
Then to their ſire for ample ſums reſtor'd;
But now to periſh by Atrides' ſword:
Pierc'd in the breaſt the baſe-born Iſus bleeds:
Cleft thro' the head, his brother's fate ſucceeds.
Swift to the ſpoil the haſty victor falls,
And ſtript, their features to his mind recalls.
The Trojans ſee the youths untimely die,
But helpleſs tremble for themſelves, and fly.

So when a lion, ranging o'er the lawns,
Finds, on ſome graſſy lair, the couching fawns,
Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws,
And grinds the quiv'ring fleſh with bloody jaws;
The frighted hind beholds, and dares not ſtay,
But ſwift thro' ruſtling thickets burſts her way;
All drown'd in ſweat the panting mother flies,
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes.
Amidſt the tumult of the routed train,
The ſons of falſe Antimachus were ſlain;
He, who for bribes his faithleſs counſels ſold,
And voted Helen's ſtay for Paris' gold.
Atrides mark'd, as theſe their ſafety ſought,
And ſlew the children for the father's fault;
Their headſtrong horſe unable to reſtrain,
They ſhook with fear, and dropp'd the ſilken rein;
Then in their chariot on their knees they fall,
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call.
Oh ſpare our youth, and for the life we owe,
Antimachus ſhall copious gifts beſtow;
Soon as he hears, that not in battle ſlain,
The Grecian ſhips his captive ſons detain,
Large heaps of braſs in ranſom ſhall be told,
And ſteel well-temper'd, and perſuaſive gold.
Theſe words, attended with a flood of tears,
The youths addreſs'd to unrelenting ears:
The vengeful monarch gave this ſtern reply;
If from Antimachus ye ſpring, ye die:
The daring wretch who once in council ſtood
To ſhed Ulyſſes' and my brother's blood,
For proffer'd peace! and ſues his ſeed for grace!
No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race.

This ſaid, Piſander from the car he caſt,
And pierc'd his breaſt; ſupine he breath'd his laſt.
His brother leap'd to earth; but as he lay,
The trenchant faulchion lopp'd his hands away;
His ſever'd head was toſs'd among the throng,
And rolling, drew a bloody trail along.
Then, where the thickeſt fought, the victor flew;
The king's example all his Greeks purſue.
Now by the foot the flying foot were ſlain,
Horſe trod by horſe, lay foaming on the plain.
From the dry fields thick clouds of duſt ariſe,
Shade the black hoſt, and intercept the ſkies.
The braſs-hoof'd ſteeds tumultuous plunge and bound,
And the thick thunder beats the lab'ring ground.
Still ſlaught'ring on, the king of men proceeds;
The diſtanc'd army wonder at his deeds.
As when the winds with raging flames conſpire,
And o'er the foreſts roll the flood of fire,
In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,
And one refulgent ruin levels all:
Before Atrides' rage ſo ſinks the foe,
Whole ſquadron's vaniſh, and proud heads lie low.
The ſteeds fly trembling from his waving ſword;
And many a car, now lighted of its lord,
Wide o'er the field with guideleſs fury rolls,
Breaking their ranks, and cruſhing out their ſouls;
While his keen faulchion drinks the warriors lives;
More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!
Perhaps great Hector then had found his fate;
But Jove and deſtiny prolong'd his date.
Safe from the darts, the care of heav'n he ſtood,
Amidſt alarms, and death, and duſt, and blood.

Now paſt the tomb where ancient Ilus lay,
Thro' the mid field the routed urge their way.
Where the wild figs th' adjoining ſummit crown,
That path they take, and ſpeed to reach the town.
As ſwift Atrides with loud ſhouts purſu'd,
Hot with his toil, and bath'd in hoſtile blood.
Now near the beech-tree, and the Scaean gates,
The hero halts, and his aſſociates waits.
Meanwhile on ev'ry ſide, around the plain,
Diſpers'd, diſorder'd, fly the Trojan train.
So flies a herd of heeves, that hear diſmay'd
The lion's roaring thro' the midnight-ſhade;
On heaps they tumble with ſucceſsleſs haſte;
The ſavage ſeizes, draws, and rends the laſt:
Not with leſs fury ſtern Atrides flew,
Still preſs'd the rout, and ſtill the hindmoſt ſlew;
Hurl'd from their cars the braveſt chiefs are kill'd,
And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.

Now ſtorms the victor at the Trojan wall;
Surveys the tow'rs, and meditates their fall.
But Jove deſcending ſhook th' Idaean hills,
And down their ſummits pour'd a hundred rills:
Th' unkindled lightning in his hand he took,
And thus the many-colour'd maid beſpoke.

Iris, with haſte thy golden wings diſplay,
To god-like Hector thus our word convey.
While Agamemnon waſtes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Bid him give way; but iſſue forth commands,
And truſt the war to leſs important hands:
But when, or wounded by the ſpear, or dart,
That chief ſhall mount his chariot and depart;

Then Jove ſhall ſtring his arm, and fire his breaſt,
Then to her ſhips ſhall flying Greece be preſt,
Till to the main the burning ſun deſcend,
And ſacred Night her awful ſhade extend.
He ſpoke, and Iris at his word obey'd;
On wings of winds deſcends the various maid,
The chief ſhe found amidſt the ranks of war,
Cloſe to the bulwarks, on his glitt'ring car.
The goddeſs then: O ſon of Priam hear!
From Jove I come, and his high mandate bear.
While Agamemnon waſtes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Abſtain from fight; yet iſſue forth commands,
And truſt the war to leſs important hands.
But when, or wounded by the ſpear or dart,
The chief ſhall mount his chariot, and depart;
Then Jove ſhall ſtring thy arm, and fire thy breaſt,
Then to her ſhips ſhall flying Greece be preſt,
Till to the main the burning ſun deſcend,
And ſacred Night her awful ſhade extend.
She ſaid, and vaniſh'd: Hector, with a bound,
Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground,
In clanging arms: He graſps in either hand
A pointed lance, and ſpeeds from band to band;
Revives their ardour, turns their ſteps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They ſtand to arms: The Greeks their onſet dare,
Condenſe their pow'rs, and wait the coming war.
New force, new ſpirit to each breaſt returns;
The fight renew'd with fiercer fury burns:
The king leads on; all fix on him their eye,
And learn from him, to conquer, or to die.

Ye ſacred nine, celeſtial Muſes! tell,
Who fac'd him firſt, and by his proweſs fell!
The great Iphidamas, the bold and young;
From ſage Antenor and Theano ſprung;
Whom from his youth his grandſire Ciſſeus bred,
And nurs'd in Thrace, where ſnowy flocks are fed.
Scarce did the down his roſy cheeks inveſt,
And early honour warm his gen'rous breaſt,
When the kind ſire conſign'd his daughter's charms
(Theano's ſiſter) to his youthful arms.
But call'd by glory to the wars of Troy,
He leaves untaſted the firſt fruits of joy;
From his lov'd bride departs with melting eyes,
And ſwift to aid his dearer country flies.
With twelve black ſhips he reach'd Percope's ſtrand,
Thence took the long, laborious march by land.
Now fierce for fame, before the ranks he ſprings,
Tow'ring in arms, and braves the king of kings.
Atrides firſt diſcharg'd the miſſive ſpear;
The Trojan ſtoop'd, the jav'lin paſs'd in air.
Then near the corſelet, at the monarch's heart,
With all his ſtrength the youth directs his dart:
But the broad belt, with plates of ſilver bound,
The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.
Incumber'd with the dart, Atrides ſtands,
Till graſp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his hands.
At once his weighty ſword diſcharg'd a wound
Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.
Stretch'd in the duſt th' unhappy warrior lies,
And ſleep eternal ſeals his ſwimming eyes.
Oh worthy better fate! oh early ſlain!
Thy country's friend; and virtuous, tho' in vain!

No more the youth ſhall join his conſort's ſide,
At once a virgin, and at once a bride!
No more with preſents her embraces meet,
Or lay the ſpoils of conqueſt at her feet,
On whom his paſſion, laviſh of his ſtore,
Beſtow'd ſo much, and vainly promis'd more!
Unwept, uncover'd on the plain he lay,
While the proud victor bore his arms away.
Coon, Antenor's eldeſt hope, was nigh:
Tears, at the ſight, came ſtarting from his eye.
While pierc'd with grief the much-lov'd youth he view'd,
And the pale features now deform'd with blood.
Then with his ſpear, unſeen, his time he took,
Aim'd at the king, and near his elbow ſtrook.
The thrilling ſteel tranſpierc'd the brawny part,
And thro' his arm ſtood forth the barbed dart.
Surpris'd the monarch feels, yet void of fear
On Coon ruſhes with his lifted ſpear:
His brother's corpſe the pious Trojan draws,
And calls his country to aſſert his cauſe;
Defends him breathleſs on the ſanguine field,
And o'er the body ſpreads his ample ſhield:
Atrides, marking an unguarded part,
Transfix'd the warrior with his brazen dart;
Prone on his brother's bleeding breaſt he lay,
The monarch's faulchion lopp'd his head away:
The ſocial ſhades the ſame dark journey go,
And join each other in the realms below.
The vengeful victor rages round the fields,
With ev'ry weapon art or fury yields:

By the long lance, the ſword, or pond'rous ſtone,
Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown.
This, while yet warm, diſtill'd the purple flood;
But when the wound grew ſtiff with clotted blood,
Then grinding tortures his ſtrong boſom rend,
Leſs keen thoſe darts the fierce Ilithyae ſend,
(The pow'rs that cauſe the teeming matron's throes,
Sad mothers of unutterable woes!)
Stung with the ſmart, all panting with the pain,
He mounts the car, and gives his ſquire the rein:
Then with a voice, which fury made more ſtrong,
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng.

O friends! O Greeks! aſſert your honours won;
Proceed, and finiſh what this arm begun:
Lo! angry Jove forbids your chief to ſtay,
And envies half the glories of the day.

He ſaid; the driver whirls his lengthful thong;
The horſes fly, the chariot ſmokes along.
Clouds from their noſtrils the fierce courſers blow,
And from their ſides the foam deſcends in ſnow;
Shot thro' the battle in a moment's ſpace,
The wounded monarch at his tent they place.

No ſooner Hector ſaw the king retir'd,
But thus his Trojan, and his aids he fir'd.
Hear all ye Dardan, all ye Lycian race!
Fam'd in cloſe fight, and dreadful face to face.
Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,
Your great forefathers virtues, and your own.
Behold, the gen'ral flies! deſerts his pow'rs!
Lo Jove himſelf declares the conqueſt ours!
Now on yon ranks impel your foaming ſteeds;
And, ſure of glory, dare immortal deeds.

With words like theſe the fiery chief alarms
His fainting hoſt, and ev'ry boſom warms.
As the bold hunter cheers his hounds to tear
The brindled lion, or the tuſky bear,
With voice and hand provokes their doubting heart,
And ſprings the foremoſt with his lifted dart:
So godlike Hector prompts his troops to dare;
Nor prompts alone, but leads himſelf the war.
On the black body of the foes he pours;
As from the cloud's deep boſom, ſwell'd with ſhow'rs,
A ſudden ſtorm the purple ocean ſweeps,
Drives the wild waves, and toſſes all the deeps.
Say, Muſe! when Jove the Trojan's glory crown'd,
Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground?
Aſſaeus, Dolops, and Autonous dy'd,
Opites next was added to their ſide;
Then brave Hipponous, fam'd in many a fight,
Opheltius, Orus, ſunk to endleſs night,
Æſymnus, Agelaus; all chiefs of name;
The reſt were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame.
As when a weſtern whirlwind, charg'd with ſtorms,
Diſpels the gather'd clouds that Notus forms:
The guſt continu'd, violent, and ſtrong,
Rolls ſable clouds in heaps on heaps along;
Now to the ſkies the foaming billows rears,
Now breaks the ſurge and wide the bottom bares:
Thus raging Hector, with reſiſtleſs hands,
O'erturns, confounds, and ſcatters all their bands.
Now the laſt ruin the whole hoſt appalls;
Now Greece had trembled in her wooden walls;
But wiſe Ulyſſes call'd Tydides forth,
His ſoul rekindled, and awak'd his worth.

And ſtand we deedleſs, O eternal ſhame!
Till Hector's arm involve the ſhips in flame?
Haſte, let us join, and combat ſide by ſide.
The warrior thus, and thus the friend reply'd.
No martial toil I ſhun, no danger fear;
Let Hector come; I wait his fury here.
But Jove with conqueſt crowns the Trojan train;
And, Jove our foe, all human force is vain.
He ſigh'd; but ſighing, rais'd his vengeful ſteel,
And from his car the proud Thymbraeus fell;
Molion, the charioteer, purſu'd his lord,
His death ennobled by Ulyſſes' ſword.
There ſlain, they left them in eternal night;
Then plung'd amidſt the thickeſt ranks of fight.
So two wild boars outſtrip the following hounds,
Then ſwift revert, and wounds return for wounds.
Stern Hector's conqueſts in the middle plain
Stood check'd a while, and Greece reſpir'd again.
The ſons of Merops ſhone amidſt the war;
Tow'ring they rode in one refulgent car:
In deep prophetic arts their father ſkill'd,
Had warn'd his children from the Trojan field;
Fate urg'd them on; the father warn'd in vain;
They ruſh'd to fight, and periſh'd on the plain!
Their breaſts no more the vital ſpirit warms;
The ſtern Tydides ſtrips their ſhining arms.
Hypirochus by great Ulyſſes dies,
And rich Hippodamus becomes his prize.
Great Jove from Ide with ſlaughter fills his ſight,
And level hangs the doubtful ſcale of fight.
By Tydeus' lance Agaſtrophus was ſlain,
The far-fam'd hero of Paeonian ſtrain;

Wing'd with his fears, on foot he ſtrove to fly,
His ſteeds too diſtant, and the foe too nigh:
Through broken orders, ſwifter than the wind,
He fled, but, flying, left his life behind.
This Hector ſees, as his experienc'd eyes
Traverſe the fields, and to the reſcue flies;
Shouts, as he paſs'd, the cryſtal regions rend;
And moving armies on his march attend:
Great Diomed himſelf was ſeiz'd with fear,
And thus beſpoke his brother of the war.
Mark how this way yon bending ſquadrons yield!
The ſtorm rolls on, and Hector rules the field:
Here ſtand his utmoſt force—the warrior ſaid;
Swift at the word his pond'rous jav'lin fled;
Nor miſs'd its aim, but where the plumage danc'd,
Raz'd the ſmooth cone, and thence obliquely glanc'd.
Safe in his helm (the gift of Phoebus' hands)
Without a wound the Trojan hero ſtands:
But yet ſo ſtunn'd, that, ſtagg'ring on the plain,
His arm and knee his ſinking bulk ſuſtain;
O'er his dim ſight the miſty vapours riſe,
And a ſhort darkneſs ſhades his ſwimming eyes.
Tydides follow'd to regain his lance;
While Hector roſe, recover'd from the trance;
Remounts his car, and herds amidſt the croud;
The Greek purſues him, and exults aloud.
Once more thank Phoebus for thy forfeit breath,
Or thank that ſwiftneſs which outſtrips the death.
Well by Apollo are thy vows repaid,
And oft that partial pow'r has lent his aid.
Thou ſhalt not long the death deſerv'd withſtand,
If any god aſſiſt Tydides' hand.

Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight this day,
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay.
Him, while he triumph'd, Paris ey'd from far,
(The spouse of Helen, the fair cause of war);
Around the fields his feather'd shafts he sent,
From antient Ilus' ruin'd monument.
Behind the column plac'd, he bent his bow,
And wing'd an arrow at th' unwary foe:
Just as he stoop'd, Agastrophus's crest
To seize, and drew the corselet from his breast,
The bow-string twang'd; nor flew the shaft in vain,
But pierc'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.
The laughing Trojan, with a joyful spring,
Leaps from his ambush, and insults the king.
He bleeds! (he cries), some god has sped my dart;
Would the same god had fix'd it in his heart!
So Troy, reliev'd from that wide-wasting hand,
Should breathe from slaughter, and in combat stand;
Whose sons now tremble at his darted spear,
As scatter'd lambs the rushing lion fear.
He dauntless thus: Thou conqu'ror of the fair,
Thou woman-warrior with the curling hair;
Vain archer! trusting to the distant dart,
Unskill'd in arms to act a manly part!
Thou hast but done what boys or women can;
Such hands may wound, but not incense a man.
Nor boast the scratch thy feeble arrow gave;
A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.
Not so this dart, which thou may'st one day feel:
Fate wings its flight, and death is on the steel.
Where this but lights, some noble life expires;
Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of sires,

Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air;
And leaves ſuch objects as diſtract the fair.
Ulyſſes haſtens with a trembling heart,
Before him ſteps, and, bending, draws the dart:
Forth flows the blood; an eager pang ſucceeds;
Tydides mounts, and to the navy ſpeeds.
Now on the field Ulyſſes ſtands alone,
The Greeks all fled, the Trojans pouring on;
But ſtands collected in himſelf and whole,
And queſtions thus his own unconquer'd ſoul:
What farther ſubterfuge? what hopes remain?
What ſhame, inglorious, if I quit the plain?
What danger, ſingly, if I ſtand the ground,
My friends all ſcatter'd, all the foes around?
Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth ſuffice;
The brave meets danger, and the coward flies:
To die, or conquer, proves a hero's heart;
And, knowing this, I know a ſoldier's part.
Such thoughts revolving in his careful breaſt,
Near, and more near, the ſhady cohorts preſt;
Theſe in the warrior their own fate incloſe:
And round him deep the ſteelly circle grows.
So fares a boar, whom all the troop ſurrounds
Of ſhouting huntſmen, and of clam'rous hounds:
He grinds his iv'ry tuſks; he foams with ire;
His ſanguine eye-balls glare with living fire;
By theſe, by thoſe on ev'ry ſide is ply'd;
And the red ſlaughter ſpreads on ev'ry ſide.
Pierc'd through the ſhoulder, firſt Deiopis fell;
Next Ennomus and Thoon ſunk to hell.
Cherſidamas, beneath the navel thruſt,
Falls prone to earth, and graſps the bloody duſt.

Charops, the ſon of Hippaſus, was near;
Ulyſſes reach'd him with the fatal ſpear:
But to his aid his brother Socus flies;
Socus the brave, the gen'rous, and the wiſe.
Near as he drew, the warrior thus began.
O great Ulyſſes, much-enduring man!
Not deeper ſkill'd in ev'ry martial ſlight,
Than worn to toils, and active in the fight!
This day two brothers ſhall thy conqueſt grace,
And end at once the great Hippaſian race;
Or thou beneath this lance muſt preſs the field—
He ſaid, and forceful pierc'd his ſpacious ſhield:
Through the ſtrong braſs the ringing jav'lin thrown,
Plow'd half his ſide, and bar'd it to the bone.
By Pallas' care, the ſpear, though deep infix'd,
Stopt ſhort of life, nor with his intrails mix'd.
The wound not mortal wiſe Ulyſſes knew;
Then furious thus, (but firſt ſome ſteps withdrew.)
Unhappy man! whoſe death our hands ſhall grace!
Fate calls thee hence, and finiſh'd is thy race.
No longer check my conqueſts on the foe;
But pierc'd by this, to endleſs darkneſs go,
And add one ſpectre to the realms below!
He ſpoke, while Socus, ſeiz'd with ſudden fright,
Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight.
Between his ſhoulders pierc'd the following dart,
And held its paſſage through the panting heart.
Wide in his breaſt appear'd the griſly wound;
He falls; his armour rings againſt the ground.
Then thus Ulyſſes, gazing on the ſlain:
Fam'd ſon of Hippaſus, there preſs the plain;

There ends thy narrow ſpan aſſign'd by fate;
Heav'n owes Ulyſſes yet a longer date.
Ah wretch! no father ſhall thy corpſe compoſe;
Thy dying eyes no tender mother cloſe;
But hungry birds ſhall tear thoſe balls away,
And hov'ring vultures ſcream around their prey.
Me Greece ſhall honour, when I meet my doom,
With ſolemn fun'rals and a laſting tomb.
Then raging with intolerable ſmart,
He writhes his body, and extracts the dart.
The dart a tide of ſpouting gore purſu'd,
And gladden'd Troy with ſight of hoſtile blood.
Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,
Forc'd he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.
Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears;
The well known voice thrice Menelaus hears:
Alarm'd, to Ajax-Telamon he cry'd,
Who ſhares his labours, and defends his ſide.
O friend! Ulyſſes' ſhouts invade my ear;
Diſtreſs'd he ſeems, and no aſſiſtance near:
Strong as he is, yet, one oppos'd to all,
Oppreſs'd by multitudes, the beſt may fall.
Greece, robb'd of him, muſt bid her hoſt deſpair,
And feel a loſs not ages can repair.
Then, where the cry directs, his courſe he bends;
Great Ajax, like the god of war, attends.
The prudent chief in ſore diſtreſs he found,
With bands of furious Trojans compaſs'd round.
As when ſome huntſman, with a flying ſpear,
From the blind thicket wounds a ſtately deer;
Down his cleft ſide while freſh the blood diſtills,
He bounds aloft, and ſcuds from hills to hills:

Till life's warm vapour iſſuing through the wound,
Wild mountain-wolves the fainting beaſt ſurround;
Juſt as their jaws his proſtrate limbs invade,
The lion ruſhes through the woodland ſhade;
The wolves, though hungry, ſcour diſpers'd away;
The lordly ſavage vindicates his prey.
Ulyſſes thus, unconquer'd by his pains,
A ſingle warrior, half an hoſt ſuſtains:
But ſoon as Ajax heaves his tow'r-like ſhield,
The ſcatter'd crew fly frighted o'er the field;
Atrides' arm the ſinking hero ſtays,
And, ſav'd from numbers, to his car conveys.
Victorious Ajax plies the routed crew:
And firſt Doryclus, Priam's ſon, he ſlew:
On ſtrong Pandochus next inflicts a wound,
And lays Lyſander bleeding on the ground.
As when a torrent, ſwell'd with wint'ry rains,
Pours from the mountains o'er the delug'd plains,
And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,
A country's ruins! to the ſeas are born:
Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng;
Men, ſteeds, and chariots roll in heaps along.
But Hector, from this ſcene of ſlaughter far,
Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the tide of war:
Loud groans proclaim his progreſs thro' the plain,
And deep Scamander ſwells with heaps of ſlain.
There Neſtor and Idomeneus oppoſe
The warrior's fury; there the battle glows:
There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,
His ſword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight.
The ſpouſe of Helen, dealing darts around,
Had piere'd Machaon with a diſtant wound:

In his right ſhoulder the broad ſhaft appear'd,
And trembling Greece for her phyſician fear'd.
To Neſtor then Idomeneus begun:
Glory of Greece, old Neleus' valiant ſon!
Aſcend thy chariot, haſte with ſpeed away,
And great Machaon to the ſhips convey.
A wiſe phyſician, ſkill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal.
Old Neſtor mounts the ſeat: Beſide him rod
The wounded offſpring of the healing god.
He lends the laſh; the ſteeds with ſounding feet
Shake the dry field, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.
But now Cebriones, from Hector's car,
Survey'd the various fortune of the war.
While here (he cry'd) the flying Greeks are ſlain,
Trojans on Trojans yonder load the plain.
Before great Ajax ſee the mingled throng
Of men and chariots driv'n in heaps along!
I know him well, diſtinguiſh'd o'er the field
By the broad glitt'ring of the ſev'n-fold ſhield.
Thither, O Hector! thither urge thy ſteeds;
There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds:
There horſe and foot in mingled deaths unite,
And groans of ſlaughter mix with ſhouts of fight.
Thus having ſpoke, the driver's laſh reſounds;
Swift thro' the ranks the rapid chariot bounds;
Stung by the ſtroke, the courſers ſcour the fields,
O'er heaps of carcaſes, and hills of ſhields.
The horſes hoofs are bath'd in hero's gore,
And daſhing, purple all the car before;
The groaning axle ſable drops diſtills,
And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.

Here Hector plunging through the thickeſt fight,
Broke the dark phalanx, and let in the light:
(By the long lance, the ſword, or pond'rous ſtone,
The ranks lie ſcatter'd, and the troops o'erthrown).
Ajax he ſhuns, through all the dire debate,
And fears that arm, whoſe force he felt ſo late.
But partial Jove, eſpouſing Hector's part,
Shot heav'n-bred horror thro' the Grecian's heart;
Confus'd, unnerv'd in Hector's preſence grown,
Amaz'd he ſtood, with terrors not his own.
O'er his broad back the moony ſhield he threw,
And, glaring round, by tardy ſteps withdrew.
Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,
Beſet with watchful dogs and ſhouting ſwains;
Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly ſtalls,
Tho' rage impells him, and tho' hunger calls,
Long ſtands the ſhow'ring darts and miſſile fires;
Then ſourly ſlow th' indignant beaſt retires.
So turn'd ſtern Ajax, by whole hoſts repell'd,
While his ſwoln heart at ev'ry ſtep rebell'd.
As the ſlow beaſt with heavy ſtrength endu'd,
In ſome wide field by troops of boys purſu'd,
Though round his ſides a wooden tempeſt rain,
Crops the tall harveſt, and lays waſte the plain;
Thick on his hide the hollow blows reſound,
The patient animal maintains his ground;
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chas'd,
And ſtirs but ſlowly when he ſtirs at laſt.
On Ajax thus a weight of Trojans hung,
The ſtrokes redoubled on his buckler rung;
Confiding now in bulky ſtrength he ſtands,
Now turns, and backward bears the yielding bands.

Now ſtiff recedes, yet hardly ſeems to fly,
And threats his followers with retorted eye.
Fix'd as the bar between two warring pow'rs,
While hiſſing darts deſcend in iron ſhow'rs:
In his broad buckler many a weapon ſtood,
Its ſurface briſtled with a quiv'ring wood;
And many a jav'lin, guiltleſs on the plain,
Marks the dry duſt, and thirſts for blood in vain.
But bold Eurypylus his aid imparts,
And dauntleſs ſprings beneath a cloud of darts;
Whoſe eager jav'lin, launch'd againſt the foe,
Great Apiſaon felt the fatal blow;
From his torn liver the red current flow'd,
And his ſlack knees deſert their dying load.
The victor ruſhing to deſpoil the dead,
From Paris' bow a vengeful arrow fled:
Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon ſtood;
Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.
Back to the lines the wounded Greek retir'd,
Yet thus, retreating, his aſſociates fir'd.

What god, O Grecians! has your hearts diſmay'd!
Oh turn to arms, 'tis Ajax claims your aid.
This hour he ſtands the mark of hoſtile rage,
And this the laſt brave battle he ſhall wage;
Haſte, join your forces; from the gloomy grave
The warrior reſcue, and your country ſave.

Thus urg'd the chief; a gen'rous troop appears,
Who ſpread their bucklers, and advance their ſpears,
To guard their wounded friend: While thus they ſtand
With pious care, great Ajax joins the band:
Each takes new courage at the hero's ſight;
The hero rallies, and renews the fight.

Thus rag'd both armies like conflicting fires,
While Neſtor's chariot far from fight retires:
His courſers ſteep'd in ſweat, and ſtain'd with gore,
The Greeks preſerver, great Machaon, bore.
That hour, Achilles, from the topmaſt height
Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of fight;
His feaſted eyes beheld around the plain
The Grecian rout, the ſlaying, and the ſlain.
His friend Machaon ſingled from the reſt,
A tranſient pity touch'd his vengeful breaſt.
Straight to Menoetius' much-lov'd ſon he ſent;
Graceful as Mars, Patroclus quits his tent;
(In evil hour! then fate decreed his doom;
And fix'd the date of all his woes to come!)
Why calls my friend? thy lov'd injunctions lay;
Whate'er thy will, Patroclus ſhall obey.
O firſt of friends! (Pelides thus reply'd),
Still at my heart, and ever at my ſide!
The time is come, when yon deſpairing hoſt
Shall learn the value of the man they loſt;
Now at my knees the Greeks ſhall pour their moan,
And proud Atrides tremble on his throne.
Go now to Neſtor, and from him be taught
What wounded warrior late his chariot brought?
For ſeen at diſtance, and but ſeen behind,
His form recall'd Machaon to my mind.
Nor could I, through yon cloud, diſcern his face,
The courſers paſs'd me with ſo ſwift a pace.
The hero ſaid. His friend obey'd with haſte,
Thro' intermingled ſhips and tents he paſs'd,
The chiefs deſcending from their car he found;
The panting ſteeds Eurymedon unbound.

The warriors ſtanding on the breezy ſhore,
To dry their ſweat, and waſh away the gore,
Here paus'd a moment, while the gentle gale
Convey'd that freſhneſs the coól ſeas exhale;
Then to conſult on farther methods went,
And took their ſeats beneath the ſhady tent.
The draught preſcrib'd, fair Hecamede prepares,
Arſinous' daughter, grac'd with golden hairs:
(Whom to his aged arms a royal ſlave,
Greece, as the prize of Neſtor's wiſdom, gave).
A table firſt with azure feet ſhe plac'd;
Whoſe ample orb a brazen charger grac'd:
Honey new preſs'd the ſacred flour of wheat,
And wholeſome garlic crown'd the ſav'ry treat.
Next her white hand an antique goblet brings,
A goblet ſacred to the Pylian kings
From eldeſt times: Emboſs'd with ſtuds of gold,
Two feet ſupport it, and four handles hold;
On each bright handle, bending o'er the brink,
In ſculptur'd gold, two turtles ſeem to drink:
A maſſy weight, yet heav'd with eaſe by him,
When the briſk nectar overlook'd the brim.
Temper'd in this, the nymph of form divine
Pours a large portion of the Pramnian wine;
With goat's milk-cheeſe a flav'rous taſte beſtows;
And laſt with flour the ſmiling ſurface ſtrows.
This for the wounded prince the dame prepares;
The cordial bev'rage rev'rend Neſtor ſhares:
Salubrious draughts the warriors thirſt allay,
And pleaſing conference beguiles the day.
Meantime Patroclus, by Achilles ſent,
Unhear'd approach'd, and ſtood before the tent.

Old Neſtor riſing then, the hero led
To his high ſeat; the chief refus'd, and ſaid,
'Tis now no ſeaſon for theſe kind delays;
The great Achilles with impatience ſtays.
To great Achilles this reſpect I owe;
Who aſks what hero, wounded by the foe,
Was borne from combat by thy foaming ſteeds?
With grief I ſee the great Machaon bleeds.
This to report, my haſty courſe I bend;
Thou know'ſt the fiery temper of my friend.
Can then the ſons of Greece (the ſage rejoin'd)
Excite compaſſion in Achilles mind?
Seeks he the ſorrows of our hoſt to know?
This is not half the ſtory of our woe.
Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone,
Our braveſt heroes in the navy groan,
Ulyſſes, Agamemnon, Diomed,
And ſtern Eurypylus, already bleed.
But ah! what flatt'ring hopes I entertain?
Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain:
Ev'n till the flames conſume our fleet he ſtays,
And waits the riſing of the fatal blaze.
Chief after chief the raging foe deſtroys;
Calm he looks on, and ev'ry death enjoys.
Now the ſlow courſe of all impairing time
Unſtrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime;
Oh! had I ſtill that ſtrength my youth poſſeſs'd,
When this bold arm th' Epeian pow'rs oppreſs'd,
The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led,
And ſtretch'd the great Itymonaeus dead!
Then, from my fury fled the trembling ſwains,
And ours was all the plunder of the plains:

Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of ſwine,
As many goats, as many lowing kine;
And thrice the number of unrivall'd ſteeds,
All teeming females, and of gen'rous breeds.
Theſe, as my firſt eſſay of arms, I won;
Old Neleus glory'd in his conqu'ring ſon.
Thus Elis forc'd, her long arrears reſtor'd,
And ſhares were parted to each Pylian lord.
The ſtate of Pyle was ſunk to laſt deſpair,
When the proud Elians firſt commenc'd the war.
For Neleus' ſons Alcides rage had ſlain;
Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain!
Oppreſs'd, we arm'd; and now this conqueſt gain'd,
My ſire three hundred choſen ſheep obtain'd.
(That large repriſal he might juſtly claim,
For prize defrauded, and inſulted fame,
When Elis' monarch at the public courſe
Detain'd his chariot, and victorious horſe.)
The reſt the people ſhar'd; myſelf ſurvey'd
The juſt partition, and due victims paid.
Three days were paſt, when Elis roſe to war,
With many a courſer, and with many a car;
The ſons of Actor at their army's head
(Young as they were) the vengeful ſquadron led.
High on a rock fair Thryoeſſa ſtands,
Our utmoſt frontier on the Pylian lands;
Not far the ſtreams of fam'd Alpheus flow;
The ſtream they paſs'd and pitch'd their tents below.
Pallas, deſcending in the ſhades of night,
Alarms the Pylians, and commands the fight.
Each burns for fame, and ſwells with martial pride;
Myſelf the foremoſt; but my ſire deny'd;

Fear'd for my youth, expos'd to ſtern alarms;
And ſtopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms.
My ſire deny'd in vain: On foot I fled
Amidſt our chariots: For the goddeſs led.
Along fair Arene's delightful plain,
Soft Minyas rolls his waters to the main.
There, horſe and foot, the Pylian troops unite,
And ſheath'd in arms expect the dawning light.
Thence, ere the ſun advanc'd his noon-day flame,
To great Alpheus' ſacred ſource we came.
There firſt to Jove our ſolemn rites we paid;
An untam'd heifer pleas'd the blue-ey'd maid,
A bull Alpheus; and a bull was ſlain
To the blue monarch of the wat'ry main.
In arms we ſlept, beſide the winding flood,
While round the town the fierce Epeians ſtood.
Soon as the ſun with all-revealing ray,
Flam'd in the front of heav'n, and gave the day;
Bright ſcenes of arms, and works of war appear;
The nations meet; there Pylos, Elis here.
The firſt who fell, beneath my jav'lin bled;
King Augia's ſon, and ſpouſe of Agamede:
(She that all ſimples' healing virtues knew,
And ev'ry herb that drinks the morning dew.)
I ſeiz'd his car, the van of battle led;
Th' Epeians ſaw, and trembled, and they fled.
The foe diſpers'd, their braveſt warrior kill'd,
Fierce as a whirlwind now I ſwept the field:
Full fifty captive chariots grac'd my train;
Two chiefs from each fell breathleſs to the plain,
Then Actor's ſons had dy'd; but Neptune ſhrouds
The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds.

O'er heapy ſhields, and o'er the proſtrate throng,
Collecting ſpoils, and ſlaught'ring all along.
Thro' wide Buprafian fields we forc'd the foes,
Where o'er the vales th' Olenian rocks aroſe;
Till Pallas ſtopp'd us where Aliſium flows.
Ev'n there, the hindmoſt of their rear I ſlay,
And the ſame arm that led, concludes the day;
Then back to Pyle triumphant take my way.
There to high Jove were public thanks aſſign'd,
As firſt of gods; to Neſtor, of mankind.
Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood;
So prov'd my valour for my country's good.
Achilles with unactive fury glows,
And gives to paſſion what to Greece he owes.
How ſhall he grieve, when to th' eternal ſhade
Her hoſts ſhall ſink, nor his the pow'r to aid?
O friend! my memory recalls the day,
When gath'ring aids along the Grecian ſea,
I, and Ulyſſes, touch'd at Phthia's port,
And enter'd Peleus' hoſpitable court.
A bull to Jove he ſlew in ſacrifice,
And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.
Thyſelf, Achilles, and thy rev'rend ſire
Menoetius, turn'd the fragments on the fire.
Achilles ſees us, to the feaſt invites;
Social we ſit, and ſhare the genial rites.
We then explain'd the cauſe on which we came,
Urg'd you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.
Your ancient fathers gen'rous precepts gave;
Peleus ſaid only this——"My ſon! be brave."
Menoetius thus: "Tho' great Achilles ſhine
"In ſtrength ſuperior, and of race divine,

" Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;
" Let thy juſt counſels aid, and rule thy friend."
Thus ſpoke your father at Theſſalia's court;
Words now forgot, tho' now of vaſt import.
Ah! try the utmoſt that a friend can ſay,
Such gentle force the fierceſt minds obey;
Some fav'ring god Achilles' heart may move;
Tho' deaf to glory, he may yield to love.
If ſome dire oracle his breaſt alarm,
If ought from heav'n with-hold his ſaving arm;
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may ſhine,
If thou but lead the Myrmidonian line;
Clad in Achilles' arms, if thou appear,
Proud Troy may tremble, and deſiſt from war;
Preſs'd by freſh forces, her o'er-labour'd train
Shall ſeek their walls, and Greece reſpire again.
This touch'd his gen'rous heart, and from the tent
Along the ſhore with haſty ſtrides he went;
Soon as he came, where, on the crouded ſtrand,
The public mart and courts of juſtice ſtand,
Where the tall fleet of great Ulyſſes lies,
And altars to the guardian gods ariſe;
There ſad he met the brave Evaemon's ſon,
Large painful drops from all his members run;
An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,
The ſable blood in circles mark'd the ground,
As faintly reeling he confeſs'd the ſmart:
Weak was his pace, but dauntleſs was his heart.
Divine compaſſion touch'd Patroclus' breaſt,
Who ſighing, thus his bleeding friend addreſt.
Ah hapleſs leader of the Grecian hoſt!
Thus muſt ye periſh on a barb'rous coaſt?

Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore,
Far from your friends, and from your native ſhore?
Say, great Eurypylus! ſhall Greece yet ſtand?
Reſiſts ſhe yet the raging Hector's hand?
Or are her heroes doom'd to die with ſhame,
And this the period of our wars and fame?
Eurypylus replies: No more, (my friend),
Greece is no more, this day her glories end.
Ev'n to the ſhips victorious Troy purſues,
Her force increaſing as her toil renews.
Thoſe chiefs, that us'd her utmoſt rage to meet,
Lie pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in the fleet:
But thou, Patroclus! act a friendly part,
Lead to my ſhips, and draw this deadly dart;
With lukewarm water waſh the gore away,
With healing balms the raging ſmart allay,
Such as ſage Chiron, ſire of pharmacy,
Once taught Achilles, and Achilles thee.
Of two fam'd ſurgeons, Podalirius ſtands
This hour ſurrounded by the Trojan bands;
And great Machaon, wounded in his tent,
Now wants that ſuccour which ſo oft he lent.
To him the chief. What then remains to do!
Th' event of things the gods alone can view.
Charg'd by Achilles' great command I fly,
And bear with haſte the Pylian king's reply:
But thy diſtreſs this inſtant claims relief.
He ſaid, and in his arms upheld the chief.
The ſlaves their maſter's ſlow approach ſurvey'd,
And hides of oxen on the floor diſplay'd:
There ſtretch'd at length the wounded hero lay;
Patroclus cut the forky ſteel away.

Then in his hands a bitter root he bruis'd;
The wound he waſh'd, the ſtyptic juice infus'd.
The cloſing fleſh that inſtant ceas'd to glow,
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The battle at the Grecian wall.

The Greeks being retired into their intrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impoſſible to paſs the ditch, Polydamus adviſes to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counſel; and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the aſſault. But, upon the ſignal of an eagle with a ſerpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector oppoſes, and continues the attack; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the firſt breach in the wall: Hector alſo caſting a ſtone of a vaſt ſize, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriouſly purſue the Grecians even to their ſhips.

BOOK XII.

WHILE thus the hero's pious cares attend
The cure and ſafety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and Greeks with claſhing ſhields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.
Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppoſe;
With gods averſe th' ill-fated works aroſe;
Their pow'rs neglected, and no victim ſlain,
The walls were rais'd, the trenches ſunk in vain.
Without the gods, how ſhort a period ſtands
The proudeſt monument of mortal hands!
This ſtood, while Hector and Achilles rag'd,
While ſacred Troy the warring hoſts engag'd;
But when her ſons were ſlain, her city burn'd,
And what ſurviv'd of Greece to Greece return'd;
Then Neptune and Apollo ſhook the ſhore,
Then Ida's ſummits pour'd their wat'ry ſtore;
Rheſus and Rhodius then unite their rills,
Careſus roaring down the ſtony hills,
Æſepus, Granicus, with mingled force,
And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful ſource;
And gulphy Simois, rolling to the main
Helmets, and ſhields, and godlike heroes ſlain:
Theſe turn'd by Phoebus from their wonted ways,
Delug'd the rampire nine continual days;
The weight of water ſaps the yielding wall,
And to the ſea the floating bulwarks fall.
Inceſſant cataracts the thund'rer pours,
And half the ſkies deſcend in ſluicy ſhow'rs,

The god of ocean, marching ſtern before,
With his huge trident wounds the trembling ſhore,
Vaſt ſtones and piles from their foundation heaves,
And whelms the ſmoky ruin in the waves.
Now ſmooth'd with ſand, and levell'd by the flood,
No fragment tells where once the wonder ſtood;
In their old bounds the rivers roll again,
Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.
But this the gods in later times perform;
As yet the bulwark ſtood, and brav'd the ſtorm;
The ſtrokes yet echo'd of contending pow'rs;
War thunder'd at the gates, and blood diſtain'd the tow'rs.
Smote by the arm of Jove, and dire diſmay,
Cloſe by their hollow ſhips the Grecians lay:
Hector's approach in every wind they hear,
And Hector's fury ev'ry moment fear.
He, like a whirlwind, toſs'd the ſcatt'ring throng,
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.
So 'midſt the dogs and hunter's daring bands,
Fierce of his might, a boar or lion ſtands;
Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
And hiſſing jav'lins rain an iron ſtorm:
His pow'rs untam'd their bold aſſault defy,
And where he turns, the rout diſperſe, or die:
He foams, he glares, he bounds againſt them all;
And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
With equal rage encompaſs'd Hector glows;
Exhorts his armies, and the trenches ſhows.
The panting ſteeds impatient fury breathe,
But ſnort and tremble at the gulf beneath;

Juſt on the brink they neigh, and paw the ground,
And the turf trembles, and the ſkies reſound.
Eager they view'd the proſpect dark and deep,
Vaſt was the leap, and headlong hung the ſteep;
The bottom bare, (a formidable ſhow!)
And briſtled thick with ſharpen'd ſtakes below.
The foot alone this ſtrong defence could force,
And try the paſs impervious to the horſe.
This ſaw Polydamas, who, wiſely brave,
Reſtrain'd great Hector, and this counſel gave.
O thou, bold leader of our Trojan bands,
And you, confed'rate chiefs from foreign lands!
What entrance here can cumb'rous chariots find,
The ſtakes beneath, the Grecian walls behind?
No paſs through thoſe, without a thouſand wounds;
No ſpace for combat in yon narrow bounds;
Proud of the favours mighty Jove has ſhown,
On certain dangers we too raſhly run:
If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,
Oh may this inſtant end the Grecian name!
Here, far from Argos let their heroes fall,
And one great day deſtroy and bury all!
But ſhould they turn, and here oppreſs our train,
What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?
Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops confus'd,
In one promiſcuous carnage cruſh'd and bruis'd,
All Troy muſt periſh, if their arms prevail,
Nor ſhall a Trojan live to tell the tale.
Hear then, ye warriors! and obey with ſpeed,
Back from the trenches let your ſteeds be led;
Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,
Proceed on foot, and Hector lead the way.

So Greece ſhall ſtoop beneath our conqu'ring pow'r,
And this (if Jove conſent) her fatal hour.
This counſel pleas'd: The godlike Hector ſprung
Swift from his ſeat; his clanging armour rung.
The chief's example follow'd by his train,
Each quits his car, and iſſues on the plain.
By orders ſtrict the charioteers injoin'd,
Compel the courſers to the ranks behind.
The forces part in five diſtinguiſh'd bands,
And all obey their ſev'ral chiefs commands.
The beſt and braveſt in the firſt conſpire,
Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire:
Great Hector glorious in the van of theſe,
Polydamas, and brave Cebriones.
Before the next the graceful Paris ſhines,
And bold Alcathous and Agenor joins.
The ſons of Priam with the third appear,
Deiphobus, and Helenus the ſeer;
In arms with theſe the mighty Aſius ſtood,
Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood,
And whom Ariſba's yellow courſers bore,
The courſers fed on Selle's winding ſhore.
Antenor's ſons the fourth battalion guide,
And great Æneas, born on fountful Ide.
Divine Sarpedon the laſt band obey'd,
Whom Glaucus and Aſteropaeus aid.
Next him the braveſt at their army's head,
But he more brave than all the hoſts he led.
Now with compacted ſhields in cloſe array,
The moving legions ſpeed their headlong way:
Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
And ſee the Grecians gaſping at their feet.

While ev'ry Trojan thus, and ev'ry aid,
Th' advice of wiſe Polydamas obey'd:
Aſius alone, confiding in his car,
His vaunted courſers urg'd to meet the war.
Unhappy hero! and advis'd in vain!
Thoſe wheels returning ne'er ſhall mark the plain;
No more thoſe courſers, with triumphant joy,
Reſtore their maſter to the gates of Troy!
Black death attends behind the Grecian wall,
And great Idomeneus ſhall boaſt thy fall!
Fierce to the left he drives, where, from the plain,
The flying Grecians ſtrove their ſhips to gain;
Swift thro' the wall their horſe and chariots paſt,
The gates half open'd to receive the laſt.
Thither, exulting in his force, he flies;
His following hoſt with clamours rend the ſkies;
To plunge the Grecians headlong in the main;
Such their proud hopes; but all their hopes were vain!
To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend,
Who from the Lapiths warlike race deſcend;
This Polypoetes, great Perithous' heir,
And that Leonteus, like the god of war.
As two tall oaks before the wall they riſe,
Their roots in earth, their heads amidſt the ſkies;
Whoſe ſpreading arms, with leafy honours crown'd,
Forbid the tempeſt, and protect the ground;
High on the hills appears their ſtately form,
And their deep roots for ever brave the ſtorm.
So graceful theſe, and ſo the ſhock they ſtand
Of raging Aſius, and his furious band.
Oreſtes, Acamas in front appear,
And Oenomaus and Thoon cloſe the rear;

In vain their clamours ſhake the ambient fields;
In vain around them beat their hollow ſhields;
The fearleſs brothers on the Grecians call,
To guard their navies, and defend the wall.
Ev'n when they ſaw Troy's ſable troops impend,
And Greece tumultuous from her tow'rs deſcend,
Forth from the portals ruſh'd th' intrepid pair,
Oppos'd their breaſts, and ſtood themſelves the war.
So two wild boars ſpring furious from their den,
Rous'd with the cries of dogs and voice of men;
On ev'ry ſide the crackling trees they tear,
And root the ſhrubs, and lay the foreſt bare;
They gnaſh their tuſks, with fire their eye-balls roll,
Till ſome wide wound lets out their mighty ſoul.
Around their heads the whiſtling jav'lins ſung;
With ſounding ſtrokes their brazen targets rung;
Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian pow'rs
Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty tow'rs:
To ſave their fleet the laſt efforts they try;
And ſtones and darts in mingled tempeſts fly.

As when ſharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings
The dreary winter on his frozen wings;
Beneath the low-hung clouds the ſheets of ſnow
Deſcend, and whiten all the fields below:
So faſt the darts on either army pour;
So down the rampires roll the rocky ſhow'r;
Heavy and thick reſound the batter'd ſhields,
And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.

With ſhame repuls'd, with grief and fury driv'n,
The frantic Aſius thus accuſes heav'n:
In pow'rs immortal who ſhall now believe!
Can thoſe too flatter, and can Jove deceive?

What man could doubt but Troy's victorious pow'r
Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour?
But like when waſps from hollow cranies drive,
To guard the entrance of their common hive,
Dark'ning the rock, while with unwearied wings,
They ſtrike th' aſſailants, and infix their ſtings;
A race determin'd, that to death contend:
So fierce theſe Greeks their laſt retreats defend.
Gods! ſhall two warriors only guard their gates,
Repel an army, and defraud the fates!

Theſe empty accents mingled with the wind,
Nor mov'd great Jove's unalterable mind:
To godlike Hector, and his matchleſs might,
Was ow'd the glory of the deſtin'd fight.
Like deeds of arms thro' all the forts were try'd,
And all the gates ſuſtain'd an equal tide;
Thro' the long walls the ſtony ſhow'rs were heard;
The blaze of flames, the flaſh of arms appear'd.
The ſpirit of a god my breaſt inſpire,
To raiſe each act to life, and ſing with fire!
While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in deſpair;
And all her guardian gods, in deep diſmay,
With unaſſiſting arms deplor'd the day.

Ev'n yet the dauntleſs Lapithae maintain
The dreadful paſs, and round them heap the ſlain.
Firſt Damaſus, by Polypoetes' ſteel,
Pierc'd through his helmet's brazen vizor, fell:
The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore;
The warrior ſinks, tremendous now no more!
Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath;
Nor leſs Leonteus ſtrows the fields with death.

Firſt thro' the belt Hippomachus he gor'd,
Then ſudden wav'd his unreſiſted ſword:
Antiphates, as thro' the ranks he broke,
The faulchion ſtruck, and fate purſu'd the ſtroke;
Iamenus, Oreſtes, Menon bled;
And round them roſe a monument of dead.
Meantime, the braveſt of the Trojan crew,
Bold Hector and Polydamas purſue;
Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.
Theſe on the farther bank now ſtood and gaz'd,
By heav'n alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd:
A ſignal omen ſtopp'd the paſſing hoſt,
Their martial fury in their wonder loſt:
Jove's bird on ſounding pinions beat the ſkies;
A bleeding ſerpent of enormous ſize
His talons truſs'd; alive, and curling round,
He ſtung the bird, whoſe throat receiv'd the wound:
Mad with the ſmart, he drops the fatal prey,
In airy circles wings his painful way;
Floats on the winds, and rends the heav'ns with cries:
Amidſt the hoſt the fallen ſerpent lies.
They, pale with terror, mark its ſpires unroll'd,
And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold.
Then firſt Polydamas the ſilence broke,
Long weigh'd the ſignal, and to Hector ſpoke.
How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear,
For words well meant and ſentiments ſincere?
True to thoſe counſels which I judge the beſt,
I tell the faithful dictates of my breaſt.
To ſpeak his thoughts is ev'ry freeman's right,
In peace and war, in council and in fight;

And all I move, deferring to thy ſway,
But tends to raiſe that pow'r which I obey.
Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain;
Seek not this day the Grecian ſhips to gain;
For ſure to warn us Jove his omen ſent,
And thus my mind explains its clear event.
The victor eagle, whoſe ſiniſter flight
Retards our hoſt, and fills our hearts with fright,
Diſmiſs'd his conqueſt in the middle ſkies,
Allow'd to ſeize, but not poſſeſs the prize.
Thus tho' we gird with fires the Grecian fleet,
Tho' theſe proud bulwarks tremble at our fleet,
Toils unforeſeen and fiercer are decreed;
More woes ſhall follow, and more heroes bleed.
So bodes my ſoul, and bids me thus adviſe:
For thus a ſkilful ſeer would read the ſkies.
To him then Hector with diſdain return'd;
(Fierce as he ſpoke, his eyes with fury burn'd):
Are theſe the faithful counſels of thy tongue?
Thy will is partial, not thy reaſon wrong:
Or if the purpoſe of thy heart thou vent,
Sure heav'n reſumes the little ſenſe it lent.
What coward counſels would thy madneſs move
Againſt the word, the will reveal'd of Jove?
The leading ſign, th' irrevocable nod,
And happy thunders of the fav'ring god,
Theſe ſhall I ſlight? and guide my wav'ring mind
By wand'ring birds, that flit with ev'ry wind?
Ye vagrants of the ſky! your wings extend,
Or where the ſuns ariſe, or where deſcend;
To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
While I the dictates of high heav'n obey.

Without a ſign his ſword the brave man draws,
And aſks no omen but his country's cauſe.
But why ſhouldſt thou ſuſpect the war's ſucceſs?
None fears it more, as none promotes it leſs:
Though all our chiefs amid yon ſhips expire,
Truſt thy own cowardice t' eſcape their fire.
Troy and her ſons may find a gen'ral grave,
But thou canſt live, for thou canſt be a ſlave.
Yet ſhould the fears that wary mind ſuggeſts
Spread their cold poiſon thro' our ſoldiers breaſts,
My jav'lin can revenge ſo baſe a part,
And free the ſoul that quivers in thy heart.
Furious he ſpoke, and, ruſhing to the wall,
Calls on his hoſt; his hoſt obey the call;
With ardour follow where their leader flies:
Redoubling clamours thunder in the ſkies.
Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,
And drifts of duſt the clouded navy hide:
He fills the Greeks with terror and diſmay,
And gives great Hector the predeſtin'd day.
Strong in themſelves, but ſtronger in their aid,
Cloſe to the works the rigid ſiege they laid.
In vain the mounds and maſſy beams defend,
While theſe they undermine, and thoſe they rend;
Upheave the piles that prop the ſolid wall;
And heaps on heaps the ſmoky ruins fall.
Greece on her rampart ſtands the fierce alarms;
The crouded bulwarks blaze with waving arms;
Shield touching ſhield, a long refulgent row,
Whence hiſſing darts, inceſſant, rain below.
The bold Ajaces fly from tow'r to tow'r,
And rouſe, with flame divine, the Grecian pow'r.

The gen'rous impulſe ev'ry Greek obeys;
Threats urge the fearful, and the valiant, praiſe.
Fellows in arms! whoſe deeds are known to fame,
And you whoſe ardour hopes an equal name!
Since not alike endu'd with force or art,
Behold a day when each may act his part!
A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
To gain new glories, or augment the old.
Urge thoſe who ſtand; and thoſe who faint, excite;
Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhorts of fight;
Conqueſt, not ſafety, fill the thoughts of all;
Seek not your fleet, but ſally from the wall:
So Jove once more may drive their routed train,
And Troy lie trembling in her walls again.
Their ardour kindles all the Grecian pow'rs;
And now the ſtones deſcend in heavier ſhow'rs.
As when high Jove his ſharp artillery forms,
And opes his cloudy magazine of ſtorms;
In winter's bleak, uncomfortable reign,
A ſnowy inundation hides the plain;
He ſtills the winds, and bids the ſkies to ſleep,
Then pours the ſilent tempeſt thick and deep:
And firſt the mountain tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green fields, and then the ſandy ſhore:
Bent with the weight the nodding woods are ſeen,
And one bright waſte hides all the works of men:
The circling ſeas alone abſorbing all,
Drink the diſſolving fleeces as they fall.
So from each ſide increas'd the ſtony rain,
And the white ruin riſes o'er the plain.
Thus godlike Hector and his troops contend
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend;

Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would yield,
Till great Sarpedon tow'r'd amid the field;
For mighty Jove inſpir'd with martial flame
His matchleſs ſon, and urg'd him on to fame.
In arms he ſhines, conſpicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample ſhield in air;
Within whoſe orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
Pond'rous with braſs, and bound with ductile gold:
And while two pointed jav'lins arm his hands,
Majeſtic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.
So, preſs'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow
Deſcends a lion on the flocks below;
So ſtalks the lordly ſavage o'er the plain,
In ſullen majeſty, and ſtern diſdain:
In vain loud maſtives bay him from afar,
And ſhepherds gall him with an iron war;
Regardleſs, furious, he purſues his way;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.
Reſolv'd alike, divine Sarpedon glows
With gen'rous rage, that drives him on the foes.
He views the tow'rs, and meditates their fall,
To ſure deſtruction dooms th' aſpiring wall;
Then caſting on his friend an ardent look,
Fir'd with the thirſt of glory, thus he ſpoke.
Why boaſt we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
Where Xanthus' ſtreams enrich the Lycian plain,
Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purple harveſt yield,
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
Our feaſts enhanc'd with muſic's ſprightly ſound!
Why on theſe ſhores are we with joy ſurvey'd,
Admir'd as heroes, and as gods obey'd!

Unleſs great acts ſuperior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above?
'Tis ours the dignity they give to grace;
The firſt in valour, as the firſt in place:
That, when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
Behold our deeds tranſcending our commands,
Such, they may cry, deſerve the ſov'reign ſtate,
Whom thoſe that envy dare not imitate!
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no leſs the fearful than the brave,
For luſt of fame I ſhould not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy ſoul to war.
But ſince, alas! ignoble age muſt come,
Diſeaſe, and death's inexorable doom;
The life which others pay, let us beſtow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;
Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain or glory give!
He ſaid; his words the liſt'ning chief inſpire
With equal warmth, and rouſe the warrior's fire;
The troops purſue their leader with delight,
Ruſh to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight.
Meneſtheus from on high the ſtorm beheld,
Threat'ning the fort, and black'ning in the field;
Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far
What aid appear'd t' avert th' approaching war,
And ſaw where Teucer with th' Ajaces ſtood,
Of fight inſatiate, prodigal of blood.
In vain he calls; the din of helms and ſhields
Rings to the ſkies, and echoes thro' the fields;
The brazen hinges fly, the walls reſound,
Heav'n trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the ground.

Then thus to Thoos:—Hence with ſpeed, (he ſaid),
And urge the bold Ajaces to our aid;
Their ſtrength, united, beſt may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Hither the Lycian princes bend their courſe,
The beſt and braveſt of the hoſtile force.
But if too fiercely there the foes contend,
Let Telamon, at leaſt our tow'rs defend,
And Teucer haſte with his unerring bow,
To ſhare the danger, and repel the foe.
Swift as the word the herald ſpeeds along
The lofty ramparts, thro' the martial throng;
And finds the heroes bath'd in ſweat and gore,
Oppos'd in combat on the duſty ſhore.
Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands!
Your aid (ſaid Thoos) Peteus' ſon demands,
Your ſtrength, united, beſt may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Thither the Lycian princes bend their courſe,
The beſt and braveſt of the hoſtile force.
But if too fiercely, here the foes contend,
At leaſt, let Telamon thoſe tow'rs defend,
And Teucer haſte with his unerring bow,
To ſhare the danger, and repel the foe.
Straight to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care,
And thus beſpoke his brothers of the war.
Now valiant Lycomede! exert your might,
And brave Oileus, prove your force in fight:
To you I truſt the fortune of the field,
Till by this arm the foe ſhall be repell'd;
That done, expect me to complete the day——
Then, with his ſev'nfold ſhield, he ſtrode away;

With equal ſteps bold Teucer preſs'd the ſhore,
Whoſe fatal bow the ſtrong Pandion bore.
High on the walls appear'd the Lycian pow'rs,
Like ſome black tempeſt gath'ring round the tow'rs;
The Greeks oppreſs'd, their utmoſt force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal fight;
The war renews, mix'd ſhouts and groans ariſe;
Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the ſkies.
Fierce Ajax firſt th' advancing hoſt invades,
And ſends the brave Epicles to the ſhades,
Sarpedon's friend; acroſs the warrior's way,
Rent from the walls a rocky fragment lay;
In modern ages not the ſtrongeſt ſwain
Could heave th' unwieldy burthen from the plain.
He pois'd, and ſwung it round; then toſs'd on high,
It flew with force, and labour'd up the ſky;
Full on the Lycian's helmet thund'ring down,
The pond'rous ruin cruſh'd his batter'd crown.
As ſkilful divers from ſome airy ſteep,
Headlong deſcend, and ſhoot into the deep,
So falls Epicles; then in groans expires,
And murm'ring to the ſhades the ſoul retires.
While to the ramparts daring Glaucus drew,
From Teucer's hand a winged arrow flew;
The bearded ſhaft the deſtin'd paſſage found,
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
The chief, who fear'd ſome foe's inſulting boaſt
Might ſtop the progreſs of his warlike hoſt,
Conceal'd the wound, and leaping from his height,
Retir'd reluctant from th' unfiniſh'd fight.
Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld
Diſabled Glaucus ſlowly quit the field;

His beating breaſt with gen'rous ardour glows,
He ſprings to fight, and flies upon the foes.
Alcmaon firſt was doom'd his force to feel;
Deep in his breaſt he plung'd the pointed ſteel;
Then, from the yawning wound with fury tore
The ſpear, purſu'd by guſhing ſtreams of gore;
Down ſinks the warrior with a thund'ring ſound,
His brazen armour rings againſt the ground.
Swift to the battlement the victor flies,
Tugs with full force, and ev'ry nerve applies;
It ſhakes; the pond'rous ſtones disjointed yield;
The rolling ruins ſmoke along the field.
A mighty breach appears; the walls lie bare;
And, like a deluge, ruſhes in the war.
At once bold Teucer draws the twanging bow,
And Ajax ſends his jav'lin at the foe;
Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon ſtood,
And thro' his buckler drove the trembling wood;
But Jove was preſent in the dire debate,
To ſhield his offspring, and avert his fate.
The prince gave back, not meditating flight,
But urging vengeance, and ſeverer fight;
Then rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's charms,
His fainting ſquadrons to new fury warms.
O where, ye Lycians! is the ſtrength you boaſt?
Your former fame, and ancient virtue loſt!
The breach lies open, but your chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded paſs to gain:
Unite, and ſoon that hoſtile fleet ſhall fall;
The force of pow'rful union conquers all.
This juſt rebuke inflam'd the Lycian crew,
They join, they thicken, and th' aſſault renew;

Unmov'd th' embody'd Greeks their fury dare,
And fix'd ſupport the weight of all the war;
Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian pow'rs,
Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian tow'rs.
As on the confines of adjoining grounds,
Two ſtubborn ſwains with blows diſpute their bounds;
They tug, they ſweat; but neither gain, nor yield,
One foot, one inch, of the contended field:
Thus obſtinate to death, they fight, they fall;
Nor theſe can keep, nor thoſe can win the wall.
Their manly breaſts are pierc'd with many a wound,
Loud ſtrokes are heard, and rattling arms reſound;
The copious ſlaughter covers all the ſhore,
And the high ramparts drop with human gore.
As when two ſcales are charg'd with doubtful loads,
From ſide to ſide the trembling balance nods,
(While ſome laborious matron, juſt and poor,
With nice exactneſs weighs her woolly ſtore),
Till pois'd aloft, the reſting beam ſuſpends
Each equal weight; nor this, nor that deſcends:
So ſtood the war, till Hector's matchleſs might,
With fates prevailing turn'd the ſcale of fight.
Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
And fires his hoſt with loud repeated cries.
Advance, ye Trojans! lend your valiant hands!
Haſte to the fleet, and toſs the blazing brands!
They hear, they run; and gath'ring at his call,
Raiſe ſcaling engines, and aſcend the wall:
Around the works a wood of glitt'ring ſpears
Shoots up, and all the riſing hoſt appears.
A pond'rous ſtone bold Hector heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below:

Not two ſtrong men th' enormous weight could raiſe,
Such men as live in theſe degen'rate days.
Yet this, as eaſy as a ſwain could bear
The ſnowy fleece, he toſs'd, and ſhook in air:
For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load
Th' unwieldy rock, the labour of a god.
Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came,
Of maſſy ſubſtance, and ſtupendous frame;
With iron bars and brazen hinges ſtrong,
On lofty beams of ſolid timber hung:
Then thund'ring thro' the planks with forceful ſway,
Drives the ſharp rock; the ſolid beams give way;
The folds are ſhatter'd; from the crackling door
Leap the reſounding bars, the flying hinges roar.
Now ruſhing in, the furious chief appears,
Gloomy as night! and ſhakes two ſhining ſpears:
A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came,
And from his eye-balls flaſh'd the living flame.
He moves a god, reſiſtleſs in his courſe,
And ſeems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after, thro' the gaping ſpace,
A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place:
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly;
The ſhore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends the
ſky.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fourth battle continued, in which Neptune aſſiſts the Greeks: The acts of Idomeneus.

Neptune, concerned for the loſs of the Grecians, upon ſeeing the fortification forced by Hector, who had entered the gate near the ſtation of the Ajaces, aſſumes the ſhape of Calchas, and inſpires thoſe heroes to oppoſe him: Then, in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks who had retired to their veſſels. The Ajaces form their troops in a cloſe phalanx, and put a ſtop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed. Meriones, loſing his ſpear in the encounter, repairs to ſeek another at the tent of Idomeneus: This occaſions a converſation between thoſe two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus ſignalizes his courage above the reſt; he kills Othryoneus, Aſius, and Alcathous. Deiphobus and Æneas march againſt him; and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus, and kills Pyſander. The Trojans are repulſed in

the left wing. Hector ſtill keeps his ground againſt the Ajaces; till, being galled by the Locrian ſlingers and archers, Polydamas adviſes to call a council of war. Hector approves his advice, but goes firſt to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight and twentieth day ſtill continues. The ſcene is between the Grecian wall and the ſea-ſhore.

BOOK XIII.

WHEN now the Thund'rer on the ſea-beat coaſt
Had fix'd great Hector and his conqu'ring hoſt;
He left them to the fates, in bloody fray
To toil and ſtruggle thro' the well-fought day.
Then turn'd to Thracia, from the field of fight,
Thoſe eyes that ſhed inſufferable light,
To where the Myſians prove their martial force,
And hardy Thracians tame the ſavage horſe;
And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian ſtrays,
Renown'd for juſtice and for length of days;
Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
From milk, innoxious, ſeek their ſimple food:
Jove ſees delighted; and avoids the ſcene
Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men:
No aid, he deems, to either hoſt is giv'n,
While his high law ſuſpends the pow'rs of heav'n.
Mean time the monarch * of the wat'ry main
Obſerv'd the Thund'rer, nor obſerv'd in vain.
In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
Whoſe waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
He ſat; and round him caſt his azure eyes,
Where Ida's miſty tops confus'dly riſe;
Below, fair Ilion's glitt'ring ſpires were ſeen;
The crouded ſhips, and ſable ſeas between.
There, from the chryſtal chambers of the main,
Emerg'd, he ſat, and mourn'd his Argives ſlain.

* Neptune.

At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury ſtung,
Prone down the rocky ſteep he ruſh'd along;
Fierce as he paſs'd, the lofty mountains nod,
The foreſts ſhake! earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footſteps of th' immortal god.
From realm to realm three ample ſtrides he took,
And, at the fourth, the diſtant Ægae ſhook.
Far in the bay his ſhining palace ſtands,
Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands;
This having reach'd, his braſs-hoof'd ſteeds he reins,
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
Immortal arms, of adamant and gold.
He mounts the car, the golden ſcourge applies,
He ſits ſuperior, and the chariot flies:
His whirling wheels the glaſſy ſurface ſweep:
Th' enormous monſters rolling o'er the deep,
Gambol around him on the wat'ry way;
And heavy whales in awkward meaſures play:
The ſea ſubſiding ſpreads a level plain,
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
The parting waves before his courſers fly:
The wond'ring waters leave his axle dry.
Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave;
Between where Tenedos the ſurges lave,
And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave:
There the great ruler of the azure round
Stopt his ſwift chariot, and his ſteeds unbound,
Fed with ambroſial herbage from his hand,
And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,
Infrangible, immortal: There they ſtay.
The father of the floods purſues his way;

Where, like a tempeſt, darkning heav'n around,
Or fiery deluge that devours the ground,
Th' impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
Embattled roll'd, as Hector ruſh'd along.
To the loud tumult and the barb'rous cry,
The heav'ns re-echo, and the ſhores reply:
They vow deſtruction to the Grecian name,
And in their hopes the fleets already flame.
But Neptune, riſing from the ſeas profound,
The god whoſe earthquakes rock the ſolid ground,
Now wears a mortal form; like Calchas ſeen,
Such his loud voice and ſuch his manly mien;
His ſhouts inceſſant ev'ry Greek inſpire,
But moſt th' Ajaces, adding fire to fire.
'Tis yours, O warriors, all our hopes to raiſe;
Oh recollect your ancient worth and praiſe;
'Tis yours to ſave us, if you ceaſe to fear;
Flight, more than ſhameful, is deſtructive here.
On other works tho' Troy with fury fall,
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall;
There, Greece has ſtrength: But this, this part o'erthrown,
Her ſtrength were vain; I dread for you alone.
Here Hector rages like the force of fire,
Vaunts of his gods, and calls high Jove his ſire.
If yet ſome heav'nly pow'r your breaſt excite,
Breathe in your hearts, and ſtring your arms to fight,
Greece yet may live, her threaten'd fleet maintain;
And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain.
Then with his ſceptre that the deep controuls,
He touch'd the chiefs, and ſteel'd their manly ſouls:

Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,
Prompts their light limbs, and ſwells their daring hearts.
Then as a falcon from the rocky height,
Her quarry ſeen, impetuous at the ſight
Forth-ſpringing inſtant, darts herſelf from high,
Shoots on the wing, and ſkims along the ſky:
Such, and ſo ſwift, the pow'r of ocean flew;
The wide horizon ſhut him from their view.
Th' inſpiring God, Oileus' active ſon,
Perceiv'd the firſt, and thus to Telamon:
Some god, my friend, ſome god in human form,
Fav'ring deſcends, and wills to ſtand the ſtorm.
Not Calchas this, the venerable ſeer;
Short as he turn'd, I ſaw the pow'r appear:
I mark'd his parting, and the ſteps he trod;
His own bright evidence reveals a god.
Ev'n now ſome energy divine I ſhare,
And ſeem to walk on wings, and tread in air!
With equal ardour, Telamon returns,
My ſoul is kindled, and my boſom burns;
New riſing ſpirits all my force alarm,
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.
This ready arm, unthinking, ſhakes the dart;
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart;
Singly methinks, yon tow'ring chief I meet,
And ſtretch the dreadful Hector at my feet.
Full of the god that urg'd their burning breaſt,
The heroes thus, their mutual warmth expreſt.
Neptune meanwhile the routed Greeks inſpir'd;
Who breathleſs, pale, with length of labours tir'd,

Pant in the ſhips; while Troy to conqueſt calls,
And ſwarms victorious o'er their yielding walls:
Trembling before th' impending ſtorm they lie,
While tears of rage ſtand burning in their eye.
Greece ſunk they thought, and this their fatal hour;
But breathe new courage as they feel the pow'r.
Teucer and Leitus firſt his words excite;
Then ſtern Penelius riſes to the fight;
Thoas, Deipyrus, in arms renown'd,
And Merion next, th' impulſive fury found;
Laſt Neſtor's ſon the ſame bold ardour takes,
While thus the god the martial fire awakes.
Oh laſting infamy! oh dire diſgrace
To chiefs of vig'rous youth, and manly race!
I truſted in the gods, and you, to ſee
Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free:
Ah no——the glorious combat you diſclaim,
And one black day clouds all her former fame.
Heav'ns! what a prodigy theſe eyes ſurvey,
Unſeen, unthought, till this amazing day!
Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd bands?
And falls our fleet by ſuch inglorious hands?
A rout undiſciplin'd, a ſtraggling train,
Not born to glories of the duſty plain;
Like frighted fawns from hill to hill purſu'd,
A prey to ev'ry ſavage of the wood:
Shall theſe, ſo late who trembled at your name,
Invade your camps, involve your ſhips in flame?
A change ſo ſhameful, ſay, what cauſe has wrought?
The ſoldier's baſeneſs, or the general's fault?
Fools! will ye periſh for your leader's vice;
The purchaſe infamy, and life the price?

'Tis not your cauſe, Achilles' injur'd fame:
Another's is the crime, but your's the ſhame.
Grant that our chief offend thro' rage or luſt,
Muſt you be cowards, if your king's unjuſt?
Prevent this evil, and your country ſave:
Small thought retrieves the ſpirits of the brave.
Think, and ſubdue! on daſtards dead to fame
I waſte no anger, for they feel no ſhame:
But you, the pride, the flow'r of all our hoſt,
My heart weeps blood to ſee your glory loſt!
Nor deem this day, this battle, all you loſe;
A day more black, a fate more vile, enſues.
Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
On endleſs infamy, on inſtant death.
For lo! the fated time, th' appointed ſhore;
Hark! the gates burſt, the brazen barriers roar!
Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall;
The hour, the ſpot, to conquer, or to fall!

Theſe words the Grecians fainting hearts inſpire,
And liſt'ning armies catch the godlike fire.
Fix'd at his poſt was each bold Ajax found,
With well-rang'd ſquadrons ſtrongly circled round:
So cloſe their order, ſo diſpos'd their fight,
As Pallas' ſelf might view with fix'd delight;
Or had the god of war inclin'd his eyes,
The god of war had own'd a juſt ſurpriſe,
A choſen phalanx, firm, reſolv'd as fate,
Deſcending Hector and his battle wait.
An iron ſcene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
Armour in armour lock'd, and ſhields in ſhields,
Spears lean on ſpears, targets on targets throng,
Helm ſtuck to helms, and man drove man along.

The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an earthquake ſtirs the nodding grove;
And level'd at the ſkies with pointing rays,
Their brandiſh'd lances at each motion blaze.
Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
The cloſe-compacted legions urg'd their way:
Fierce they drove on, impatient to deſtroy;
Troy charg'd the firſt, and Hector firſt of Troy.
As from ſome mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury born,
(Which from the ſtubborn ſtone a torrent rends),
Precipitate the pond'rous maſs deſcends:
From ſteep to ſteep the rolling ruin bounds;
At ev'ry ſhock the crackling wood reſounds;
Still gath'ring force, it ſmokes; and, urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain:
There ſtops—So Hector. Their whole force he prov'd,
Reſiſtleſs when he rag'd, and when he ſtopt, unmov'd.
On him the war is bent, the darts are ſhed,
And all their faulchions wave around his head:
Repuls'd he ſtands, nor from his ſtand retires;
But with repeated ſhouts his army fires.
Trojans! be firm; this arm ſhall make your way
Through yon ſquare body, and that black array:
Stand, and my ſpear ſhall rout their ſcatt'ring pow'r,
Strong as they ſeem, embattled like a tow'r:
For he that Juno's heav'nly boſom warms,
The firſt of gods, this day inſpires our arms.
He ſaid, and rous'd the ſoul in ev'ry breaſt;
Urg'd with deſire of fame, beyond the reſt,

Forth march'd Deiphobus; but, marching held
Before his wary ſteps his ample ſhield.
Bold Merion aim'd a ſtroke, (nor aim'd it wide;)
The glitt'ring jav'lin pierc'd the tough bull-hide;
But pierc'd not through: Unfaithful to his hand,
The point broke ſhort, and ſparkled in the ſand.
The Trojan warrior, touch'd with timely fear,
On the rais'd orb to diſtance bore the ſpear:
The Greek retreating, mourn'd his fruſtrate blow,
And curs'd the treach'rous lance that ſpar'd a foe;
Then to the ſhips with ſurly ſpeed he went,
To ſeek a ſurer jav'lin in his tent.

Meanwhile with riſing rage the battle glows,
The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.
By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,
The ſon of Mentor, rich in gen'rous ſteeds.
Ere yet to Troy the ſons of Greece were led,
In fair Pedaeus' verdant paſtures bred,
The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms,
And bleſs'd in bright Medeſicaſte's arms:
(This nymph, the fruit of Priam's raviſh'd joy,
Ally'd the warrior to the houſe of Troy).
To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came,
And match'd the braveſt of her ſons in fame:
With Priam's ſons, a guardian of the throne,
He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.
Him Teucer pierc'd between the throat and ear;
He groans beneath the Telamonian ſpear.
As from ſome far-ſeen mountain's airy crown,
Subdu'd by ſteel, a tall aſh tumbles down,
And foils its verdant treſſes on the ground:
So falls the youth; his arms the fall reſound.

Then Teucer ruſhing to deſpoil the dead,
From Hector's hand a ſhining jav'lin fled:
He ſaw, and ſhunn'd the death; the forceful dart
Sung on, and pierc'd Amphimachus's heart,
Cteatus' ſon, of Neptune's forceful line;
Vain was his courage and his race divine!
Proſtrate he falls; his clanging arms reſound,
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
To ſeize his beamy helm the victor flies,
And juſt had faſten'd on the dazzling prize,
When Ajax' manly arm a jav'lin flung;
Full on the ſhield's round boſs the weapon rung;
He felt the ſhock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
Secure in mail, and ſheath'd in ſhining ſteel,
Repuls'd he yields; the victor Greeks obtain
The ſpoils conteſted, and bear off the ſlain:
Between the leaders of th' Athenian line,
(Stichius the brave, Meneſtheus the divine),
Deplor'd Amphimachus, ſad object! lies;
Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.
As two grim lions bear acroſs the lawn,
Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a ſlaughter'd fawn,
In their fell jaws high-lifting through the wood,
And ſprinkling all the ſhrubs with drops of blood;
So theſe the chief: Great Ajax from the dead
Strips his bright arms, Oileus lops his head:
Toſs'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
At Hector's feet the gory viſage lay.

The god of ocean, fir'd with ſtern diſdain,
And pierc'd with ſorrow for his grandſon ſlain,
Inſpires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands,
And breathes deſtruction on the Trojan bands.

Swift as a whirlwind ruſhing to the fleet,
He finds the lance-fam'd Idomen of Crete;
His penſive brow the gen'rous care expreſt
With which a wounded ſoldier touch'd his breaſt,
Whom in the chance of war a jav'lin tore,
And his ſad comrades from the battle bore;
Him to the ſurgeons of the camp he ſent;
That office paid, he iſſu'd from his tent
Fierce for the fight; to whom the god begun,
In Thoa's voice, Andraemon's valiant ſon,
Who rul'd where Calydon's white rocks ariſe,
And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the ſkies.
Where now th' imperious vaunt, the daring boaſt
Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilion loſt!
To whom the king. On Greece no blame be thrown,
Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.
Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains
Nor fear with-holds, nor ſhameful ſloth detains.
'Tis heav'n, alas! and Jove's all-pow'rful doom,
That far, far diſtant from our native home
Wills us to fall, inglorious! Oh my friend!
Once foremoſt in the fight, ſtill prone to lend
Or arms, or counſels; now perform thy beſt,
And what thou canſt not ſingly, urge the reſt.
Thus he; and thus the god, whoſe force can make
The ſolid globe's eternal baſis ſhake:
Ah! never may he ſee his native land,
But feed the vultures on this hateful ſtrand,
Who ſeeks ignobly in his ſhips to ſtay,
Nor dares to combat on this ſignal day!
For this, behold, in horrid arms I ſhine,
And urge thy ſoul to rival acts with mine;

Together let us battle on the plain,
Two not the worſt, nor even this ſuccour vain:
Not vain the weakeſt, if their force unite;
But ours the braveſt have confeſs'd in fight.
This ſaid, he ruſhes where the combat burns:
Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns.
From thence, two jav'lins glitt'ring in his hand,
And clad in arms that lighten'd all the ſtrand,
Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove,
Like lightning burſting from the arm of Jove;
Which to pale man the wrath of heav'n declares,
Or terrifies th' offending world with wars;
In ſtreamy ſparkles, kindling all the ſkies,
From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.
Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng
Gleam'd dreadful as the monarch flaſh'd along.
Him, near his tent, Meriones attends,
Whom thus he queſtions: Ever beſt of friends!
O ſay, in ev'ry art of battle ſkill'd,
What holds thy courage from ſo brave a field?
On ſome important meſſage art thou bound,
Or bleeds my friend by ſome unhappy wound?
Inglorious here my ſoul abhors to ſtay,
And glows with proſpects of th' approaching day.
O prince! (Meriones replies), whoſe care
Leads forth th' embattled ſons of Crete to war;
This ſpeaks my grief; this headleſs lance I wield;
The reſt lies rooted in a Trojan ſhield.
To whom the Cretan: Enter, and receive
The wanted weapons; thoſe my tent can give:
Spears I have ſtore, (and Trojan lances all),
That ſhed a luſtre round th' illumin'd wall.

Though I, diſdainful of the diſtant war,
Nor truſt the dart, nor aim th' uncertain ſpear.
Yet hand to hand I fight, and ſpoil the ſlain;
And thence theſe trophies and theſe arms I gain.
Enter, and ſee on heaps the helmets roll'd,
And high-hung ſpears, and ſhields that flame with gold.
Nor vain, (ſaid Merion), are our martial toils;
We two can boaſt of no ignoble ſpoils.
But theſe my ſhip contains; whence, diſtant far,
I fight conſpicuous in the van of war.
What need I more? If any Greek there be
Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.
To this Idomeneus: The fields of fight
Have prov'd thy valour and unconquer'd might;
And, were ſome ambuſh for the foes deſign'd,
Ev'n there thy courage would not lag behind:
In that ſharp ſervice, ſingled from the reſt,
The fear of each, or valour, ſtands confeſt.
No force, no firmneſs, the pale coward ſhows;
He ſhifts his place; his colour comes and goes;
A dropping ſweat creeps cold on ev'ry part;
Againſt his boſom beats his quiv'ring heart;
Terror and death in his wild eye-balls ſtare;
With chatt'ring teeth he ſtands, and ſtiff'ning hair,
And looks a bloodleſs image of deſpair!
Not ſo the brave—ſtill dauntleſs, ſtill the ſame,
Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;
Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his ſoul, to conquer or to die:
If aught diſturb'd the tenor of his breaſt,
'Tis but the wiſh to ſtrike before the reſt.

In ſuch eſſays thy blameleſs worth is known,
And ev'ry art of dang'rous war thy own.
By chance of fight, whatever wounds you bore,
Thoſe wounds were glorious all, and all before;
Such as may teach, 'twas ſtill thy brave delight
T' oppoſe thy boſom where the foremoſt fight.
But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
Stand we to talk, when honour calls to arms!
Go—from my conquer'd ſpears the choiceſt take,
And to their honours ſend them nobly back.
Swift as the word bold Merion ſnatch'd a ſpear,
And, breathing ſlaughter, follow'd to the war.
So Mars armipotent invades the plain,
(The wide deſtroyer of the race of man),
Terror, his beſt lov'd ſon, attends his courſe,
Arm'd with ſtern boldneſs and enormous force;
The pride of haughty warriors to confound,
And lay the ſtrength of tyrants on the ground:
From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms
Of warring Phlegyans and Ephyrian arms;
Invok'd by both, relentleſs they diſpoſe
To theſe glad conqueſt, murd'rous rout to thoſe.
So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train,
And their bright arms ſhot horror o'er the plain.
Then firſt ſpake Merion: Shall we join the right,
Or combat in the center of the fight?
Or to the left our wanted ſuccour lend?
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.
Not in the center, Idomen reply'd,
Our ableſt chieftains the main battle guide;
Each godlike Ajax makes that poſt his care,
And gallant Teucer deals deſtruction there:

Skill'd, or with ſhafts to gall the diſtant field,
Or bear cloſe battle on the ſounding ſhield.
Theſe can the rage of haughty Hector tame;
Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame;
Till Jove himſelf deſcends, his bolts to ſhed,
And hurl the brazen ruin on our head.
Great muſt he be, of more than human birth,
Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
Him neither rocks can cruſh, nor ſteel can wound,
Whom Ajax fells not on the th' enſanguin'd ground.
In ſtanding fight he mates Achilles' force;
Excell'd alone in ſwiftneſs in the courſe.
Then to the left our ready arms apply,
And live with glory, or with glory die.
He ſaid; and Merion to th' appointed place,
Fierce as the god of battles, urg'd his pace.
Soon as the foe the ſhining chiefs beheld
Ruſh like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
Their force embody'd in a tide they pour;
The riſing combat ſounds along the ſhore.
As warring winds, in Sirius' ſultry reign,
From diff'rent quarters ſweep the ſandy plain;
On ev'ry ſide the duſty whirlwinds riſe,
And the dry fields are lifted to the ſkies:
Thus by deſpair, hope, rage, together driv'n,
Met the black hoſts, and, meeting, darken'd heav'n.
All dreadful glar'd the iron face of war,
Briſtled with upright ſpears, that flaſh'd afar;
Dire was the gleam of breaſtplates, helms, and ſhields,
And poliſh'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields:
Tremendous ſcene! that gen'ral horror gave,
But touch'd with joy the boſoms of the brave.

Saturn's great ſons in fierce contention vy'd,
And crouds of heroes in their anger dy'd.
The ſire of earth and heav'n, by Thetis won,
To crown with glory Peleus' godlike ſon,
Will'd not deſtruction to the Grecian pow'rs,
But ſpar'd a while the deſtin'd Trojan tow'rs:
While Neptune, riſing from his azure main,
Warr'd on the king of heav'n with ſtern diſdain,
And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the Grecian train,
Gods of one ſource, of one ethereal race,
Alike divine, and heav'n their native place;
But Jove the greater, firſt-born of the ſkies,
And more than men, or gods, ſupremely wiſe.
For this, of Jove's ſuperior might afraid,
Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.
Theſe pow'rs infold the Greek and Trojan train
In War and Diſcord's adamantine chain,
Indiſſolubly ſtrong; the fatal tie
Is ſtretch'd on both, and, cloſe-compell'd, they die.
Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats grey,
The bold Idomeneus controuls the day.
Firſt by his hand Othryoneus was ſlain,
Swell'd with falſe hopes, with mad ambition vain!
Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
From high Cabeſus' diſtant walls he came;
Caſſandra's love he ſought with boaſts of pow'r,
And promis'd conqueſt was the proffer'd dow'r.
The king conſented, by his vaunts abus'd;
The king conſented, but the fates refus'd.
Proud of himſelf, and of th' imagin'd bride,
The field he meaſur'd with a larger ſtride.

Him, as he ſtalk'd, the Cretan jav'lin found:
Vain was his breaſt-plate to repel the wound:
His dream of glory loſt, he plung'd to hell:
His arms reſounded as the boaſter fell.
The great Idomeneus beſtrides the dead;
And thus, (he cries), behold thy promiſe ſped!
Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,
And ſuch the contract of the Phrygian king!
Our offers now, illuſtrious prince! receive;
For ſuch an aid what will not Argos give?
To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
And count Atrides' faireſt daughter thine.
Meantime, on farther methods to adviſe,
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies;
There hear what Greece has on her part to ſay.
He ſpoke, and dragg'd the gory corſe away.
This Aſius view'd, unable to contain,
Before his chariot warring on the plain;
(His valu'd courſers to his ſquire conſign'd,
Impatient panted on his neck behind);
To vengeance riſing with a ſudden ſpring,
He hop'd the conqueſt of the Cretan king.
The wary Cretan, as the foe drew near,
Full on his throat diſcharg'd the forceful ſpear:
Beneath the chin the point was ſeen to glide,
And glitter'd, extant at the farther ſide.
As when the mountain-oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit maſt for ſome great admiral,
Groans to the oft-heav'd-axe, with many a wound,
Then ſpreads a length of ruin o'er the ground:
So ſunk proud Aſius in that dreadful day,
And ſtretch'd before his much-lov'd courſers lay.

He grinds the duſt diſtain'd with ſtreaming gore,
And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the ſhore.
Depriv'd of motion, ſtiff with ſtupid fear,
Stands all aghaſt his trembling charioteer;
Nor ſhuns the foe, nor turns the ſteeds away,
But falls transfix'd, an unreſiſting prey:
Pierc'd by Antilochus, he pants beneath
The ſtately car, and labours out his breath.
Thus Aſius' ſteeds, (their mighty maſter gone),
Remain the prize of Neſtor's valiant ſon.
Stabb'd at the ſight, Deiphobus drew neigh,
And made with force the vengeful weapon fly.
The Cretan ſaw, and, ſtooping, caus'd to glance
From his ſlop ſhield, the diſappointed lance.
Beneath his ſpacious targe, (a blazing round,
Thick with bull-hides, and brazen orbits bound,
On his rais'd arm by two ſtrong braces ſtay'd),
He lay collected in defenſive ſhade;
O'er his ſafe head the jav'lin idly ſung,
And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
Ev'n then the ſpear the vig'rous arm confeſt,
And pierc'd obliquely king Hypſenor's breaſt:
Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore
The chief, his people's guardian now no more.
Not unattended, (the proud Trojan cries),
Nor unreveng'd, lamented Aſius lies:
For thee, though hell's black portals ſtand diſplay'd,
This mate ſhall joy thy melancholy ſhade.
Heart-piercing anguiſh, at the haughty boaſt,
Touch'd ev'ry Greek, but Neſtor's ſon the moſt.
Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,
And his broad buckler ſhields his ſlaughter'd friend;

Till ſad Meciſteus and Alaſtor bore
His honour'd body to the tented ſhore.
Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws;
Reſolv'd to periſh in his country's cauſe,
Or find ſome foe whom heav'n and he ſhall doom
To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom.
He ſees Alcathous in the front aſpire;
Great Æſyetes was the hero's ſire;
His ſpouſe Hippodame, divinely fair,
Anchiſes' eldeſt hope, and darling care;
Who charm'd her parents and her huſband's heart,
With beauty, ſenſe, and ev'ry work of art.
He once, of Ilion's youth, the lovelieſt boy,
The faireſt ſhe of all the fair of Troy.
By Neptune now the hapleſs hero dies,
Who covers with a cloud thoſe beauteous eyes,
And fetters ev'ry limb: Yet bent to meet
His fate he ſtands, nor ſhuns the lance of Crete.
Fix'd as ſome column, or deep-rooted oak,
(While the winds ſleep) his breaſt receiv'd the ſtroke.
Before the pond'rous ſtroke his corſlet yields,
Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.
The riven armour ſends a jarring ſound;
His lab'ring heart heaves with ſo ſtrong a bound,
The long lance ſhakes, and vibrates in the wound;
Faſt-flowing from its ſource, as prone he lay,
Life's purple tide impetuous guſh'd away.
Then Idomen, inſulting o'er the ſlain;
Behold, Deiphobus! nor vaunt in vain;
See! on one Greek three Trojan ghoſts attend,
This, my third victim, to the ſhades I ſend.

Approaching now, thy boaſted might approve,
And try the proweſs of the ſeed of Jove.
From Jove, enamour'd on a mortal dame,
Great Minos, guardian of his country, came:
Deucalion, blameleſs prince! was Minos' heir;
His firſt born I, the third from Jupiter:
O'er ſpacious Crete, and her bold ſons I reign,
And thence my ſhips tranſport me through the main:
Lord of a hoſt, o'er all my hoſt I ſhine,
And ſcourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.
The Trojan heard; uncertain or to meet
Alone, with vent'rous arms, the king of Crete;
Or ſeek auxiliar force: At length decreed
To call ſome hero to partake the deed.
Forthwith Æneas riſes to his thought;
For him, in Troy's remoteſt lines, he ſought;
Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, ſtands,
And ſees ſuperior poſts in meaner hands.
To him, ambitious of ſo great an aid,
The bold Deiphobus approach'd, and ſaid:
Now, Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,
If e'er thy boſom felt fair honour's charms.
Alcathous dies, thy brother and thy friend!
Come, and the warrior's lov'd remains defend.
Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,
One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.
This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe;
Haſte and revenge it on th' inſulting foe.
Æneas heard, and for a ſpace reſign'd
To tender pity all his manly mind;
Then riſing in his rage, he burns to fight:
The Greek awaits him, with collected might.

As the fell boar on ſome rough mountain's head,
Arm'd with wild terrors, and to ſlaughter bred,
When the loud ruſtics riſe, and ſhout from far,
Attends the tumult, and expects the war;
O'er his bent back the briſtly horrors riſe,
Fires ſtream in lightning from his ſanguine eyes,
His foaming tuſks both dogs and men engage,
But moſt his hunters rouſe his mighty rage:
So ſtood Idomeneus, his jav'lin ſhook,
And met the Trojan with a louring look.
Antilochus, Deipyrus were near,
The youthful offspring of the god of war.
Merion, and Aphareus, in field renoun'd:
To theſe the warrior ſent his voice around.
Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite;
Lo! great Æneas ruſhes to the fight:
Sprung from a god, and more than mortal bold;
He freſh in youth, and I in arms grown old.
Elſe ſhould this hand, this hour, decide the ſtrife,
The great diſpute, of glory, or of life.
He ſpoke; and all as with one ſoul obey'd:
Their lifted bucklers caſt a dreadful ſhade
Around the chief. Æneas too demands
Th' aſſiſting forces of his native bands:
Paris, Deiphobus, Agenor join,
(Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line);
In order follow all th' embody'd train;
Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain;
Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold:
With joy the ſwain ſurveys them, as he leads
To the cool fountains, through the well-known meads.

So joys Æneas, as his native band
Moves on in rank, and ſtretches o'er the land.
Round dead Alcathous now the battle roſe;
On ev'ry ſide the ſteely circle grows;
Now batter'd breaſt-plates and hack'd helmets ring,
And o'er their heads unheeded jav'lins ſing.
Above the reſt, two tow'ring chiefs appear,
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.
Like gods of war, diſpenſing fate, they ſtood,
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.
The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air,
The Cretan ſaw, and ſhunn'd the brazen ſpear:
Sent from an arm ſo ſtrong, the miſſive wood
Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it ſtood.
But Oenomas receiv'd the Cretan's ſtroke,
The forceful ſpear his hollow corſlet broke;
It ripp'd his belly with a ghaſtly wound,
And roll'd the ſmoking entrails to the ground.
Stretch'd on the plain he ſobs away his breath,
And furious graſps the bloody duſt in death.
The victor from his breaſt the weapon tears;
(His ſpoils he could not for the ſhow'r of ſpears).
Though now unfit an active war to wage,
Heavy with cumb'rous arms, ſtiff with cold age,
His liſtleſs limbs unable for the courſe;
In ſtanding fight he yet maintains his force;
Till faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,
His tir'd, ſlow ſteps, he drags from off the field.
Deiphobus beheld him as he paſt,
And, fir'd with heat, a parting jav'lin caſt:
The jav'lin err'd, but held its courſe along,
And pierces Aſcalaphus the brave and young;

The ſon of Mars fell gaſping on the ground,
And gnaſh'd the duſt all bloody with his wound.
Nor knew the furious father of his fall;
High-thron'd amidſt the great Olympian hall,
On golden clouds th' immortal ſynod ſat;
Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate.
Now, where in duſt the breathleſs hero lay,
For ſlain Aſcalaphus commenc'd the fray.
Deiphobus to ſeize his helmet flies,
And from his temples rends the glitt'ring prize:
Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,
And on his loaded arm diſcharg'd his ſpear:
He drops the weight, diſabled with the pain;
The hollow helmet rings againſt the plain.
Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,
From his torn arm the Grecian rent away
The reeking jav'lin, and rejoin'd his friends.
His wounded brother good Polites tends;
Around his waiſt his pious arms he threw,
And from the rage of combat gently drew:
Him his ſwift courſers, on his ſplendid car,
Rapt from the leſs'ning thunder of the war;
To Troy they drove him, groaning from the ſhore,
And ſprinkling, as he paſt, the ſands with gore.
Meanwhile freſh ſlaughter bathes the ſanguine ground,
Heaps fall on heaps, and heav'n and earth reſound.
Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled;
As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head,
He pierc'd his throat; the bending head, depreſt
Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breaſt;

His ſhield revers'd o'er the fall'n warrior lies;
And everlaſting ſlumber ſeals his eyes.
Antilochus, as Thoon turn'd him round,
Tranſpierc'd his back with a diſhoneſt wound;
The hollow vein that to the neck extends
Along the chine, his eager jav'lin rends:
Supine he falls, and to his ſocial train
Spreads his imploring arms, but ſpreads in vain.
Th' exulting victor, leaping where he lay,
From his broad ſhoulders tore the ſpoils away;
His time obſerv'd; for, clos'd by foes around,
On all ſides thick the peals of arms reſound.
His ſhield emboſs'd the ringing ſtorms ſuſtains,
But he impervious and untouch'd remains;
(Great Neptune's care preſerv'd from hoſtile rage
This youth, the joy of Neſtor's glorious age).
In arms intrepid, with the firſt he fought,
Fac'd ev'ry foe, and ev'ry danger ſought:
His winged lance, reſiſtleſs as the wind,
Obeys each motion of the maſter's mind;
Reſtleſs it flies, impatient to be free,
And meditates the diſtant enemy.
The ſon of Aſius, Adamas, drew near,
And ſtruck his target with the brazen ſpear,
Fierce in his front; but Neptune wards the blow,
And blunts the jav'lin of th' eluded foe.
In the broad buckler half the weapon ſtood;
Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.
Diſarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew;
But Merion's ſpear o'ertook him as he flew:

Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,
Where ſharp the pang, and mortal is the wound.
Bending he fell, and doubled to the ground,
Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters ty'd,
While death's ſtrong pangs diſtend his lab'ring ſide,
His bulk enormous on the field diſplays;
His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life decays.
The ſpear, the conqu'ror from his body drew,
And death's dim ſhadows ſwam before his view.
Next brave Deipyrus in duſt was laid;
King Helenus wav'd high the Thracian blade,
And ſmote his temples with an arm ſo ſtrong,
The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng:
There, for ſome luckier Greek it reſts a prize,
For dark in death the godlike owner lies!
Raging with grief great Menelaus burns,
And, fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns;
That ſhook the pond'rous lance, in act to throw,
And this ſtood adverſe with the bended bow:
Full on his breaſt the Trojan arrow fell,
But harmleſs bounded from the plated ſteel.
As on ſome ample barn's well-harden'd floor,
(The winds collected at each open door),
While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
Light leaps the golden grain, reſulting from the ground:
So from the ſteel that guards Atrides' heart,
Repell'd to diſtance flies the bounding dart.
Atrides, watchful of th' unwary foe,
Pierc'd with his lance the hand that graſp'd the bow,
And nail'd it to the yew: The wounded hand
Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the ſand:

But good Agenor gently from the wound
The ſpear ſolicits, and the bandage bound;
A ſling's ſoft wool, ſnatch'd from a ſoldier's ſide,
At once the tent and ligature ſupply'd.
Behold! Piſander, urg'd by fate's decree,
Springs through the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
Great Menelaus! to enhance thy fame,
High tow'ring in the front the warrior came.
Firſt the ſharp lance was by Atrides thrown;
The lance far diſtant by the winds was blown.
Nor pierc'd Piſander through Atrides' ſhield;
Piſander's ſpear fell ſhiver'd on the field.
Not ſo diſcourag'd, to the future blind,
Vain dreams of conqueſt ſwell his haughty mind;
Dauntleſs he ruſhes where the Spartan lord
Like lightning brandiſh'd his far-beaming ſword.
His left arm high oppos'd the ſhining ſhield:
His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-ax held;
(An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,
Diſtinct with ſtuds; and brazen was the blade):
This on the helm diſcharg'd a noble blow;
The plume dropp'd nodding to the plain below,
Shorn from the creſt. Atrides wav'd his ſteel:
Deep through his front the weighty faulchion fell;
The craſhing bones before its force gave way;
In duſt and blood the groaning hero lay:
Forc'd from their ghaſtly orbs, and ſpouting gore,
The clotted eye-balls tumble on the ſhore.
The fierce Atrides ſpurn'd him as he bled,
Tore off his arms, and, loud exulting, ſaid:
Thus Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fear;
O race perfidious, who delight in war!

Already noble deeds you have perform'd,
A princeſs rap'd tranſcends a navy ſtorm'd;
In ſuch bold feats your impious might approve,
Without th' aſſiſtance, or the fear of Jove.
Th' violated rites, the raviſh'd dame,
Our heroes ſlaughter'd, and our ſhips on flame,
Crimes heap'd on crimes, ſhall bend your glory down,
And whelm in ruins yon flagitious town.
O thou, great father! lord of earth and ſkies,
Above the thought of man, ſupremely wiſe!
If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,
From whence this favour to an impious foe,
A godleſs crew, abandon'd and unjuſt,
Still breathing rapine, violence, and luſt?
The beſt of things beyond their meaſure cloy;
Sleep's balmy bleſſing, love's endearing joy:
The feaſt, the dance; whate'er mankind deſire,
Ev'n the ſweet charms of ſacred numbers tire.
But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight,
In thirſt of ſlaughter, and in luſt of fight.
Thus ſaid, he ſeiz'd (while yet the carcaſe heav'd)
The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd:
Then ſudden mix'd among the warring crew,
And the bold ſon of Pylaemenes ſlew.
Harpalion had through Aſia travell'd far,
Following his martial father to the war:
Through filial love he left his native ſhore,
Never, ah never, to behold it more!
His unſucceſsful ſpear he chanc'd to fling
Againſt the target of the Spartan king;
Thus of his lance diſarm'd, from death he flies,
And turns around his apprehenſive eyes.

Him, through the hip tranſpiercing as he fled,
The ſhaft of Merion mingled with the dead.
Beneath the bone the glancing point deſcends,
And driving down, the ſwelling bladder rends:
Sunk in his ſad companion's arms he lay,
And in ſhort pantings ſobb'd his ſoul away;
(Like ſome vile worm extended on the ground),
While life's red torrent guſh'd from out the wound.
Him on his car the Paphlagonian train
In ſlow proceſſion bore from off the plain.
The penſive father, father now no more!
Attends the mournful pomp along the ſhore;
And unavailing tears profuſely ſhed,
And, unreveng'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.
Paris from far the moving ſight beheld,
With pity ſoften'd, and with fury ſwell'd:
His honour'd hoſt, a youth of matchleſs grace,
And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race!
With his full ſtrength he bent his angry bow,
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
A chief there was, the brave Euchenor nam'd,
For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
Who held his ſeat in Corinth's ſtately town;
Polydus' ſon, a ſeer of old renown.
Oft had the father told his early doom,
By arms abroad, or ſlow diſeaſe at home:
He climb'd his veſſel, prodigal of breath,
And choſe the certain, glorious path to death.
Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went;
The ſoul came iſſuing at the narrow vent:
His limbs, unnerv'd, drop uſeleſs on the ground,
And everlaſting darkneſs ſhades him round.

Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield,
(Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field);
Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,
And conqueſt hovers o'er th' Achaian bands;
With ſuch a tide ſuperior virtue ſway'd,
And he that ſhakes the ſolid earth, gave aid.
But in the center Hector fix'd remain'd,
Where firſt the gates were forc'd, and bulwarks gain'd;
There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
(Their naval ſtation where the Ajaces keep,
And where low walls confine the beating tides,
Whoſe humble barrier ſcarce the foes divides;
Where late in fight both horſe and foot engag'd,
And all the thunder of the battle rag'd);
There join'd the whole Boeotian ſtrength remains,
The proud Ionians with their ſweeping trains,
Locrians and Phthians, and th' Epeian force;
But join'd, repel not Hector's fiery courſe.
The flow'r of Athens, Stichius, Phidas led;
Bias, and great Meneſtheus at their head.
Meges the ſtrong th' Epeian bands controll'd,
And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold;
The Phthians Medon, fam'd for martial might,
And brave Podarces, active in the fight.
This drew from Phylacus his noble line;
Iphiclus' ſon; and that, Oileus, thine:
(Young Ajax' brother, by a ſtol'n embrace;
He dwelt far diſtant from his native place;
By his fierce ſtepdame from his father's reign
Expell'd and exil'd, for her brother ſlain.)
Theſe rule the Phthians, and their arms employ,
Mix'd with Boeotians, on the ſhores of Troy.

Now ſide by ſide, with like unweary'd care,
Each Ajax labour'd through the field of war.
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
Force the bright ploughſhare thro' the fallow ſoil;
Join'd to one yoke, the ſtubborn earth they tear,
And trace large furrows with the ſhining ſhare;
O'er their huge limbs the foam deſcends in ſnow,
And ſtreams of ſweat down their ſour foreheads flow.
A train of heroes follow'd through the field,
Who bore by turns great Ajax' ſev'n-fold ſhield;
Whene'er he breath'd, remiſſive of his might,
Tir'd with th' inceſſant ſlaughters of the fight,
No following troops his brave aſſociate grace:
In cloſe engagement an unpractis'd race;
The Locrian ſquadrons nor the jav'lin wield,
Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony ſhield;
But ſkill'd from far the flying ſhaft to wing,
Or whirl the ſounding pebble from the ſling:
Dext'rous with theſe they aim a certain wound,
Or fell the diſtant warrior to the ground.
Thus in the van, the Telamonian train
Throng'd in bright arms, a preſſing fight maintain;
Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,
Whoſe ſtones and arrows intercept the ſky;
The mingled tempeſt on the foes they pour;
Troy's ſcatt'ring orders open to the ſhow'r.
Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquir'd,
And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retir'd;
But ſage Polydamas, diſcreetly brave,
Addreſs'd great Hector, and this counſel gave.
Though great in all, thou ſeem'ſt averſe to lend
Impartial audience to a faithful friend;

To gods and men thy matchleſs worth is known,
And ev'ry art of glorious war thy own;
But in cool thought and counſel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well!
Content with what the bounteous gods have giv'n,
Seek not alone t' ingroſs the gifts of heav'n.
To ſome the pow'rs of bloody war belong,
To ſome ſweet muſic, and the charm of ſong;
To few, and wond'rous few, has Jove aſſign'd
A wiſe, extenſive, all conſid'ring mind;
Their guardians theſe, the nations round confeſs,
And towns and empires for their ſafety bleſs.
If heav'n have lodg'd this virtue in my breaſt,
Attend, O Hector, what I judge the beſt.
See, as thou mov'ſt, on dangers dangers ſpread,
And war's whole fury burns around thy head.
Behold! diſtreſs'd within yon hoſtile wall,
How many Trojans yield, diſperſe or fall?
What troops, out-number'd, ſcarce the war maintain?
And what brave heroes at the ſhips lie ſlain?
Here ceaſe thy fury; and the chiefs and kings
Convok'd to council, weigh the ſum of things.
Whether (the gods ſucceeding our deſires)
To yon tall ſhips to bear the Trojan fires;
Or quit the fleet, and paſs unhurt away,
Contented with the conqueſt of the day.
I fear, I fear, leſt Greece, not yet undone,
Pay the large debt of laſt revolving ſun;
Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!

The counſel pleas'd; and Hector with a bound,
Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground;
Swift as he leap'd, his clanging arms reſound.
To guard this poſt (he cry'd) thy art employ,
And here detain'd the ſcatter'd youth of Troy;
Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,
And haſten back to end the doubtful day.
This ſaid, the tow'ring chief prepares to go,
Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,
And ſeems a moving mountain top'd with ſnow.
Through all his hoſt, inſpiring force, he flies,
And bids anew the martial thunder riſe,
To Panthus' ſon, at Hector's high command,
Haſte the bold leaders of the Trojan band:
But round the battlements, and round the plain,
For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;
Deiphobus, nor Helenus the ſeer,
Nor Aſius' ſon, nor Aſius' ſelf appear.
For theſe were pierc'd with many a ghaſtly wound,
Some cold in death, ſome groaning on the ground;
Some low in duſt (a mournful object) lay;
High on the wall ſome breath'd their ſouls away.
Far on the left, amid the throng, he found
(Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)
The graceful Paris; whom, with fury mov'd,
Opprobrious, thus, th' impatient chief reprov'd.
Ill-fated Paris! ſlave to womankind,
As ſmooth of face as fraudulent of mind!
Where is Deiphobus, where Aſius gone?
The godlike father, and th' intrepid ſon?
The force of Helenus, diſpenſing fate,
And great Othryoneus, ſo fear'd of late?

Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging gods,
Imperial Troy from her foundations nods;
Whelm'd in thy country's ruins ſhalt thou fall,
And one devouring vengeance ſwallow all.

When Paris thus: My brother and my friend,
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.
In other battles I deſerv'd thy blame,
Though then not deedleſs, nor unknown to fame:
But ſince yon rampart, by thy arms laid low,
I ſcatter'd ſlaughter from my fatal bow.
The chiefs you ſeek on yonder ſhore lie ſlain;
Of all thoſe heroes, two alone remain;
Deiphobus, and Helenus the ſeer,
Each now diſabled by a hoſtile ſpear.
Go then, ſucceſsful, where thy ſoul inſpires:
This heart and hand ſhall ſecond all thy fires:
What with this arm I can, prepare to know;
Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.
But 'tis not ours, with forces not our own
To combat; ſtrength is of the gods alone.

Theſe words the heroe's angry mind aſſuage:
Then fierce they mingle where the thickeſt rage.
Around Polydamas, diſtain'd with blood,
Cebrion, Phalces, ſtern Orthaeus ſtood,
Palmus, with Polypoetes the divine,
And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line,
(Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Aſcania far,
The former day; the next engag'd in war)
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind ſprings,
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,
Wide o'er the blaſted fields the tempeſt ſweeps;
Then gather'd, ſettles on the hoary deeps;

Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar;
The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the
shore.
Thus rank on rank the thick battalions throng,
Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along.
Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light:
Full in the blazing van great Hector shin'd,
Like Mars commission'd to confound mankind.
Before him flaming his enormous shield,
Like the broad sun, illumin'd all the field:
His nodding helm emits a streamy ray;
His piercing eyes through all the battle stray,
And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,
Shot terrors round, that wither'd ev'n the strong.
Thus stalk'd he, dreadful; death was in his look;
Whole nations fear'd: But not an Argive shook.
The tow'ring Ajax, with an ample stride,
Advanc'd the first, and thus the chief defy'd.
Hector! come on, thy empty threats forbear;
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thund'ring Jove we fear;
The skill of war to us not idly giv'n,
Lo! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but heav'n.
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,
To force our fleet: The Greeks have hands and hearts.
Long ere in flames our lofty navy fall,
Your boasted city, and your god-built wall
Shall sink beneath us, smoking on the ground;
And spread a long unmeasur'd ruin round.
The time shall come, when chas'd along the plain,
Ev'n thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain;

Ev'n thou ſhalt wiſh, to aid thy deſp'rate courſe,
The wings of falcons for thy flying horſe;
Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,
While clouds of friendly duſt conceal thy ſhame.
As thus he ſpoke, behold, in open view,
On ſounding wings a dexter eagle flew,
To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians riſe,
And hail, with ſhouts, his progreſs thro' the ſkies:
Far-echoing clamours bound from ſide to ſide:
They ceas'd, and thus the chief of Troy reply'd.
From whence this menace, this inſulting ſtrain?
Enormous boaſter! doom'd to vaunt in vain.
So may the gods on Hector life beſtow,
(Not that ſhort life which mortals lead below,
But ſuch as thoſe of Jove's high lineage born,
The blue-ey'd maid, or he that gilds the morn),
As this deciſive day ſhall end the fame
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.
And thou, imperious! if thy madneſs wait
The lance of Hector, thou ſhalt meet thy fate:
That giant-corſe, extended on the ſhore,
Shall largely feaſt the fowls with fat and gore.
He ſaid, and like a lion ſtalk'd along:
With ſhouts inceſſant earth and ocean rung,
Sent from his following hoſt: The Grecian train
With anſw'ring thunders fill'd the echoing plain:
A ſhout that tore heav'n's concave, and above
Shook the fix'd ſplendors of the throne of Jove.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Juno deceives Jupiter by the girdle of Venus.

NESTOR ſitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the increaſing clamour of the war, and haſtens to Agamemnon: On his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulyſſes, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon propoſes to make their eſcape by night, which Ulyſſes withſtands: To which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they ſhould go forth and encourage the army with their preſence; which advice is purſued. Juno, ſeeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a deſign to overreach him; ſhe ſets off her charms with the utmoſt care, and (the more ſurely to inchant him) obtains the magic girdle of Venus. She then applies herſelf to the God of Sleep; and, with ſome difficulty, perſuades him to ſeal the eyes of Jupiter; this done, ſhe goes to mount Ida, where the god, at firſt ſight, is raviſhed with her beauty, ſinks in her em-

braces, and is laid aſleep. Neptune takes advantage of his ſlumber, and ſuccours the Greeks: Hector is ſtruck to the ground with a prodigious ſtone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle: Several actions ſucceed; till the Trojans, much diſtreſſed, are obliged to give way: The leſſer Ajax ſignalizes himſelf in a particular manner.

BOOK XIV.

BUT not the genial feaſt, nor flowing bowl,
Could charm the cares of Neſtor's watchful ſoul;
His ſtartled ears th' increaſing cries attend;
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend.
What new alarm, divine Machaon, ſay,
What mix'd events attend this mighty day?
Hark! how the ſhouts divide, and how they meet,
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet!
Here, with the cordial draught diſpel thy care,
Let Hecamede the ſtrength'ning bath prepare,
Refreſh thy wound, and cleanſe the clotted gore,
While I th' adventures of the day explore.
He ſaid: And, ſeizing Thraſimedes' ſhield,
(His valiant offspring), haſten'd to the field;
(That day the ſon his father's buckler bore),
Then ſnatch'd a lance, and iſſu'd from the door.
Soon as the proſpect open'd to his view,
His wounded eyes the ſcene of ſorrow knew;
Dire diſarray! the tumult of the fight,
The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight.
As when old ocean's ſilent ſurface ſleeps,
The waves juſt heaving on the purple deeps:
While yet th' expected tempeſt hangs on high,
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the ſky,
The maſs of waters will no wind obey;
Jove ſends one guſt, and bids them roll away.
While wav'ring counſels thus his mind engage,
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian ſage,

To join the hoſt, or to the Gen'ral haſte;
Debating long, he fixes on the laſt:
Yet, as he moves, the fight his boſom warms;
The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms;
The gleaming faulchions flaſh, the jav'lins fly;
Blows echo blows, and all or kill, or die.
Him in his march the wounded princes meet;
By tardy ſteps aſcending from the fleet:
The king of men, Ulyſſes the divine,
And who to Tydeus owes his noble line.
(Their ſhips at diſtance from the battle ſtand,
In lines advanc'd along the ſhelving ſtrand;
Whoſe bay, the fleet unable to contain
At length, beſide the margin of the main,
Rank above rank, the crouded ſhips they moor:
Who landed firſt, lay higheſt on the ſhore).
Supported on their ſpears, they took their way,
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.
Neſtor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breaſt,
Whom thus the gen'ral of the hoſt addreſt.
O Grace and glory of th' Achaian name!
What drives thee, Neſtor, from the field of fame?
Shall then proud Hector ſee his boaſt fulfill'd,
Our fleets in aſhes, and our heroes kill'd?
Such was his threat, ah! now too ſoon made good
On many a Grecian boſom writ in blood.
Is ev'ry heart inflam'd with equal rage
Againſt your king, nor will one chief engage?
And have I liv'd to ſee, with mournful eyes,
In ev'ry Greek a new Achilles riſe?
Gerenian Neſtor then: So fate has will'd,
And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd.

Not he that thunders from th' aerial bow'r,
Not Jove himſelf upon the paſt has pow'r.
The wall, our late inviolable bound,
And beſt defence, lies ſmoking on the ground:
Ev'n to the ſhips their conqu'ring arms extend,
And groans of ſlaughter'd Greeks to heav'n aſcend.
On ſpeady meaſures then employ your thought,
In ſuch diſtreſs, if counſel profit ought;
Arms cannot much; though Mars our ſouls incite;
Theſe gaping wounds with-hold us from the fight.
To him the monarch. That our army bends,
That Troy triumphant our high fleet aſcends,
And that the rampart, late our ſureſt truſt,
And beſt defence, lies ſmoking in the duſt;
All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear,
Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.
Paſs'd are the days when happier Greece was bleſs'd,
And all his favour, all his aid confeſs'd:
Now heav'n averſe, our hands from battle ties,
And lifts the Trojan glory to the ſkies.
Ceaſe we at length to waſte our blood in vain,
And launch what ſhips lie neareſt to the main;
Leave theſe at anchor till the coming night:
Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
Bring all to ſea, and hoiſt each ſail for flight.
Better from evils, when foreſeen, to run,
Than periſh in the danger we may ſhun.
Thus he. The ſage Ulyſſes thus replies,
While anger flaſh'd from his diſdainful eyes.
What ſhameful words, unkingly as thou art,
Fall from that trembling tongue, and tim'rous heart?

Oh were thy ſway the curſe of meaner pow'rs,
And thou the ſhame of any hoſt but ours!
A hoſt, by Jove endu'd with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight;
Advent'rous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
And wilt thou thus deſert the Trojan plain?
And have whole ſtreams of blood been ſpilt in vain?
In ſuch baſe ſentence if thou couch thy fear,
Speak it in whiſpers, that no Greek may hear.
Lives there a man ſo dead to fame, who dares
To think ſuch meanneſs, or the thought declares?
And comes it ev'n from him whoſe ſov'reign ſway
The banded legions of all Greece obey?
Is this a gen'ral's voice, that calls to flight,
While war hangs doubtful, while his ſoldiers fight?
What more could Troy? What yet their fate denies,
Thou giv'ſt the foe; all Greece becomes their prize.
No more the troops (our hoiſted ſails in view,
Themſelves abandon'd, ſhall the fight purſue;
Thy ſhips firſt flying with deſpair ſhall ſee,
And owe deſtruction to a prince like thee.)
Thy juſt reproofs, (Atrides calm replies),
Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wiſe.
Unwilling as I am to loſe the hoſt,
I force not Greece to quit this hateful coaſt.
Glad I ſubmit, whoe'er, or young or old,
Ought more conducive to our weal unfold.
Tydides cut him ſhort, and thus began.
Such counſel if you ſeek, behold the man
Who boldly gives it, and what he ſhall ſay,
Young, though he be, diſdain not to obey.

A youth who from the mighty Tydeus ſprings,
May ſpeak to counſels and aſſembled kings.
Hear then in me the great Oenides' ſon,
Whoſe honour'd duſt, (his race of glory run),
Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall;
Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall.
With three bold ſons was gen'rous Prothous bleſs'd,
Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon poſſeſs'd;
Melas and Agrius, but (who far ſurpaſt
The reſt in courage) Oeneus was the laſt.
From him my ſire. From Calydon expell'd,
He paſs'd to Argos, and in exile dwell'd;
The monarch's daughter there (ſo Jove ordain'd)
He won, and flouriſh'd where Adraſtus reign'd;
There, rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,
Beheld his vines their liquid harveſt yield,
And num'rous flocks that whiten'd all the field.
Such Tydeus was, the foremoſt once in fame!
Nor lives in Greece a ſtranger to his name.
Then, what for common good my thoughts inſpire,
Attend, and in the ſon reſpect the ſire.
Though ſore of battle, though with wounds oppreſt,
Let each go forth, and animate the reſt;
Advance the glory which we cannot ſhare;
Though not partaker, witneſs of the war.
But, leſt new wounds on wounds o'erpow'r us quite,
Beyond the miſſive jav'lins ſounding flight,
Safe let us ſtand; and, from the tumult far
Inſpire the ranks, and rule the diſtant war.
He added not: The liſt'ning kings obey,
Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.

The god of ocean (to inflame their rage)
Appears a warrior, furrow'd o'er with age;
Preſs'd in his own the gen'ral's hand he took,
And thus the venerable hero ſpoke.

Atrides, lo! with what diſdainful eye
Achilles ſees his country's forces fly;
Blind impious man! whoſe anger is his guide,
Who glories in inutterable pride.
So may he periſh, ſo may Jove diſclaim
The wretch relentleſs, and o'erwhelm with ſhame!
But heav'n forſakes not thee: O'er yonder ſands
Soon ſhalt thou view the ſcatter'd Trojan bands
Fly diverſe; while proud kings and chiefs renown'd,
Driv'n heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd around
Of rolling duſt, their winged wheels employ
To hide their ignominious heads in Troy.

He ſpoke; then ruſh'd amid the warrior crew,
And ſent his voice before him as he flew;
Loud as the ſhout encount'ring armies yield,
When twice ten thouſand ſhake the lab'ring field;
Such was the voice, and ſuch the thund'ring ſound
Of him whoſe trident rends the ſolid ground.
Each Argive boſom beats to meet the fight,
And griſly war appears a pleaſing ſight.

Meantime Saturnia from Olympus' brow,
High thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below;
With joy the glorious conflict ſhe ſurvey'd,
Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.
But plac'd aloft, on Ida's ſhady height
She ſees her Jove, and trembles at the ſight.
Jove to deceive what methods ſhall ſhe try,
What arts to blind his all-beholding eye?

At length ſhe truſts her pow'r; reſolv'd to prove
"The old, yet ſtill ſucceſsful, cheat of love;"
Againſt his wiſdom to oppoſe her charms,
And lull the lord of thunders in her arms.
Swift to her bright apartment ſhe repairs,
Sacred to dreſs and beauty's pleaſing cares:
With ſkill divine had Vulcan form'd the bow'r,
Safe from acceſs of each intruding pow'r.
Touch'd with her ſecret key, the doors unfold:
Self-clos'd, behind her ſhut the valves of gold.
Here firſt ſhe bathes; and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance and ambroſial ſhow'rs:
The winds, perfum'd, the balmy gale convey
Thro' heav'n, thro' earth, and all th' aerial way:
Spirit divine! whoſe exhalation greets
The ſenſe of gods with more than mortal ſweets.
Thus while ſhe breath'd of heav'n, with decent pride
Her artful hands the radiant treſſes ty'd;
Part on her head in ſhining ringlets roll'd;
Part o'er her ſhoulders wav'd like melted gold.
Around her next a heav'nly mantle flow'd:
That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd.
Large claſps of gold the foldings gather'd round;
A golden zone her ſwelling boſom bound.
Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
Each gem illumin'd with a triple ſtar.
Then o'er her head ſhe caſts a veil more white
Than new-fall'n ſnow, and dazzling as the light.
Laſt her fair feet celeſtial ſandals grace;
Thus iſſuing radiant, with majeſtic pace,
Forth from the dome th' imperial goddeſs moves,
And calls the mother of the Smiles and Loves.

How long (to Venus thus a-part ſhe cry'd)
Shall human ſtrifes celeſtial minds divide?
Ah yet will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,
And ſet aſide the cauſe of Greece and Troy?
Let heav'n's dread empreſs (Cytheraea ſaid)
Speak her requeſt, and deem her will obey'd.
Then grant me (ſaid the queen) thoſe conqu'ring charms,
That pow'r which mortals and immortals warms,
That love which melts mankind in fierce deſires,
And burns the ſons of heav'n with ſacred fires!
For lo! I haſte to thoſe remote abodes,
Where the great parents (ſacred ſource of gods!)
Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,
On the laſt limits of the land and deep.
In their kind arms my tender years were paſt;
What time old Saturn, from Olympus caſt,
Of upper heav'n to Jove reſign'd the reign,
Whelm'd under the huge maſs of earth and main.
For ſtrife, I hear, has made the union ceaſe,
Which held ſo long that antient pair in peace.
What honour and what love ſhall I obtain,
If I compoſe thoſe fatal feuds again;
Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
And what my youth has ow'd, repay their age!
She ſaid. With awe divine the queen of love
Obey'd the ſiſter and the wife of Jove:
And from her fragrant breaſt the zone unbrac'd,
With various ſkill and high embroid'ry grac'd.
In this was ev'ry art, and ev'ry charm,
To win the wiſeſt, and the coldeſt warm:

Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay deſire,
The kind deceit, the ſtill-reviving fire,
Perſuaſive ſpeech, and more perſuaſive ſighs,
Silence that ſpoke, and eloquence of eyes.
This on her hand the Cyprian goddeſs laid:
Take this, and with it all thy wiſh, ſhe ſaid.
With ſmiles ſhe took the charm, and, ſmiling, preſt
The pow'rful ceſtus to her ſnowy breaſt.

Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew;
Whilſt from Olympus pleas'd Saturnia flew.
O'er high Pieria thence her courſe ſhe bore,
O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleaſing ſhore,
O'er Haemus' hills with ſnows eternal crown'd;
Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.
Then taking wing from Athos' lofty ſteep
She ſpeeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
And ſeeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.
Sweet pleaſing Sleep! (Saturnia thus began),
Who ſpread'ſt thy empire o'er each god and man;
If e'er obſequious to thy Juno's will,
O Pow'r of Slumbers! hear, and favour ſtill.
Shed thy ſoft dews on Jove's immortal eyes,
While ſunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
A ſplendid footſtool, and a throne that ſhine
With gold unfading, Somnus, ſhall be thine;
The work of Vulcan; to indulge thy eaſe,
When wine and feaſts thy golden humours pleaſe.

Imperial dame, (the balmy pow'r replies),
Great Saturn's heir, and empreſs of the ſkies!
O'er other gods I ſpread my eaſy chain;
The ſire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,
And his huſh'd waves lie ſilent on the main.

But how, unbidden, ſhall I dare to ſteep
Jove's awful temples in the dew of ſleep?
Long ſince, too vent'rous, at thy bold command,
On thoſe eternal lids I laid my hand:
What time, deſerting Ilion's waſted plain,
His conqu'ring ſon, Alcides, plough'd the main.
When lo! the deeps ariſe, the tempeſts roar,
And drive the hero to the Coan ſhore:
Great Jove awaking, ſhook the bleſs'd abodes
With riſing wrath, and tumbled gods on gods;
Me chief he ſought, and from the realms on high
Had hurl'd indignant to the nether ſky;
But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid,
(The friend of earth and heav'n), her wings diſplay'd;
Impower'd the wrath of gods and men to tame;
Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable dame.

Vain are thy fears, (the queen of heav'n replies,
And ſpeaking, rolls her large majeſtic eyes).
Think'ſt thou that Troy has Jove's high favour won,
Like great Alcides, his all-conqu'ring ſon?
Hear, and obey the miſtreſs of the ſkies,
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;
For know, thy lov'd-one ſhall be ever thine,
The youngeſt Grace, Paſithae the divine.

Swear then (he ſaid) by thoſe tremendous floods
That roar through hell, and bind th' invoking gods:
Let the great parent Earth one hand ſuſtain,
And ſtretch the other o'er the ſacred main.
Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell,
To hear and witneſs from the depths of hell;
That ſhe, my lov'd one, ſhall be ever mine,
The youngeſt Grace, Paſithae the divine.

The queen aſſents, and from th' infernal bow'rs,
Invokes the ſable ſubtartarean pow'rs,
And thoſe who rule th' inviolable floods,
Whom mortals name the dread Titanian gods.
Then ſwift as wind o'er Lemnos' ſmoky iſle,
They wing their way, and Imbrus' ſea-beat ſoil;
Through air unſeen, involv'd in darkneſs glide,
And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide;
(Mother of ſavages, whoſe echoing hills
Are heard reſounding with a hundred rills).
Fair Ida trembles underneath the god;
Huſh'd are her mountains, and her foreſts nod.
There on a fir, whoſe ſpiry branches riſe
To join its ſummit to the neighb'ring ſkies,
Dark in embow'ring ſhade, conceal'd from ſight,
Sat Sleep, in likeneſs of the bird of night:
(Chalcis his name by thoſe of heav'nly birth,
But call'd Cymindis by the race of earth.)
To Ida's top ſucceſsful Juno flies;
Great Jove ſurveys her with deſiring eyes:
The god, whoſe light'ning ſets the heav'ns on fire,
Through all his boſom feels the fierce deſire;
Fierce as when firſt by ſtealth he ſeiz'd her charms,
Mix'd with her ſoul, and melted in her arms.
Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,
Then preſs'd her hand, and thus with tranſport ſpoke.
Why comes my goddeſs from th' aetherial ſky,
And not her ſteeds and flaming chariot nigh?
Then ſhe—I haſte to thoſe remote abodes,
Where the great parents of the deathleſs gods,
The rev'rend Ocean and great Tethys reign,
On the laſt limits of the land and main.

I viſit theſe, to whoſe indulgent cares
I owe the nurſing of my tender years.
For ſtrife, I hear, has made that union ceaſe,
Which held ſo long this ancient pair in peace.
The ſteeds, prepar'd my chariot to convey
O'er earth and ſeas, and through th' aerial way,
Wait under Ide: Of thy ſuperior pow'r
To aſk conſent, I leave th' Olympian bow'r;
Nor ſeek, unknown to thee, the ſacred cells
Deep under ſeas, where hoary Ocean dwells.
For that (ſaid Jove) ſuffice another day;
But eager love denies the leaſt delay.
Let ſofter cares the preſent hour employ,
And be theſe moments ſacred all to joy.
Ne'er did my ſoul ſo ſtrong a paſſion prove,
Or for an earthly, or a heav'nly love:
Not when I preſs'd Ixion's matchleſs dame,
Whence roſe Perithous like the gods in fame.
Not when fair Danae felt the ſhow'r of gold
Stream into life, whence Perſeus brave and bold.
Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame,
(Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came.)
Not Phoenix' daughter, beautiful and young,
Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos ſprung.
Not thus I burn'd for fair Latona's face,
Nor comelier Ceres' more majeſtic grace.
Not thus ev'n for thyſelf I felt deſire,
As now my veins receive the pleaſing fire.
He ſpoke; the goddeſs with the charming eyes
Glows with celeſtial red, and thus replies.
Is this a ſcene for love? On Ida's height
Expos'd to mortal and immortal ſight;

Our joys profan'd by each familiar eye;
The ſport of heav'n, and fable of the ſky.
How ſhall I e'er review the bleſs'd abodes,
Or mix among the ſenate of the gods!
Shall I not think, that, with diſorder'd charms,
All heav'n beholds me recent from thy arms?
With ſkill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bow'r,
Sacred to love and to the genial hour;
If ſuch thy will, to that receſs retire,
And ſecret there indulge thy ſoft deſire.
She ceas'd; and ſmiling with ſuperior love,
Thus anſwer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove.
Nor god, nor mortal, ſhall our joys behold,
Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd with gold;
Not ev'n the ſun, who darts through heav'n his rays,
And whoſe broad eye th' extended earth ſurveys.
Gazing he ſpoke, and kindling at the view,
His eager arms around the goddeſs threw.
Glad earth perceives, and from her boſom pours
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flow'rs:
Thick new-born vi'lets a ſoft carpet ſpread,
And cluſt'ring lotos ſwell'd the riſing bed,
And ſudden hyacinths the turf beſtrow,
And flamy crocus made the mountain glow.
There golden clouds conceal the heav'nly pair,
Steep'd in ſoft joys, and circumfus'd with air;
Celeſtial dews, deſcending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe Ambroſia round.
At length with love and ſleep's ſoft pow'r oppreſt,
The panting Thund'rer nods, and ſinks to reſt.
Now to the navy borne on ſilent wings,
To Neptune's ear ſoft Sleep his meſſage brings;

Beſide him ſudden, unperceiv'd he ſtood,
And thus with gentle words addreſs'd the god.
Now, Neptune! now th' important hour employ,
To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy:
While Jove yet reſts, while yet my vapours ſhed
The golden viſion round his ſacred head;
For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleaſing ties,
Have clos'd thoſe awful and eternal eyes.
Thus having ſaid, the pow'r of ſlumber flew,
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
Neptune, with zeal increas'd, renews his care,
And tow'ring in the foremoſt ranks of war,
Indignant thus——Oh once of martial fame!
O Greeks! if yet ye can deſerve the name!
This half-recover'd day ſhall Troy obtain?
Shall Hector thunder at your ſhips again?
Lo ſtill he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires,
While ſtern Achilles in his wrath retires.
One hero's loſs too tamely you deplore,
Be ſtill yourſelves, and we ſhall need no more.
Oh yet, if glory any boſom warms,
Brace on your firmeſt helms, and ſtand to arms:
His ſtrongeſt ſpear each valiant Grecian wield,
Each valiant Grecian ſeize his broadeſt ſhield;
Let to the weak the lighter arms belong,
The pond'rous targe be wielded by the ſtrong.
(Thus arm'd) not Hector ſhall our preſence ſtay;
Myſelf, ye Greeks! myſelf will lead the way.
The troops aſſent; their martial arms they change,
The buſy chiefs their banded legions range.
The kings, tho' wounded, and oppreſs'd with pain,
With helpful hands themſelves aſſiſt the train.

The ſtrong and cumb'rous arms the valiant wield,
The weaker warrior takes a lighter ſhield.
Thus ſheath'd in ſhining braſs, in bright array,
The legions march, and Neptune leads the way:
His brandiſh'd faulchion flames before their eyes,
Like light'ning flaſhing thro' the frighted ſkies.
Clad in his might th' earth-ſhaking pow'r appears:
Pale mortals tremble, and confeſs their fears.
Troy's great defender ſtands alone unaw'd,
Arms his proud hoſt, and dares oppoſe a god:
And lo! the god and wond'rous man appear:
The ſea's ſtern ruler there, and Hector here.
The roaring main, at her great maſter's call,
Roſe in huge ranks, and form'd a wat'ry wall
Around the ſhips: Seas hanging o'er the ſhores,
Both armies join: Earth thunders, ocean roars.
Not half ſo loud the bellowing deeps reſound,
When ſtormy winds diſcloſe the dark profound;
Leſs loud the winds, that from th' Æolian hall
Roar thro' the woods, and make whole foreſts fall;
Leſs loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
Catch the dry mountain, and its ſhades devour.
With ſuch a rage the meeting hoſts are driv'n,
And ſuch a clamour ſhakes the ſounding heav'n.
The firſt bold jav'lin urg'd by Hector's force,
Direct at Ajax' boſom wing'd its courſe;
But there no paſs the croſſing belts afford,
(One brac'd his ſhield, and one ſuſtain'd his ſword).
Then back the diſappointed Trojan drew,
And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew:
But 'ſcap'd not Ajax; his tempeſtuous hand
A pond'rous ſtone up-heaving from the ſand,

(Where heaps laid looſe beneath the warrior's feet,
Or ſerv'd to ballaſt, or to prop the fleet);
Toſs'd round and round, the miſſive marble flings;
On the raz'd ſhield the falling ruin rings,
Full on his breaſt and throat with force deſcends:
Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury ſpends,
But whirling on with many a fiery round,
Smokes in the duſt, and ploughs into the ground.
As when the bolt, red-hiſſing from above,
Darts on the conſecrated plant of Jove,
The mountain oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and ſmokes of ſulphur riſe;
Stiff with amaze the pale beholders ſtand,
And own the terrors of th' almighty hand!
So lies great Hector proſtrate on the ſhore;
His ſlacken'd hand deſerts the lance it bore;
His following ſhield the fallen chief o'erſpread;
Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head;
His load of armour ſinking to the ground,
Clanks on the field; a dead and hollow ſound.
Loud ſhouts of triumph fill the crouded plain;
Greece ſees, in hope, Troy's great defender ſlain:
All ſpring to ſeize him; ſtorms of arrows fly;
And thicker jav'lins intercept the ſky.
In vain an iron tempeſt hiſſes round;
He lies protected, and without a wound.
Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
The pious warrior of Anchiſes' line,
And each bold leader of the Lycian band,
With cov'ring ſhields (a friendly circle) ſtand.
His mournful followers, with aſſiſtant care,
The groaning hero to his chariot bear;

His foaming courſers, ſwifter than the wind,
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.
When now they touch'd the mead's enamel'd ſide,
Where gentle Xanthus rolls his eaſy tide,
With wat'ry drops the chief they ſprinkle round,
Plac'd on the margin of the flow'ry ground.
Rais'd on his knees, he now ejects the gore;
Now faints anew, low-ſinking on the ſhore;
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting ſkies,
And ſeals again, by fits, his ſwimming eyes.
Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld,
With double fury each invades the field.
Oilean Ajax firſt his jav'lin ſped,
Pierc'd by whoſe point the ſon of Enops bled;
(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neis bore
Amidſt her flock on Satnio's ſilver ſhore);
Struck through the belly's rim, the warrior lies
Supine, and ſhades eternal vail his eyes.
An arduous battle roſe around the dead:
By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans bled.
Fir'd with revenge, Polydamas drew near,
And at Prothoenor ſhook the trembling ſpear;
The driving jav'lin through his ſhoulder thruſt,
He ſinks to earth, and graſps the bloody duſt.
Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,
And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield:
From this unerring hand there flies no dart
But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.
Propt on that ſpear to which thou ow'ſt thy fall,
Go, guide thy darkſome ſteps to Pluto's dreary hall!
He ſaid, and ſorrow touch'd each Argive breaſt:
The ſoul of Ajax burn'd above the reſt.

As by his ſide the groaning warrior fell,
At the fierce foe he launch'd his piercing ſteel;
The foe reclining, ſhunn'd the flying death:
But fate, Archelochus, demands thy breath:
Thy lofty birth no ſuccour could impart,
The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart,
Swift to perform heav'n's fatal will it fled,
Full on the juncture of the neck and head,
And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain:
The dropping head firſt tumbled to the plain,
So juſt the ſtroke, that yet the body ſtood
Erect, then roll'd along the ſands in blood.
Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes!
(The tow'ring Ajax loud inſulting cries);
Say, is this chief extended on the plain,
A worthy vengeance for Prothoenor ſlain?
Mark well his port! his figure and his face,
Nor ſpeak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage known,
Antenor's brother, or perhaps his ſon.
He ſpake, and ſmil'd ſevere, for well he knew
The bleeding youth: Troy ſadden'd at the view.
But furious Acamas aveng'd his cauſe:
As Promachus his ſlaughter'd brother draws,
He pierc'd his heart.—Such fate attends you all,
Proud Argives! deſtin'd by our arms to fall.
Not Troy alone, but haughty Greece ſhall ſhare
The toils, the ſorrows, and the wounds of war.
Behold your Promachus depriv'd of breath,
A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.
Not unappeas'd he enters Pluto's gate,
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.

Heart-piercing anguiſh ſtruck the Grecian hoſt,
But touch'd the breaſt of bold Peneleus moſt;
At the proud boaſter he directs his courſe;
The boaſter flies, and ſhuns ſuperior force.
But young Ilioneus receiv'd the ſpear;
Ilioneus, his father's only care:
(Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train
Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts of gain),
Full on his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
And from the fibres ſcoop'd the rooted ball,
Drove thro' the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain,
He lifts his miſerable arms in vain!
Swift his broad faulchion fierce Peneleus ſpread,
And from the ſpouting ſhoulders ſtruck his head;
To earth at once the head and helmet fly;
The lance, yet ſticking through the bleeding eye,
The victor ſeiz'd; and as aloft he ſhook
The gory viſage, thus inſulting ſpoke.
Trojans! your great Ilioneus behold!
Haſte, to his father let the tale be told:
Let his high roofs reſound with frantic wo,
Such, as the houſe of Promachus muſt know;
Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
Such, as to Promachus' ſad ſpouſe we bear;
When we victorious ſhall to Greece return,
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn.
Dreadful he ſpoke, then toſs'd the head on high;
The Trojans hear, they tremble and they fly:
Aghaſt they gaze around the fleet and wall,
And dread the ruin that impends on all.
Daughters of Jove! that on Olympus ſhine,
Ye all-beholding, all-recording Nine!

O ſay, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
What chief, what hero firſt embru'd the field?
Of all the Grecians what immortal name,
And whoſe bleſs'd trophies will ye raiſe to fame?
Thou firſt, great Ajax! on the enſanguin'd plain
Laid Hyrtius, leader of the Myſian train,
Phalces and Mermer, Neſtor's ſon o'erthrew;
Bold Merion, Morys and Hippotion ſlew;
Strong Periphaetes and Prothoon bled,
By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead.
Pierc'd in the flank by Menelaus ſteel,
His people's paſtor, Hyperenor fell;
Eternal darkneſs wrapt the warrior round,
And the fierce ſoul came ruſhing through the wound.
But ſtretch'd in heaps before Oileus' ſon,
Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;
Ajax the leſs, of all the Grecian race,
Skill'd in purſuit, and ſwifteſt in the chace.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fifth Battle at the Ships, and the Acts of Ajax.

JUPITER awaking, ſees the Trojans repulſed from the trenches, Hector in a ſwoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks: He is highly incenſed at the artifice of Juno, who appeaſes him by her ſubmiſſions; ſhe is then ſent to Iris and Apollo. Juno repairing to the aſſembly of the gods, attempts, with extraordinary addreſs, to incenſe them againſt Jupiter; in particular, ſhe touches Mars with a violent reſentment: He is ready to take arms; but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and paſſion, he conſents. Apollo reinſpires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his aegis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: The Trojans ruſh in, and attempt to fire the firſt line of the fleet; but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax, with a prodigious ſlaughter.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

BOOK XV.

NOW in ſwift flight they paſs the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gaſping on the ground:
Then ſtopp'd and panted where the chariots lie;
Fear on their cheek, and horror in their eye.
Meanwhile, awakened from his dream of love,
On Ida's ſummit ſat imperial Jove:
Round the wide fields he caſt a careful view,
There ſaw the Trojans fly, the Greeks purſue;
Theſe proud in arms, thoſe ſcatter'd o'er the plain;
And, 'midſt the war, the monarch of the main.
Not far great Hector on the duſt he ſpies,
(His ſad aſſociates round with weeping eyes),
Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,
His ſenſes wand'ring to the verge of death.
The god beheld him with a pitying look,
And thus, incens'd, to fraudful Juno ſpoke.

O thou, ſtill adverſe to th' eternal will,
For ever ſtudious in promoting ill!
Thy arts have made the godlike Hector yield,
And driv'n his conqu'ring ſquadrons from the field.
Canſt thou, unhappy in thy wiles, withſtand
Our pow'r immenſe, and brave th' almighty hand?
Haſt thou forgot, when bound and fix'd on high,
From the vaſt concave of the ſpangled ſky
I hung thee, trembling, in a golden chain,
And all the raging gods oppos'd in vain?
Headlong I hurl'd them from the Olympian hall,
Stunn'd in the whirle, and breathleſs with the fall.

For godlike Hercules theſe deeds were done,
Nor ſeem'd the vengeance worthy ſuch a ſon;
When, by thy wiles induc'd, fierce Boreas toſt
The ſhipwreck'd hero on the Coan coaſt;
Him through a thouſand forms of death I bore,
And ſent to Argos and his native ſhore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,
Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head;
Leſt arts and blandiſhments ſucceſsleſs prove,
Thy ſoft deceits, and well diſſembled love.
The Thund'rer ſpoke; imperial Juno mourn'd,
And, trembling, theſe ſubmiſſive words return'd.
By ev'ry oath that pow'rs immortal ties,
The foodful earth, and all-infolding ſkies,
By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow
Through the drear realms of gliding ghoſts below:
By the dread honours of thy ſacred head,
And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!
Not by my arts the ruler of the main
Steeps Troy in blood, and rages round the plain:
By his own ardour, his own pity ſway'd
To help his Greeks, he fought, and diſobey'd:
Elſe had thy Juno better counſel giv'n,
And taught ſubmiſſion to the ſire of heav'n.
Think'ſt thou with me! fair empreſs of the ſkies!
(Th' immortal father with a ſmile replies!)
Then ſoon the haughty ſea-god ſhall obey,
Nor dare to act but when we point the way.
If truth inſpires thy tongue, proclaim our will
To yon bright ſynod on th' Olympian hill;
Our high decree let various Iris know,
And call the god that bears the ſilver bow.

Let her deſcend, and from th' embattled plain
Command the ſea-god to his wat'ry reign;
While Phoebus haſtes, great Hector to prepare
To riſe afreſh, and once more wake the war;
His lab'ring boſom reinſpires with breath,
And calls his ſenſes from the verge of death.
Greece chac'd by Troy ev'n to Achilles' fleet,
Shall fall by thouſands at the hero's feet.
He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain
Shall ſend Patroclus, but ſhall ſend in vain.
What youth he ſlaughters under Ilion's walls!
Ev'n my lov'd ſon, divine Sarpedon, falls!
Vanquiſh'd at laſt by Hector's lance he lies.
Then, nor till then, ſhall great Achilles riſe;
And lo! that inſtant godlike Hector dies.
From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,
Pallas aſſiſts, and lofty Ilion burns.
Not till that day ſhall Jove relax his rage,
Nor one of all the heav'nly hoſt engage
In aid of Greece. The promiſe of a god
I gave, and ſeal'd it with th' almighty nod,
Achilles' glory to the ſtars to raiſe;
Such was our word, and fate the word obeys.
The trembling queen (th' almighty order giv'n)
Swift from th' Idaean ſummit ſhot to heav'n.
As ſome way-faring man, who wanders o'er,
In thought, a length of lands he trode before,
Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
Joins hill to dale, and meaſures ſpace with ſpace;
So ſwift flew Juno to the bleſs'd abodes,
If thought of man can match the ſpeed of gods.

There ſat the pow'rs in awful ſynod plac'd;
They bow'd and made obeiſance as ſhe paſs'd,
Through all the brazen dome: With goblets crown'd
They hail her queen; the nectar ſtreams around.
Fair Themis firſt preſents the golden bowl,
And anxious aſks what cares diſturb her ſoul?
To whom the white-arm'd goddeſs thus replies.
Enough thou know'ſt, the tyrant of the ſkies,
Severely bent his purpoſe to fulfil,
Unmov'd his mind, and unreſtrain'd his will.
Go thou, the feaſts of heav'n attend thy call;
Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall;
But Jove ſhall thunder through th' aetherial dome
Such ſtern decrees, ſuch threaten'd woes to come,
As ſoon ſhall freeze mankind with dire ſurprize,
And damp th' eternal banquets of the ſkies.
The goddeſs ſaid, and ſullen took her place;
Blank Horror ſadden'd each celeſtial face.
To ſee the gath'ring grudge in ev'ry breaſt,
Smiles on her lips a ſpleenful joy expreſt;
While on her wrinkled front and eye-brow bent,
Sat ſtedfaſt Care, and low'ring Diſcontent.
Thus ſhe proceeds—Attend, ye pow'rs above!
But know 'tis madneſs to conteſt with Jove:
Supreme he ſits, and ſees, in pride of ſway,
Your vaſſal godheads grudgingly obey:
Fierce in the majeſty of pow'r controuls;
Shakes all the thrones of heav'n, and bends the poles.
Submiſs immortals! all he wills obey;
And thou, great Mars, begin and ſhew the way.
Behold Aſcalaphus! behold him die,
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a ſigh;

Thy own lov'd boaſted offſpring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boaſted offſpring be thy own.
Stern Mars, with anguiſh for his ſlaughter'd ſon,
Smote his rebelling breaſt, and fierce begun:
Thus then, immortals! thus ſhall Mars obey;
Forgive me, gods, and yield my vengeance way:
Deſcending firſt to yon forbidden plain,
The god of battles dares avenge the ſlain;
Dares, tho' the thunder, burſting o'er my head,
Should hurl me blazing on thoſe heaps of dead.
With that he gives command to Fear and Flight
To join his rapid courſers for the fight:
Then grim in arms, with haſty vengeance flies,
Arms that reflect a radiance thro' the ſkies.
And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driv'n,
Diſcharg'd his wrath on half the hoſt of heav'n;
But Pallas, ſpringing from the bright abode,
Starts from her azure throne to calm the god.
Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear,
From frantic Mars ſhe ſnatch'd the ſhield and ſpear;
Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,
Thus to th' impetuous homicide ſhe ſaid.
By what wild paſſion, furious! art thou toſt?
Striv'ſt thou with Jove? thou art already loſt.
Shall not the Thund'rer's dread command reſtrain;
And was imperial Juno heard in vain?
Back to the ſkies would'ſt thou with ſhame be driv'n,
And in thy guilt involve the hoſt of heav'n?
Ilion and Greece no more ſhall Jove engage;
The ſkies would yield an ampler ſcene of rage:
Guilty and guiltleſs find an equal fate,
And one vaſt ruin whelm th' Olympian ſtate.

Ceaſe then thy offspring's death unjuſt to call;
Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet ſhall fall.
Why ſhould heav'n's law with fooliſh man comply,
Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?
This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne;
Sullen he ſate, and curb'd the riſing groan.
Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)
The winged Iris, and the god of day.
Go wait the Thund'rer's will, (Saturnia cry'd),
On yon tall ſummit of the fountful Ide:
There in the father's awful preſence ſtand,
Receive and execute his dread command.
She ſaid, and ſat: The god that gilds the day,
And various Iris, wing their airy way.
Swift as the wind to Ida's hill they came,
(Fair nurſe of fountains and of ſavage game).
There ſat th' Eternal; he whoſe nod controls
The trembling world, and ſhakes the ſteady poles.
Veil'd in a miſt of fragrance him they found,
With clouds of gold and purple circled round.
Well pleas'd the Thund'rer ſaw their earneſt care,
And prompt obedience to the queen of air;
Then (while a ſmile ſerenes his awful brow)
Commands the goddeſs of the ſhow'ry bow.
Iris! deſcend, and what we here ordain
Report to yon mad tyrant of the main.
Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
Or breathe from ſlaughter in the fields of air.
If he refuſe, then let him timely weigh
Our elder birthright and ſuperior ſway.
How ſhall his raſhneſs ſtand the dire alarms,
If heav'n's omnipotence deſcend in arms?

Strives he with me, by whom his pow'r was giv'n,
And is there equal to the Lord of Heav'n?
Th' Almighty ſpoke; the goddeſs wing'd her flight
To ſacred Ilion from th' Idaean height.
Swift as the rattling hail or fleecy ſnows
Drive through the ſkies, when Boreas fiercely blows;
So from the clouds deſcending Iris falls;
And to blue Neptune thus the goddeſs calls.
Attend the mandate of the Sire above,
In me behold the meſſenger of Jove:
He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.
This if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh
His elder birthright and ſuperior ſway.
How ſhall thy raſhneſs ſtand the dire alarms,
If heav'n's omnipotence deſcend in arms?
Striv'ſt thou with him by whom all pow'r is giv'n?
And art thou equal to the Lord of Heav'n?
What means the haughty ſov'reign of the ſkies?
(The king of ocean thus, incens'd, replies).
Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high;
No vaſſal-god, nor of his train am I.
Three brother deities from Saturn came,
And antient Rhea, earth's immortal dame:
Aſſign'd by lot, our triple rule we know;
Infernal Pluto ſways the ſhades below;
O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the ſtarry plain,
Eternal Jove extends his high domain:
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And huſh the roarings of the ſacred deep:
Olympus and this earth in common lie;
What claim has here the tyrant of the ſky?

Far in the diſtant clouds let him controul,
And awe the younger brothers of the pole;
There to his children his commands be giv'n,
The trembling, ſervile, ſecond race of heav'n.
And muſt I then (ſaid ſhe) O fire of floods!
Bear this fierce anſwer to the king of gods?
Correct it yet, and change thy raſh intent;
A noble mind diſdains not to repent.
To elder brothers guardian fiends are giv'n,
To ſcourge the wretch inſulting them and heav'n.
Great is the profit (thus the god rejoin'd)
When miniſters are bleſs'd with prudent mind:
Warn'd by thy words, to pow'rful Jove I yield,
And quit, though angry, the contended field.
Not but his threats with juſtice I diſclaim,
The ſame our honours, and our birth the ſame.
If yet, forgetful of his promiſe giv'n
To Hermes, Pallas, and the queen of heav'n,
To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half th' aetherial race;
Give him to know, unleſs the Grecian train
Lay yon proud ſtructures level with the plain,
Howe'er th' offence by other gods be paſt,
The wrath of Neptune ſhall for ever laſt.
Thus ſpeaking, furious from the field he ſtrode,
And plung'd into the boſom of the flood.
The lord of thunders, from his lofty height
Beheld, and thus beſpoke the ſource of light.
Behold! the god whoſe liquid arms are hurl'd
Around the globe, whoſe earthquakes rock the world,
Deſiſts at length his rebel-war to wage,
Seeks his own ſeas, and trembles at our rage;

Elſe had my wrath, heav'n's thrones all ſhaking round,
Burn'd to the bottom of the ſeas profound;
And all the gods that round old Saturn dwell,
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.
Well was the crime, and well the vengeance ſpar'd;
Ev'n pow'r immenſe had found ſuch battle hard.
Go thou, my ſon! the trembling Greeks alarm,
Shake my broad aegis on thy active arm,
Be godlike Hector thy peculiar care,
Swell his bold heart, and urge his ſtrength to war:
Let Ilion conquer, till th' Achaian train
Fly to their ſhips and Helleſpont again:
Then Greece ſhall breathe from toils—The godhead ſaid;
His will divine the ſon of Jove obey'd.
Not half ſo ſwift the ſailing falcon flies,
That drives a turtle through the liquid ſkies;
As Phoebus, ſhooting from th' Idean brow,
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.
There Hector ſeated by the ſtream he ſees,
His ſenſe returning with the coming breeze;
Again his pulſes beat, his ſpirits riſe;
Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes;
Jove thinking of his pains, they paſs'd away;
To whom the god who gives the golden day:
Why ſits great Hector from the field ſo far?
What grief, what wound, with-holds him from the war?
The fainting hero, as the viſion bright
Stood ſhining o'er him, half unſeal'd his ſight:

What bleſs'd immortal, with commanding breath,
Thus wakens Hector from the ſleep of death?
Has fame not told, how, while my truſty ſword
Bath'd Greece in ſlaughter, and her battle gor'd,
The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow,
Had almoſt ſunk me to the ſhades below?
Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding ghoſts I ſpy,
And hell's black horrors ſwim before my eye.
To him Apollo. Be no more diſmay'd;
See, and be ſtrong! the Thund'rer ſends thee aid.
Behold! thy Phoebus ſhall his arms employ,
Phoebus, propitious ſtill to thee and Troy.
Inſpire thy warriors then with manly force,
And to the ſhips impel thy rapid horſe:
Ev'n I will make thy fiery courſers way,
And drive the Grecians headlong to the ſea.
Thus to bold Hector ſpoke the ſon of Jove,
And breath'd immortal ardour from above.
As when the pamper'd ſteed, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his ſtall, and pours along the ground;
With ample ſtrokes he ruſhes to the flood,
To bathe his ſides, and cool his fiery blood;
His head now freed, he toſſes to the ſkies;
His mane diſhevel'd o'er his ſhoulders flies:
He ſnuffs the females in the well-known plain,
And ſprings, exulting, to his fields again:
Urg'd by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,
Full of the god; and all his hoſt purſue.
As when the force of men and dogs combin'd
Invade the mountain-goat, or branching hind;
Far from the hunter's rage ſecure they lie,
Cloſe in the rock, (not fated yet to die),

When lo! a lion ſhoots acroſs the way!
They fly; at once the chaſers and the prey.
So Greece, that late in conqu'ring troops purſu'd,
And mark'd their progreſs thro' the ranks in blood,
Soon as they ſee the furious chief appear,
Forget to vanquiſh, and conſent to fear.
Thoas with grief obſerv'd his dreadful courſe,
Thoas, the braveſt of th' Ætolian force;
Skill'd to direct th' jav'lin's diſtant flight,
And bold to combat in the ſtanding fight,
Nor more in councils fam'd for ſolid ſenſe,
Than winning words and heav'nly eloquence.
Gods! what portent (he cry'd) theſe eyes invades?
Lo! Hector riſes from the Stygian ſhades!
We ſaw him late by thund'ring Ajax kill'd:
What god reſtores him to the frighted field;
And not content that half of Greece lie ſlain,
Pours new deſtruction on her ſons again?
He comes not, Jove! without thy pow'rful will;
Lo! ſtill he lives, purſues, and conquers ſtill!
Yet hear my counſel, and his worſt withſtand.
The Greeks main body to the fleet command;
But let the few whom briſker ſpirits warm,
Stand the firſt onſet, and provoke the ſtorm.
Thus point your arms; and when ſuch foes appear,
Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear.
The warrior ſpoke, the liſt'ning Greeks obey,
Thick'ning their ranks, and form a deep array.
Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion, gave command,
The valiant leader of the Cretan band,
And Mars-like Meges: Theſe the chiefs excite,
Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.

Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,
To flank the navy, and the ſhores defend.
Full on the front the preſſing Trojans bear,
And Hector firſt came tow'ring to the war.
Phoebus himſelf the ruſhing battle led;
A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:
High-held before him, Jove's enormous ſhield
Portentous ſhone, and ſhaded all the field;
Vulcan to Jove th' immortal gift conſign'd,
To ſcatter hoſts, and terrify mankind.
The Greeks expect the ſhock; the clamours riſe
From diff'rent parts, and mingle in the ſkies.
Dire was the hiſs of darts, by heroes flung,
And arrows leaping from the bow-ſtring ſung;
Theſe drink the life of gen'rous warriors ſlain;
Thoſe guiltleſs fall, and thirſt for blood in vain.
As long as Phoebus bore unmov'd the ſhield,
Sat doubtful Conqueſt hov'ring o'er the field;
But when aloft he ſhakes it in the ſkies,
Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
Deep horror ſeizes ev'ry Grecian breaſt,
Their force is humbled, and their fear confeſt.
So flies a herd of oxen, ſcatter'd wide,
No ſwain to guard them, and no day to guide,
When two fell lions from the mountain come,
And ſpread the carnage through the ſhady gloom.
Impending Phoebus pours around them fear,
And Troy and Hector thunder in their rear.
Heaps fall on heaps: The ſlaughter Hector leads;
Firſt great Arceſilas, then Stichius bleeds;
One to the bold Boeotians ever dear,
And one Meneſtheus' friend, and fam'd compeer.

Medon and Iaſus, Æneas ſped;
This ſprung from Phelus, and th' Athenians led;
But hapleſs Medon from Oileus came;
Him Ajax honour'd with a brother's name,
Though born of lawleſs love: From home expell'd,
A baniſh'd man, in Phylace he dwell'd,
Preſs'd by the vengeance of an angry wife,
Troy ends, at laſt, his labours and his life.
Meciſtes next, Polydamas o'erthrew;
And thee, brave Clonius! great Agenor ſlew.
By Paris Deiochus inglorious dies,
Pierc'd through the ſhoulder as he baſely flies.
Polites' arm laid Echius on the plain;
Stretch'd on one heap, the victors ſpoil the ſlain.
The Greeks diſmay'd, confus'd, diſperſe or fall;
Some ſeek the trench, ſome ſkulk behind the wall.
While theſe fly trembling, others pant for breath,
And o'er the ſlaughter ſtalks gigantic Death.
On ruſh'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night;
Forbids to plunder, animates the fight;
Points to the fleet: For, by the gods, who flies,
Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies:
No weeping ſiſter his cold eye ſhall cloſe;
No friendly hand his fun'ral pire compoſe.
Who ſtops to plunder in this ſignal hour,
The birds ſhall tear him, and the dogs devour.
Furious he ſaid; the ſmarting ſcourge reſounds;
The courſers fly; the ſmoking chariot bounds:
The hoſts ruſh on; loud clamours ſhake the ſhore:
The horſes thunder, earth and ocean roar!
Apollo, planted at the trenches' bound,
Puſh'd at the bank: Down ſunk th' enormous mound;

Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay;
A ſudden road, a long and ample way.
O'er the dread foſſe, (a late impervious ſpace),
Now ſteeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous paſs.
The wond'ring crouds the downward level trod:
Before them flam'd the ſhield, and march'd the god.
Then with his hand he ſhook the mighty wall;
And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall.
Eaſy as when aſhore an infant ſtands,
And draws imagin'd houſes in the ſands:
The ſportive wanton, pleas'd with ſome new play,
Sweeps the ſlight works and faſhion'd domes away.
Thus vaniſh'd, at thy touch, the tow'rs and walls;
The toil of thouſands in a moment falls.

The Grecians gaze around with wild deſpair,
Confus'd, and weary all the pow'rs with pray'r;
Exhort their men, with praiſes, threats, commands;
And urge the gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.
Experienc'd Neſtor chief obteſts the ſkies,
And weeps his country with a father's eyes.

O Jove! if ever, on his native ſhore,
One Greek enrich'd thy ſhrine with offer'd gore;
If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
We paid the fatteſt firſtlings of the fold;
If e'er thou ſign'ſt our wiſhes with thy nod,
Perform the promiſe of a gracious god!
This day, preſerve our navies from the flame,
And ſave the reliques of the Grecian name.

Thus pray'd the ſage: Th' Eternal gave conſent,
And peals of thunder ſhook the firmament.
Preſumptuous Troy miſtook th' accepting ſign,
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.

As, when black tempeſts mix the ſeas and ſkies,
The roaring deeps in wat'ry mountains riſe,
Above the ſides of ſome tall ſhip aſcend,
Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:
Thus loudly roaring, and o'erpow'ring all,
Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall;
Legions on legions from each ſide ariſe;
Thick ſound the keels; the ſtorm of arrows flies.
Fierce on the ſhips above, the cars below,
Theſe wield the mace, and thoſe the jav'lin throw.
While thus the thunder of the battle rag'd,
And lab'ring armies round the works engag'd;
Still in the tent Patroclus ſat, to tend
The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.
He ſprinkles healing balms, to anguiſh kind,
And adds diſcourſe, the med'cine of the mind.
But when he ſaw, aſcending up the fleet,
Victorious Troy; then, ſtarting from his ſeat,
With bitter groans his ſorrows he expreſt,
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breaſt.
Though yet thy ſtate requires redreſs, (he cries),
Depart I muſt: What horrors ſtrike my eyes?
Charg'd with Achilles' high commands I go,
A mournful witneſs of this ſcene of wo:
I haſte to urge him, by his country's care,
To riſe in arms, and ſhine again in war.
Perhaps ſome fav'ring god his ſoul may bend;
The voice is pow'rful of a faithful friend.
He ſpoke; and ſpeaking, ſwifter than the wind
Sprung from the tent, and left the war behind.
Th' embody'd Greeks the fierce attack ſuſtain,
But ſtrive, though num'rous, to repulſe in vain.

Nor could the Trojans, through that firm array,
Force to the fleet and tents th' impervious way.
As when a ſhipwright, with Palladian art,
Smooths the rough wood, and levels ev'ry part;
With equal hand he guides his whole deſign,
By the juſt rule, and the directing line.
The martial leaders, with like ſkill and care,
Preſerv'd their line, and equal kept the war.
Brave deeds of arms through all the ranks were try'd,
And ev'ry ſhip ſuſtain'd an equal tide.
At one proud bark, high tow'ring o'er the fleet
Ajax the great, and godlike Hector meet;
For one bright prize the matchleſs chiefs contend;
Nor this the ſhips can fire, nor that defend;
One kept the ſhore, and one the veſſel trod;
That fix'd as fate, this acted by a god.
The ſon of Clytius in his daring hand,
The deck approaching, ſhakes a flaming brand;
But pierc'd by Telamon's huge lance expires;
Thund'ring he falls, and drops th' extinguiſh'd fires.
Great Hector view'd him with a ſad ſurvey,
As ſtretch'd in duſt before the ſtern he lay.
Oh! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race!
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous ſpace;
Lo! where the ſon of royal Clytius lies;
Ah ſave his arms, ſecure his obſequies!
This ſaid, his eager jav'lin ſought the foe:
But Ajax ſhunn'd the meditated blow;
Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown;
It ſtretch'd in duſt unhappy Lycophron:
An exile long, ſuſtain'd at Ajax board,
A faithful ſervant to a foreign lord;

In peace, in war, for ever at his ſide,
Near his lov'd maſter, as he liv'd, he dy'd.
From the high poop he tumbles on the ſand,
And lies a lifeleſs load along the land.
With anguiſh Ajax views the piercing ſight,
And thus inflames his brother to the fight.
Teucer, behold! extended on the ſhore
Our friend, our lov'd companion! now no more!
Dear as a parent, with a parent's care
To fight our wars, he left his native air.
This death deplor'd to Hector's rage we owe;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.
Where are thoſe darts on which the fates attend,
And where the bow which Phœbus taught to bend?
Impatient Teucer, haſt'ning to his aid,
Before the chief his ample bow diſplay'd;
The well ſtor'd quiver on his ſhoulders hung:
Then hiſs'd his arrow, and the bow-ſtring ſung.
Clytus, Piſenor's ſon, renown'd in fame,
(To thee, Polydamas! an honour'd name),
Drove through the thickeſt of th' embattled plains,
The ſtartling ſteeds, and ſhook his eager reins.
As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
The pointed death arreſts him from behind:
Through his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;
In youth's firſt bloom reluctantly he dies.
Hurl'd from the lofty ſeat, at diſtance far,
The headlong courſers ſpurn his empty car;
Till ſad Polydamas the ſteeds reſtrain'd,
And gave, Aſtynous, to thy careful hand;
Then, fir'd to vengeance, ruſh'd amidſt the foe;
Rage edg'd his ſword, and ſtrengthen'd every blow.

Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cauſe,
At Hector's breaſt a choſen arrow draws;
And had the weapon found the deſtin'd way,
Thy fall, great Trojan! had renown'd that day.
But Hector was not doom'd to periſh then:
Th' all-wiſe diſpoſer of the fates of men,
Imperial Jove, his preſent death withſtands;
Nor was ſuch glory due to Teucer's hands.
At its full ſtretch as the tough ſtring he drew,
Struck by an arm unſeen, it burſt in two;
Down dropt the bow: The ſhaft with brazen head
Fell innocent, and on the duſt lay dead.
Th' aſtoniſh'd archer to great Ajax cries;
Some god prevents our deſtin'd enterpriſe:
Some god, propitious to the Trojan foe,
Has, from my arm unfailing, ſtruck the bow,
And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with art,
Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.
Since heav'n commands it, (Ajax made reply),
Diſmiſs the bow, and lay thy arrows by;
Thy arms no leſs ſuffice thy lance to wield,
And quit the quiver for the pond'rous ſhield;
In the firſt ranks indulge thy thirſt of fame,
(Thy brave example ſhall the reſt inflame.)
Fierce as they are, by long ſucceſſes vain;
To force our fleet, or ev'n a ſhip to gain,
Aſks toil, and ſweat, and blood: Their utmoſt might
Shall find its match—No more: 'Tis ours to fight.
Then Teucer laid his faithleſs bow aſide;
The fourfold buckler o'er his ſhoulder ty'd;
On his brave head a creſted helm he plac'd,
With nodding horſe-hair formidably grac'd;

A dart, whoſe point with braſs refulgent ſhines,
The warrior wields; and his great brother joins.
This Hector ſaw, and thus expreſs'd his joy.
Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy!
Be mindful of yourſelves, your ancient fame,
And ſpread your glory with the navy's flame.
Jove is with us; I ſaw his hand, but now,
From the proud archer ſtrike his vaunted bow.
Indulgent Jove! how plain thy favours ſhine,
When happy nations bear the marks divine!
How eaſy then, to ſee the ſinking ſtate
Of realms accurs'd, deſerted, reprobate!
Such is the fate of Greece, and ſuch is ours:
Behold, ye warriors, and exert your pow'rs.
Death is the worſt; a fate which all muſt try;
And, for our country, 'tis a bliſs to die.
The gallant man, though ſlain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation ſafe, his children free;
Entails a debt on all the grateful ſtate;
His own brave friends ſhall glory in his fate;
His wife live honour'd, all his race ſucceed;
And late poſterity enjoy the deed!
This rous'd the ſoul in ev'ry Trojan breaſt:
The godlike Ajax next his Greeks addreſt.
How long, ye warriors of the Argive race,
(To gen'rous Argos what a dire diſgrace!)
How long on theſe curs'd confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermin'd or to live or die!
What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your veſſels catch the Trojan fire?
Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,
How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call!

Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,
It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.
'Tis now no time for wiſdom or debates;
To your own hands are truſted all your fates;
And better far, in one deciſive ſtrife,
One day ſhould end our labour, or our life;
Than keep this hard-got inch of barren ſands,
Still preſs'd and preſs'd by ſuch inglorious hands.
The liſt'ning Grecians feel their leader's flame,
And ev'ry kindling boſom pants for fame.
Then mutual ſlaughters ſpread on either ſide;
By Hector here the Phocian Schedius dy'd.
There, pierc'd by Ajax, ſunk Laodamas,
Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race.
Polydamas laid Otus on the ſand,
The fierce commander of th' Epean band.
His lance bold Meges at the victor threw;
The victor, ſtooping, from the death withdrew:
(That valu'd life, O Phoebus! was thy care);
But Croeſmus' boſom took the flying ſpear:
His corpſe fell bleeding on the ſlipp'ry ſhore;
His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.
Dolops, the ſon of Lampus, ruſhes on,
Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,
And fam'd for proweſs on a well-fought field;
He pierc'd the centre of his ſounding ſhield:
But Meges, Phyleus' ample breaſt-plate wore,
(Well known in fight on Selles' winding ſhore;
For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,
Compact, and firm with many a jointed ſcale),
Which oft, in cities ſtorm'd, and battles won,
Had ſav'd the father, and now ſaves the ſon.

Full at the Trojan's head he urg'd his lance,
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,
New ting'd with Tyrian dye: In duſt below
Shorn from the creſt, the purple honours glow.
Meantime their fight the Spartan king ſurvey'd,
And ſtood by Meges' ſide, a ſudden aid,
Through Dolop's ſhoulder urg'd his forceful dart,
Which held its paſſage through the panting heart,
And iſſu'd at his breaſt. With thund'ring ſound
The warrior falls, extended on the ground.
In ruſh the conqu'ring Greeks to ſpoil the ſlain;
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train;
The hero moſt, from Hicetaon ſprung,
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young,
He (ere to Troy the Grecians croſs'd the main)
Fed his large oxen on Percote's plain;
But, when oppreſs'd, his country claim'd his care,
Return'd to Ilion, and excell'd in war:
For this, in Priam's court he held his place,
Belov'd no leſs than Priam's royal race.
Him Hector ſingled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead.

Lo Melanippus! lo where Dolops lies;
And is it thus our royal kinſman dies?
O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,
And lo; they bear the bloody arms away!
Come on——a diſtant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage:
Till Greece at once and all her glory end;
Or Ilion from her tow'ry height deſcend,
Heav'd from the loweſt ſtone, and bury all
In one ſad ſepulchre, one common fall.

Hector (this ſaid) ruſh'd forward on the foes:
With equal ardour Melanippus glows:
Then Ajax thus——O Greeks! reſpect your fame,
Reſpect yourſelves, and learn an honeſt ſhame:
Let mutual rev'rence mutual warmth inſpire,
And catch from breaſt to breaſt the noble fire.
On valour's ſide the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worſe than death, eternal ſhame.
His gen'rous ſenſe he not in vain imparts;
It ſunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts.
They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
And flank the navy with a brazen wall;
Shields touching ſhields, in order blaze above,
And ſtop the Trojans, though impell'd by Jove.
The fiery Spartan firſt, with loud applauſe,
Warms the bold ſon of Neſtor in his cauſe.
Is there (he ſaid) in arms a youth like you,
So ſtrong to fight, ſo active to purſue?
Why ſtand you diſtant, nor attempt a deed?
Lift the bold lance, and make ſome Trojan bleed.
He ſaid; and backward to the lines retir'd;
Forth ruſh'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,
Beyond the foremoſt ranks; his lance he threw,
And round the black battalions caſts his view.
The troops of Troy recede with ſudden fear,
While the ſwift jav'lin hiſs'd along in air.
Advancing Melanippus met the dart
With his bold breaſt, and felt it in his heart:
Thund'ring he falls; his falling arms reſound,
And his broad buckler rings againſt the ground,

The victor leaps upon his proſtrate prize;
Thus on a roe the well-breath'd eagle flies,
And rends his ſide, freſh-bleeding with the dart
The diſtant hunter ſent into his heart.
Obſerving Hector to the reſcue flew;
Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew.
So when a ſavage, ranging o'er the plain,
Has torn the ſhepherd's dog, or ſhepherd ſwain;
While conſcious of the deed, he glares around,
And hears the gath'ring multitude reſound,
Timely he flies the yet untaſted food,
And gains the friendly ſhelter of the wood.
So fears the youth; all Troy with ſhouts purſue,
While ſtones and darts in mingled tempeſts flew;
But enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns
His manly breaſt, and with new fury burns.
Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,
Fierce to fulfil the ſtern decrees of Jove.
The ſire of gods, confirming Thetis' pray'r,
The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep deſpair;
But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands,
Swells all their hearts, and ſtrengthens all their hands.
On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,
To view the navy blazing to the ſkies;
Then, nor till then, the ſcale of war ſhall turn,
The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilion burn.
Theſe fates revolv'd in his almighty mind,
He raiſes Hector to the work deſign'd,
Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,
And drives him, like a lightning, on the foe.
So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,
Shakes his huge jav'lin, and whole armies fall.

Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,
Wraps the vaſt mountains, and involves the poles.
He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow
Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow:
The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:
For Jove his ſplendour round the chief had thrown,
And caſt the blaze of both the hoſts on one.
Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
Due to ſtern Pallas, and Pelides' ſpear:
Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
And gave what fate allow'd, the honours of a day!
Now all on fire for fame, his breaſt, his eyes
Burn at each foe, and ſingle ev'ry prize;
Still at the cloſeſt ranks, the thickeſt fight,
He points his ardour, and exerts his might.
The Grecian phalanx moveleſs as a tow'r
On all ſides batter'd, yet reſiſts his pow'r:
So ſome tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds aſſail'd, by billows beat in vain,
Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempeſt blow,
And ſees the wat'ry mountains break below.
Girt in ſurrounding flames, he ſeems to fall
Like fire from Jove, and burſts upon them all;
Burſts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And ſwell'd with tempeſts on the ſhip deſcends;
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the maſts, and ſing through ev'ry ſhroud.
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the ſailors freeze with fears;
And inſtant death on ev'ry wave appears.
So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
The chief ſo thunders, and ſo ſhakes the fleet.

As when a lion, ruſhing from his den,
Amidſt the plain of ſome wide-water'd fen,
(Where num'rous oxen, as at eaſe they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead);
Leaps on the herds before the herdſman's eyes;
The trembling herdſman far to diſtance flies:
Some lordly bull (the reſt diſpers'd and fled)
He ſingles out, arreſts, and lays him dead.
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
All Greece in heaps; but one he ſeiz'd, and ſlew;
Mycenian Periphes, a mighty name,
In wiſdom great, in arms well known to fame;
The miniſter of ſtern Euryſtheus' ire,
Againſt Alcides, Copreus was his ſire:
The ſon redeem'd the honours of the race,
A ſon as gen'rous as the ſire was baſe;
O'er all his country's youth conſpicuous far
In ev'ry virtue, or of peace or war:
But doom'd to Hector's ſtronger force to yield!
Againſt the margin of his ample ſhield
He ſtruck his haſty foot: His heels up ſprung;
Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rung.
On the fall'n chief th' invading Trojan preſt,
And plung'd the pointed jav'lin in his breaſt.
His circling friends, who ſtrove to guard too late
Th' unhappy hero, fled, or ſhar'd his fate.
Chas'd from the foremoſt line, the Grecian train
Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main;
Wedg'd in one body at the tents they ſtand,
Wall'd round with ſterns, a gloomy deſp'rate band.
Now manly ſhame forbids the inglorious flight;
Now fear itſelf confines them to the fight:

Man courage breathes in man; but Neſtor moſt
(The ſage preſerver of the Grecian hoſt)
Exhorts, adjures, to guard theſe utmoſt ſhores;
And by their parents, by themſelves, implores.
O friends! be men; your gen'rous breaſts inflame
With mutual honour, and with mutual ſhame!
Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents ſhare:
Think of each living father's rev'rend head:
Think of each anceſtor with glory dead;
Abſent, by me they ſpeak, by me they ſue;
They aſk their ſafety, and their fame, from you:
The Gods their fates on this one action lay,
And all are loſt, if you deſert the day.
He ſpoke, and round him breath'd heroic fires;
Minerva ſeconds what the ſage inſpires.
The miſt of darkneſs Jove around them threw
She clear'd, reſtoring all the war to view;
A ſudden ray ſhot beaming o'er the plain,
And ſhew'd the ſhores, the navy, and the main:
Hector they ſaw, and all who fly or fight,
The ſcene wide-opening to the blaze of light.
Firſt of the field great Ajax ſtrikes their eyes,
His port majeſtic, and his ample ſize:
A pond'rous mace with ſtuds of iron crown'd,
Full twenty cubits long he ſwings around:
Nor fights like others fix'd to certain ſtands,
But looks a moving tow'r above the bands;
High on the decks, with vaſt gigantic ſtride,
The godlike hero ſtalks from ſide to ſide.
So when a horſeman from the wat'ry mead
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding ſteed)

Drives four fair courſers, practis'd to obey,
To ſome great city thro' the public way;
Safe in his art, as ſide by ſide they run,
He ſhifts his ſeat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this, and now to that he flies;
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.
From ſhip to ſhip thus Ajax ſwiftly flew,
No leſs the wonder of the warring crew.
As furious Hector thunder'd threats aloud,
And ruſh'd enrag'd before the Trojan croud:
Then ſwift invades the ſhips, whoſe beaky prores
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending ſhores:
So the ſtrong eagle from his airy height,
Who marks the ſwans' or cranes' embody'd flight,
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,
And ſtooping, darkens with his wings the flood.
Jove leads him on with his almighty hand,
And breathes freſh ſpirits in his following band.
The warring nations meet, the battle roars,
Thick beats the combat on the ſounding prores.
Thou wouldſt have thought, ſo furious was their fire,
No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece, yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in deſpair;
Troy in proud hopes already view'd the main
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes ſlain!
Like ſtrength is felt from hope and from deſpair,
And each contends as his were all the war.
'Twas thou, bold Hector! whoſe reſiſtleſs hand
Firſt ſeiz'd a ſhip on that conteſted ſtrand;

The ſame which dead Proteſilaus bore,
The firſt that touch'd th' unhappy Trojan ſhore:
For this in arms the warring nations ſtood,
And bath'd their gen'rous breaſts with mutual blood.
No room to poize the lance, or bend the bow;
But hand to hand, and man to man they grow:
Wounded they wound, and ſeek each other's hearts
With faulchions, axes, ſwords, and ſhorten'd darts.
The faulchions ring, ſhields rattle, axes ſound,
Swords flaſh in air, or glitter on the ground;
With ſtreaming blood the ſlipp'ry ſhores are dy'd,
And ſlaughter'd heroes ſwell the dreadful tide.
Still raging Hector, with his ample hand
Graſps the high ſtern, and gives this loud command.
Haſte, bring the flames! the toil of ten long years
Is finiſh'd; and the day deſir'd appears!
This happy day with acclamations greet,
Bright with deſtruction of yon hoſtile fleet.
The coward counſels of a tim'rous throng
Of rev'rend dottards, check'd our glory long:
Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms:
In this great day he crowns our full deſires,
Wakes all our force, and ſeconds all our fires.
He ſpoke—the warriors, at his fierce command,
Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.
Ev'n Ajax paus'd, (ſo thick the jav'lins fly),
Stept back, and doubted or to live or die.
Yet where the oars are plac'd he ſtands to wait
What chief attempting dares attempt his fate:
Ev'n to the laſt his naval charge defends,
Now ſhakes his ſpear, now lifts, and now portends;

Ev'n yet, the Greeks with piercing ſhouts inſpires,
Amidſt attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.
O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear,
Once ſons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war!
Ah! yet be mindful of your old renown,
Your great forefather's virtues and your own.
What aids expect you in this utmoſt ſtrait?
What bulwarks riſing between you and fate?
No aids, no bulwarks, your retreat attend,
No friends to help, no city to defend.
This ſpot is all you have, to loſe or keep;
There ſtand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.
'Tis hoſtile ground you tread; your native lands
Far, far from hence; your fates are in your hands.
Raging he ſpoke; nor farther waſtes his breath,
But turns his jav'lin to the work of death.
Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands,
Againſt the ſable ſhips, with flaming brands,
So well the chief his naval weapon ſped,
The luckleſs warrior at his ſtern lay dead;
Full twelve, the boldeſt, in a moment fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the ſhades of hell.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſixth Battle: The Acts and Death of Patroclus.

Patroclus (in purſuance of the requeſt of Neſtor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to ſuffer him to go to the aſſiſtance of the Greeks with Achilles's troops and armour. He agrees to it, but at the ſame time charges him to content himſelf with reſcuing the fleet, without farther purſuit of the enemy. The armour, horſes, ſoldiers, and officers of Achilles are deſcribed. Achilles offers a libation for the ſucceſs of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the ſight of Patroclus in Achilles's armour, taking him for that hero, are caſt into the utmoſt conſternation: He beats them off from the veſſels. Hector himſelf flies: Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averſe to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are deſcribed, in the heat of which Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, purſues the foe to the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulſes and diſarms him. Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him; which concludes the book.

BOOK XVI.

SO warr'd both armies on th' enſanguin'd ſhore,
While the black veſſels ſmok'd with human gore.
Meantime Patroclus to Achilles flies;
The ſtreaming tears fall copious from his eyes;
Not faſter, trickling to the plains below,
From the tall rock the ſable waters flow.
Divine Pelides, with compaſſion mov'd,
Thus ſpoke, indulgent, to his beſt belov'd.
Patroclus, ſay, what grief thy boſom bears,
That flows ſo faſt in theſe unmanly tears?
No girl, no infant whom the mother keeps
From her lov'd breaſt, with fonder paſſion weeps;
Not more the mother's ſoul that infant warms,
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
Than thou haſt mine! O tell me, to what end
Thy melting ſorrows thus purſue thy friend!
Griev'ſt thou for me, or for my martial band?
Or come ſad tidings from our native land?
Our fathers live, (our firſt, moſt tender care),
Thy good Menoetius breathes the vital air,
And hoary Peleus yet extends his days,
Pleas'd in their age to hear their childrens praiſe.
Or may ſome meaner cauſe thy pity claim?
Perhaps yon reliques of the Grecian name,
Doom'd in their ſhips to ſink by fire and ſword,
And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?
Whate'er the cauſe, reveal thy ſecret care,
And ſpeak thoſe ſorrows which a friend would ſhare.

A ſigh that inſtant from his boſom broke,
Another follow'd, and Patroclus ſpoke.
Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breaſt,
Thyſelf a Greek, and once of Greeks the beſt!
Lo! ev'ry chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent.
Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' ſon,
And wiſe Ulyſſes at the navy groan,
More for their country's wounds than for their own.
Their pain ſoft arts of pharmacy can eaſe;
Thy breaſt alone no lenitives appeaſe.
May never rage like thine my ſoul inſlave,
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
Thy country ſlighted in her laſt diſtreſs,
What friend, what man, from thee ſhall hope redreſs?
No—men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curſe that fierce, that unforgiving mind.
O man unpitying! if of man thy race;
But ſure thou ſpring'ſt not from a ſoft embrace,
Nor ever am'rous hero caus'd thy birth,
Nor ever tender goddeſs brought thee forth.
Some rugged rock's hard intrails gave thee form,
And raging ſeas produc'd thee in a ſtorm;
A ſoul well ſuiting that tempeſtuous kind,
So rough thy manners, ſo untam'd thy mind.
If ſome dire oracle thy breaſt alarm,
If aught from Jove, or Thetis, ſtop thy arm,
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may ſhine,
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line:
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud Troy ſhall tremble, and deſert the war:

Without thy perſon Greece ſhall win the day,
And thy mere image chace her foes away.
Preſs'd by freſh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall quit the ſhips, and Greece reſpire again.
Thus, blind to fate! with ſupplicating breath,
Thou begg'ſt his arms, and in his arms thy death.
Unfortunately good! a bodding ſigh
Thy friend return'd, and with it this reply.
Patroclus! thy Achilles knows no fears:
Nor words from Jove, nor oracles he hears;
Nor aught a mother's caution can ſuggeſt;
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breaſt.
My wrongs, my wrongs, my conſtant thought engage,
Thoſe, my ſole oracles, inſpire my rage:
I made him tyrant: Gave him pow'r to wrong
Ev'n me: I felt it; and ſhall feel it long.
The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he forc'd away,
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day;
Due to my conqueſt of her father's reign;
Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.
From me he forc'd her; me the bold and brave;
Diſgrac'd, diſhonour'd, like the meaneſt ſlave.
But bear we this—the wrongs I grieve are paſt!
'Tis time our fury ſhould relent at laſt:
I fix'd its date; the day I wiſh'd appears:
Now Hector to my ſhips his battle bears,
The flames my eyes, the ſhouts invade my ears.
Go then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms
In Troy's fam'd fields, and in Achilles' arms:
Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight;
Go ſave the fleets, and conquer in my right.

See the thin reliques of their baffled band,
At the laſt edge of yon deſerted land!
Behold all Ilion on their ſhips deſcends;
How the cloud blackens, how the ſtorm impends!
It was not thus, when, at my ſight amaz'd,
Troy ſaw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd:
Had not th' injurious king our friendſhip loſt,
Yon ample trench had bury'd half her hoſt.
No camps, no bulwarks now the Trojans fear,
Thoſe are not dreadful, no Achilles there;
No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' ſon;
No more your gen'ral calls his heroes on:
Hector alone I hear; his dreadful breath
Commands your ſlaughter, or proclaims your death.
Yet now, Patroclus, iſſue to the plain;
Now ſave the ſhips, the riſing fires reſtrain,
And give the Greeks to viſit Greece again.
But heed my words, and mark a friend's command,
Who truſts his fame and honours in thy hand,
And from thy deeds expects th' Achaian hoſt
Shall render back the beauteous maid he loſt:
Rage uncontroll'd through all the hoſtile crew,
But touch not Hector, Hector is my due.
Though Jove in thunder ſhould command the war,
Be juſt, conſult my glory, and forbear.
The fleet once ſav'd, deſiſt from farther chace,
Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race;
Some adverſe god thy raſhneſs may deſtroy;
Some god, like Phoebus, ever kind to Troy.
Let Greece, redeem'd from this deſtructive ſtrait,
Do her own work, and leave the reſt to fate.

Oh! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above,
Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove!
That not one Trojan might be left alive,
And not a Greek of all the race ſurvive;
Might only we the vaſt deſtruction ſhun,
And only we deſtroy th' accurſed town!
Such conf'rence held the chiefs; while, on the ſtrand,
Great Jove with conqueſt crown'd the Trojan band.
Ajax no more the ſounding ſtorm ſuſtain'd,
So thick the darts an iron tempeſt rain'd:
On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung;
His hollow helm with falling jav'lins rung;
His breath in quick ſhort pantings comes and goes;
And painful ſweat from all his members flows:
Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at moſt;
Yet ſcarce an army ſtirs him from his poſt;
Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
And toil to toil, and wo ſucceeds to wo.
Say, Muſes thron'd above the ſtarry frame,
How firſt the navy blaz'd with Trojan flame.
Stern Hector wav'd his ſword: And, ſtanding near
Where furious Ajax ply'd his aſhen ſpear,
Full on the lance a ſtroke ſo juſtly ſped,
That the broad faulchion lopp'd its brazen head:
His pointleſs ſpear the warrior ſhakes in vain;
The brazen head falls ſounding on the plain.
Great Ajax ſaw, and own'd the hand divine;
Confeſſing Jove, and trembling at the ſign,
Warn'd, he retreats. Then ſwift from all ſides pour
The hiſſing brands; thick ſtreams the fiery ſhow'r;
O'er the high ſtern the curling volumes riſe,
And ſheets of rolling ſmoke involve the ſkies.

Divine Achilles view'd the riſing flames,
And ſmote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims.
Arm, arm, Patroclus! Lo, the blaze aſpires!
The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
Arm, ere our veſſels catch the ſpreading flame;
Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name;
I haſte to bring the troops—The hero ſaid;
The friend with ardour and with joy obey'd.
He cas'd his limbs in braſs; and firſt around
His manly legs, with ſilver buckles bound
The claſping greaves; then to his breaſt applies
The flaming cuiraſs of a thouſand dyes;
Emblaz'd with ſtuds of gold his faulchion ſhone
In the rich belt, as in a ſtarry zone:
Achilles' ſhield his ample ſhoulders ſpread;
Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head:
Adorn'd in all his terrible array,
He flaſh'd around intolerable day.
Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' jav'lin ſtands,
Not to be pois'd but by Pelides' hands;
From Pelion's ſhady brow the plant entire
Old Chiron rent, and ſhap'd it for his ſire;
Whoſe ſon's great arm alone the weapon wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
The ſecond to his lord in love and fame,
In peace his friend, and partner of the war)
The winged courſers harneſs'd to the car;
Xanthus and Balius, of immortal breed,
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in ſpeed;
Whom the wing'd harpy, ſwift Podarge bore,
By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy ſhore:

Swift Pedaſus was added to their ſide,
(Once great Aetion's, now Achilles' pride)
Who, like in ſtrength, in ſwiftneſs, and in grace,
A mortal courſer match'd th' immortal race.
Achilles ſpeeds from tent to tent, and warms
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around their chief they ſtand,
A grim, terrific, formidable band:
Grim as voracious wolves, that ſeek the ſprings,
When ſcalding thirſt their burning bowels wrings;
When ſome tall ſtag, freſh-ſlaughter'd in the wood,
Has drench'd their wide inſatiate throats with blood,
To the black fount they ruſh, a hideous throng,
With paunch diſtended, and with rolling tongue;
Fire fills their eyes, their black jaws belch the gore,
And, gorg'd with ſlaughter, ſtill they thirſt for more.
Like furious ruſh'd the Myrmidonian crew,
Such their dread ſtrength, and ſuch their deathful view.

High in the midſt the great Achilles ſtands,
Directs their order, and the war commands.
He, lov'd of Jove, had launch'd for Ilion's ſhores
Full fifty veſſels, mann'd with fifty oars:
Five choſen leaders the fierce bands obey,
Himſelf ſupreme in valour as in ſway.

Firſt march'd Meneſtheus, of celeſtial birth,
Deriv'd from thee whoſe waters waſh the earth,
Divine Sperchius! Jove-deſcended flood!
A mortal mother mixing with a god.
Such was Meneſtheus, but miſcall'd by fame
The ſon of Borus, that eſpous'd the dame.

Eudorus next; whom Polymele the gay,
Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.
Her ſly Cellenius lov'd, on her would gaze,
As with ſwift ſtep ſhe form'd the running maze:
To her high chamber, from Diana's quire,
The god purſu'd her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.
The ſon confeſs'd his father's heav'nly race,
And heir'd his mother's ſwiftneſs in the chace.
Strong Echeclens, bleſs'd in all thoſe charms
That pleas'd a god, ſucceeded to her arms;
Not conſcious of her loves, long hid from fame,
With gifts of price he ſought, and won the dame:
Her ſecret offspring to her ſire ſhe bare;
Her ſire careſs'd him with a parent's care.
Piſander follow'd; matchleſs in his art
To wing the ſpear, or aim the diſtant dart;
No hand ſo ſure of all th' Emathian line,
Or if a ſurer, great Patroclus! thine.
The fourth by Phoenix' grave command was grac'd;
Laerces' valiant offspring led the laſt.
Soon as Achilles, with ſuperior care,
Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,
This ſtern remembrance to his troops he gave:
Ye far-fam'd Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave!
Think with what threats you dar'd the Trojan throng,
Think what reproach theſe ears endur'd ſo long,
"Stern ſon of Peleus," (thus you us'd to ſay,
While reſtleſs, raging, in your ſhips you lay,)
"Oh nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield!
"Whoſe rage defrauds us of ſo fam'd a field.
"If that dire fury muſt for ever burn,
"What make we here? Return, ye chiefs, return!"

Such were your words—now, warriors, grieve no more.
Lo there the Trojans! bathe your ſwords in gore!
This day ſhall give you all your ſoul demands;
Glut all your hearts! and weary all your hands!
Thus while he rous'd the fire in ev'ry breaſt,
Cloſe and more cloſe the liſt'ning cohorts preſt;
Ranks wedg'd in ranks; of arms a ſteely ring
Still grows, and ſpreads, and thickens round the king.
As when a circling wall the builder forms
Of ſtrength defenſive againſt wind and ſtorms,
Compacted ſtones the thick'ning work compoſe,
And round him wide the riſing ſtructure grows:
So helm to helm, and creſt to creſt they throng,
Shield urg'd on ſhield, and man drove man along;
Thick undiſtinguiſh'd plumes, together join'd,
Float in one ſea, and wave before the wind.
Far o'er the reſt, in glitt'ring pomp appear
There, bold Eutomedon, Patroclus here;
Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd;
Two friends, two bodies with one ſoul inſpir'd.
But mindful of the gods, Achilles went
To the rich coffer in his ſhady tent:
There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd,
And coſtly furs, and carpets ſtiff with gold;
(The preſents of the ſilver-footed dame):
From thence he took a bowl of antique frame,
Which never man had ſtain'd with ruddy wine,
Nor rais'd in off'rings to the pow'rs divine,
But Peleus' ſon; and Peleus' ſon to none
Had rais'd in off'rings, but to Jove alone.

This ting'd with ſulphur, ſacred firſt to flame,
He purg'd, and waſh'd it in the running ſtream.
Then cleans'd his hands; and fixing for a ſpace
His eyes on heav'n, his feet upon the place
Of ſacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
Forth in the midſt, and thus the god implor'd.

Oh thou ſupreme! high-thron'd all height above!
Oh great Pelaſgic, Dodonaean Jove!
Who 'midſt ſurrounding froſts, and vapours chill,
Preſid'ſt on bleak Dodona's vocal hill;
(Whoſe groves the Selli, race auſtere! ſurround,
Their feet unwaſh'd, their ſlumbers on the ground;
Who hear, from ruſtling oaks, thy dark decrees,
And catch the fates, low-whiſper'd in the breeze).
Hear, as of old! Thou gav'ſt, at Thetis' pray'r,
Glory to me, and to the Greeks deſpair.
Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field
The beſt, the deareſt of my friends I yield:
Though ſtill determin'd, to my ſhips confin'd,
Patroclus gone, I ſtay but half behind.
Oh! be his guard thy providential care,
Confirm his heart, and ſtring his arm to war:
Preſs'd by his ſingle force, let Hector ſee
His fame in arms not owing all to me;
But when the fleets are ſav'd from foes and fire,
Let him with conqueſt and renown retire;
Preſerve his arms, preſerve his ſocial train,
And ſafe return him to theſe eyes again!

Great Jove conſents to half the chief's requeſt;
But heav'n's eternal doom denies the reſt;
To free the fleet was granted to his pray'r;
His ſafe return, the winds diſpers'd in air.

Back to his tent the ſtern Achilles flies,
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.
Meanwhile the troops beneath Patroclus' care,
Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.
As waſps, provok'd by children in their play,
Pour from their manſions by the broad highway,
In ſwarms the guiltleſs traveller engage,
Whet all their ſtings, and call forth all their rage:
All riſe in arms, and with a gen'ral cry,
Aſſert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.
Thus from the tents the fervent legion ſwarms,
So loud their clamours, and ſo keen their arms;
Their riſing rage Patroclus' breath inſpires,
Who thus inflames them with heroic fires.
Oh warriors, partners of Achilles' praiſe!
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days;
Your godlike maſter let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name.
Think, your Achilles ſees you fight: Be brave,
And humble the proud monarch whom you ſave.
Joyful they heard, and kindling as he ſpoke,
Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and ſmoke.
From ſhore to ſhore the doubling ſhouts reſound,
The hollow ſhips return a deeper ſound.
The war ſtood ſtill, and all around them gaz'd,
When great Achilles' ſhining armour blaz'd:
Troy ſaw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh,
At once they ſee, they tremble, and they fly.
Then firſt thy ſpear, divine Patroclus! flew,
Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult grew.
Cloſe to the ſtern of that fam'd ſhip, which bore
Unbleſs'd Proteſilaus to Ilion's ſhore,

The great Poeonian, bold Pyraechmes, ſtood;
(Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood);
His ſhoulder-blade receives the fatal wound;
The groaning warrior pants upon the ground.
His troops, that ſee their country's glory ſlain,
Fly diverſe, ſcatter'd o'er the diſtant plain.
Patroclus' arm forbids the ſpreading fires,
And from the half-burnt ſhip proud Troy retires:
Clear'd from the ſmoke the joyful navy lies:
In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies;
Triumphant Greece her reſcu'd decks aſcends,
And loud acclaim the ſtarry region rends.
So when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
O'er heav'n's expanſe like one black ceiling ſpread:
Sudden, the thund'rer, with a flaſhing ray,
Burſts through the darkneſs, and lets down the day:
The hills ſhine out, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
And ſtreams, and vales, and foreſts ſtrike the eyes,
The ſmiling ſcene wide opens to the ſight,
And all th' unmeaſur'd aether flames with light.
But Troy repuls'd, and ſcatter'd o'er the plains,
Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.
Now ev'ry Greek ſome hoſtile hero ſlew;
But ſtill the foremoſt, bold Patroclus flew;
As Areilycus had turn'd him round,
Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound;
The brazen-pointed ſpear, with vigour thrown,
The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone:
Headlong he fell. Next, Thoas, was thy chance,
Thy breaſt, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance.
Phylides' dart (as Amphiclus drew nigh)
His blow prevented, and tranſpierc'd his thigh,

Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away:
In darkneſs, and in death, the warrior lay.
In equal arms two ſons of Neſtor ſtand,
And two bold brothers of the Lycian band:
By great Antilochus, Atymnius dies,
Pierc'd in the flank, lamented youth! he lies.
Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound,
Defends the breathleſs carcaſe on the ground.
Furious he flies, his murd'rer to engage;
But godlike Thraſimed prevents his rage,
Between his arm and ſhoulder aims a blow:
His arm falls ſpouting on the duſt below:
He ſinks, with endleſs darkneſs cover'd o'er;
And vents his ſoul effus'd with guſhing gore.
Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
Sarpedon's friends, Amiſodarus' ſeed:
Amiſodarus, who, by furies led,
The bane of men, abhorr'd Chimaera bred;
Skill'd in the dart in vain, his ſons expire,
And pay the forfeit of their guilty ſire.
Stopp'd in the tumult Cleobulus lies;
Beneath Oileus' arm, a living prize;
A living prize not long the Trojan ſtood;
The thirſty faulchion drank his reeking blood:
Plung'd in his throat the ſmoaking weapon lies;
Black death, and fate unpitying, ſeal his eyes.
Amid the ranks, with mutual thirſt of fame,
Lycon the brave, and fierce Peneleus came:
In vain their jav'lins at each other flew,
Now, met in arms, their eager ſwords they drew.
On the plum'd creſt of his Boeotian foe,
The daring Lycon aim'd a noble blow:

The great Poeonian, bold Pyraechmes, ſtood;
(Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood);
His ſhoulder-blade receives the fatal wound;
The groaning warrior pants upon the ground.
His troops, that ſee their country's glory ſlain,
Fly diverſe, ſcatter'd o'er the diſtant plain.
Patroclus' arm forbids the ſpreading fires,
And from the half-burnt ſhip proud Troy retires:
Clear'd from the ſmoke the joyful navy lies:
In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies;
Triumphant Greece her reſcu'd decks aſcends,
And loud acclaim the ſtarry region rends.
So when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
O'er heav'n's expanſe like one black ceiling ſpread:
Sudden, the thund'rer, with a flaſhing ray,
Burſts through the darkneſs, and lets down the day:
The hills ſhine out, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
And ſtreams, and vales, and foreſts ſtrike the eyes,
The ſmiling ſcene wide opens to the ſight,
And all th' unmeaſur'd aether flames with light.
But Troy repuls'd, and ſcatter'd o'er the plains,
Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.
Now ev'ry Greek ſome hoſtile hero ſlew;
But ſtill the foremoſt, bold Patroclus flew;
As Areilycus had turn'd him round,
Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound;
The brazen-pointed ſpear, with vigour thrown,
The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone:
Headlong he fell. Next, Thoas, was thy chance,
Thy breaſt, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance.
Phylides' dart (as Amphiclus drew nigh)
His blow prevented, and tranſpierc'd his thigh,

Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away:
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The daring Lycon aim'd a noble blow:

The ſword broke ſhort; but his, Peneleus ſped
Full on the juncture of the neck and head:
The head, divided by a ſtroke ſo juſt,
Hung by the ſkin: The body ſunk to duſt.
O'ertaken Neamas by Merion bleeds,
Pierc'd through the ſhoulder as he mounts his ſteeds;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground:
His ſwimming eyes eternal ſhades ſurround.
Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel,
His open'd mouth receiv'd the Cretan ſteel:
Beneath the brain the point a paſſage tore,
Cruſh'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in gore;
His mouth, his eyes, his noſtrils, pour a flood;
He ſobs his ſoul out in the guſh of blood.
As when the flocks neglected by the ſwain
(Or kids, or lambs) lie ſcatter'd o'er the plain,
A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge ſurvey,
And rend the trembling, unreſiſting prey:
Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came:
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.
But ſtill at Hector godlike Ajax aim'd,
Still, pointed at his breaſt, his jav'lin flam'd:
The Trojan chief, experienc'd in the field,
O'er his broad ſhoulders ſpread the maſſy ſhield,
Obſerv'd the ſtorm of darts the Grecians pour,
And on his buckler caught the ringing ſhow'r.
He ſees for Greece the ſcale of conqueſt riſe,
Yet ſtops, and turns, and ſaves his lov'd allies.
As when the hand of Jove a tempeſt forms,
And rolls the cloud to blacken heav'n with ſtorms,
Dark o'er the fields th' aſcending vapour flies,
And ſhades the ſun, and blots the golden ſkies:

So from the ſhips, along the duſky plain,
Dire Flight and Terror drove the Trojan train.
Ev'n Hector fled; through heaps of diſarray
The fiery courſers forc'd their lord away:
While far behind his Trojans fall confus'd;
Wedg'd in the trench, in one vaſt carnage bruis'd:
Chariots on chariots roll; the claſhing ſpokes
Shock; while the madding ſteeds break ſhort their yokes:
In vain they labour up the ſteepy mound;
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.
Fierce on the rear, with ſhouts, Patroclus flies;
Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and ſkies;
Thick drifts of duſt involve their rapid flight;
Clouds riſe on clouds, and heav'n is ſnatch'd from ſight.
Th' affrighted ſteeds their dying lords caſt down,
Scour o'er the fields, and ſtretch to reach the town.
Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry.
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickeſt die,
Where horſe and arms and chariots lie o'erthrown,
And bleeding heroes under axles groan.
No ſtop, no check, the ſteeds of Peleus knew;
From bank to bank th' immortal courſers flew,
High-bounding o'er the foſſe: The whirling car
Smokes through the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war,
And thunders after Hector; Hector flies,
Patroclus ſhakes his lance; but fate denies.
Not with leſs noiſe, with leſs impetuous force,
The tide of Trojans urge their deſp'rate courſe,
Than when in autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is loaden with inceſſant ſhow'rs,

(When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws,
And judges brib'd, betray the righteous cauſe):
From their deep beds he bids the rivers riſe,
And opens all the flood-gates of the ſkies;
Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains ſwept away;
Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main;
And trembling man ſees all his labours vain.
And now the chief (the foremoſt troops repell'd)
Back to the ſhips his deſtin'd progreſs held,
Bore down half Troy in his reſiſtleſs way,
And forc'd the routed ranks to ſtand the day.
Between the ſpace where ſilver Simois flows,
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampiers roſe,
All grim in duſt and blood, Patroclus ſtands,
And turns the ſlaughter on the conqu'ring bands.
Firſt Pronous dy'd beneath his fiery dart,
Which pierc'd below the ſhield his valiant heart.
Theſtor was next; who ſaw the chief appear,
And fell the victim of his coward fear;
Shrunk up he ſat, with wild and haggard eye,
Nor ſtood to combat, nor had force to fly:
Patroclus mark'd him as he ſhunn'd the war,
And with unmanly tremblings ſhook the car,
And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws
The jav'lin ſticks, and from the chariot draws.
As on a rock that overhangs the main,
An angler, ſtudious of the line and cane,
Some mighty fiſh draws panting to the ſhore;
Not with leſs eaſe the barbed jav'lin bore
The gaping daſtard: As the ſpear was ſhook,
He fell, and life his heartleſs breaſt forſook.

Next on Eryalus he flies; a ſtone
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown:
Full on his crown the pond'rous fragment flew,
And burſt the helm, and cleft the head in two:
Prone to the ground the breathleſs warrior fell,
And death involv'd him with the ſhades of hell.
Then low in duſt Epaltes, Echius lie;
Ipheas, Evippus, Polymelus, die;
Amphoterus, and Erymas ſucceed;
And laſt Tlepolemus and Pyres bleed.
Where'er he moves, the growing ſlaughters ſpread
In heaps on heaps, a monument of dead.
When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld
Grov'ling on duſt, and gaſping on the field,
With this reproach his flying hoſt he warms,
Oh ſtain to honour! oh diſgrace to arms!
Forſake, inglorious, the contended plain;
This hand, unaided, ſhall the war ſuſtain.
The taſk be mine, this hero's ſtrength to try,
Who mowes whole troops, and makes an army fly.
He ſpake; and, ſpeaking, leaps from off the car;
Patroclus lights, and ſternly waits the war.
As when two vultures, on the mountain's height,
Stoop with reſounding pinions to the fight;
They cuff, they tear, they raiſe a ſcreaming cry:
The deſert echoes, and the rocks reply:
The warriors, thus oppos'd in arms, engage
With equal clamours, and with equal rage.
Jove view'd the combat; whoſe event foreſeen,
He thus beſpoke his ſiſter and his queen.
The hour draws on; the deſtinies ordain
My godlike ſon ſhall preſs the Phrygian plain:

Already on the verge of death he ſtands;
His life is ow'd to fierce Patroclus' hands.
What paſſions in a parent's breaſt debate!
Say, ſhall I ſnatch him from impending fate,
And ſend him ſafe to Lycia, diſtant far
From all the dangers and the toils of war;
Or to his doom my braveſt offspring yield,
And fatten with celeſtial blood the field?

Then thus the goddeſs with the radiant eyes:
What words are theſe? O ſov'reign of the ſkies!
Short is the date preſcrib'd to mortal man;
Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow ſpan,
Whoſe bounds were fix'd before his race began?
How many ſons of gods, foredoom'd to death,
Before proud Ilion muſt reſign their breath!
Were thine exempt, debate would riſe above,
And murm'ring pow'rs condemn their partial Jove.
Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;
And when th' aſcending ſoul has wing'd her flight,
Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,
The breathleſs body to his native land.
His friends and people, to his future praiſe,
A marble tomb and pyramid ſhall raiſe,
And laſting honours to his aſhes give;
His fame ('tis all the dead can have) ſhall live.
She ſaid: The cloud-compeller overcome,
Aſſents to fate, and ratifies the doom.
Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping heav'ns diſtill'd
A ſhow'r of blood o'er all the fatal field;
The god, his eyes averting from the plain,
Laments his ſon, predeſtin'd to be ſlain,
Far from the Lycian ſhores, his happy native reign.

Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
Each heav'd the ſhield, and pois'd the lifted ſpear:
From ſtrong Patroclus' hand the jav'lin fled,
And paſs'd the groin of valiant Thraſymed;
The nerves unbrac'd, no more his bulk ſuſtain,
He falls, and, falling, bites the bloody plain.
Two ſounding darts the Lycian leader threw;
The firſt aloof with erring fury flew:
The next tranſpierc'd Achilles' mortal ſteed,
The gen'rous Pedaſus, of Theban breed;
Fix'd in the ſhoulder's joint, he reel'd around,
Roll'd in the bloody duſt, and paw'd the ſlipp'ry ground.
His ſudden fall th' entangled harneſs broke;
Each axle crackled, and the chariot ſhook:
When bold Automedon, to diſengage
The ſtarting courſers, and reſtrain their rage,
Divides the traces with his ſword, and freed
Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying ſteed;
The reſt move on, obedient to the rein;
The car rolls ſlowly o'er the duſty plain.
The tow'ring chiefs to fiercer fight advance,
And firſt Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance,
Which o'er the warrior's ſhoulder took its courſe,
And ſpent in empty air its dying force.
Not ſo Patroclus' never-erring dart;
Aim'd at his breaſt, it pierc'd the mortal part
Where the ſtrong fibres bind the ſolid heart.
Then, as the mountain-oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine (fit maſt for ſome great admiral)
Nods to the axe, till, with a groaning ſound,
It ſinks, and ſpreads its honours on the ground:

Thus fell the king; and, laid on earth ſupine,
Before his chariot ſtretch'd the form divine:
He graſp'd the duſt diſtain'd with ſtreaming gore,
And pale in death, lay groaning on the ſhore.
So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
While the grim ſavage grinds with foamy jaws
The trembling limbs, and ſucks the ſmoking blood;
Deep groans and hollow roars rebellow through the wood.

Then to the leader of the Lycian band
The dying chief addreſs'd his laſt command.
Glaucus, be bold; thy taſk be firſt to dare
The glorious danger of deſtructive war,
To lead my troops, to combat at their head,
Incite the living, and ſupply the dead.
Tell 'em, I charg'd them with my lateſt breath,
Not unreveng'd to bear Sarpedon's death.
What grief, what ſhame muſt Glaucus undergo,
If theſe ſpoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe?
Then as a friend, and as a warrior fight;
Defend my corpſe, and conquer in my right:
That, taught by great examples, all may try
Like thee to vanquiſh, or like me to die.

He ceas'd: The fates ſuppreſs'd his lab'ring breath,
And his eyes darken'd with the ſhades of death.
Th' inſulting victor with diſdain beſtrode
The proſtrate prince, and on his boſom trode;
Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,
The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;
From the wide wound guſh'd out a ſtream of blood,
And the ſoul iſſu'd in the purple flood.

His flying ſteeds the Myrmidons detain,
Unguided now, their mighty maſter ſlain.
All-impotent of aid, tranſfix'd with grief,
Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief.
His painful arm, yet uſeleſs with the ſmart
Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart,
Supported on his better hand he ſtay'd;
To Phoebus then ('twas all he could) he pray'd.
All-ſeeing monarch! whether Lycia's coaſt,
Or ſacred Ilion, thy bright preſence boaſt,
Pow'rful alike to eaſe the wretch's ſmart:
Oh hear me! god of ev'ry healing art!
Lo! ſtiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with pain,
That thrills my arm, and ſhoots through ev'ry vein;
I ſtand unable to ſuſtain the ſpear,
And ſigh at diſtance from the glorious war.
Low in the duſt is great Sarpedon laid,
Nor Jove vouchſaf'd his hapleſs offspring aid.
But thou! O God of Health! thy ſuccour lend,
To guard the reliques of my ſlaughter'd friend.
For thou, though diſtant, canſt reſtore my might,
To head my Lycians, and ſupport the fight.
Apollo heard; and, ſuppliant as he ſtood,
His heav'nly hand reſtrain'd the flux of blood:
He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
And breath'd a ſpirit in his riſing heart.
Renew'd by art divine, the hero ſtands,
And owns th' aſſiſtance of immortal hands.
Firſt to the fight his native troops he warms,
Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms;
With ample ſtrides he ſtalks from place to place,
Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas;

Æneas next, and Hector he accoſts;
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hoſts.
What thoughts, regardleſs chief! thy breaſt employ?
Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy!
Thoſe gen'rous friends, who, from their country far,
Breathe their brave ſouls out in another's war.
See! where in duſt the great Sarpedon lies,
In action valiant, and in council wiſe,
Who guarded right, and kept his people free;
To all his Lycians loſt, and loſt to thee!
Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,
Oh ſave from hoſtile rage his lov'd remains:
Ah let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boaſt,
Nor on his corpſe revenge her heroes loſt!
He ſpoke; each leader in his grief partook,
Troy, at the loſs, through all her legions ſhook.
Transfix'd with deep regret, they view'd o'erthrown
At once his country's pillar, and their own;
A chief who led to Troy's beleaguer'd wall
A hoſt of heroes, and outſhin'd them all.
Fir'd they ruſh on; firſt Hector ſeeks the foes,
And with ſuperior vengeance greatly glows.
But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus ſtands,
And, rouſing Ajax, rous'd the liſt'ning bands.
Heroes, be men! be what you were before;
Or weigh the great occaſion, and be more.
The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,
Lies pale in death, extended on the field.
To guard his body Troy in numbers flies;
'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.
Haſte, ſtrip his arms, the ſlaughter round him ſpread,
And ſend the living Lycians to the dead.

The heroes kindle at his fierce command;
The martial ſquadrons cloſe on either hand:
Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms,
Theſſalia there, and Greece, oppoſe their arms,
With horrid ſhouts they circle round the ſlain;
The claſh of armour rings o'er all the plain.
Great Jove, to ſwell the horrors of the fight,
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious Night,
And round his ſon confounds the warring hoſts,
His fate ennobling with a croud of ghoſts.
Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falls:
Agacleus' ſon, from Budium's lofty walls:
Who chac'd for murder thence, a ſuppliant came
To Peleus, and the ſilver-footed dame:
Now ſent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,
He pays due vengeance to his kinſman's ſhade.
Soon as his luckleſs hand had touch'd the dead,
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head;
Hurl'd by Hectorian force, it cleft in twain
His ſhatter'd helm, and ſtretch'd him o'er the ſlain.
Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came,
And, like an eagle darting at his game,
Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band:
What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand,
Oh gen'rous Greek! when, with full vigour thrown
At Sthenelaus flew the weighty ſtone,
Which ſunk him to the dead; when Troy, too near
That arm, drew back, and Hector learn'd to fear.
Far as an able hand a lance can throw,
Or at the liſts, or at the fighting foe;
So far the Trojans from their lines retir'd;
Till Glaucus turning, all the reſt inſpir'd.

Then Bathyclaeus fell beneath his rage,
The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age:
Wide o'er the land was ſtretch'd his large domain,
With ſtately ſeats and riches bleſs'd in vain:
Him, bold with youth, and eager to purſue
The flying Lycians, Glaucus met, and ſlew;
Pierc'd through the boſom with a ſudden wound,
He fell, and, falling, made the fields reſound.
Th' Achaians ſorrow for their hero ſlain;
With conqu'ring ſhouts the Trojans ſhake the plain,
And croud to ſpoil the dead: The Greeks oppoſe;
An iron circle round the careaſe grows.

Then brave Laogonus reſign'd his breath,
Diſpatch'd by Merion to the ſhades of death:
On Ida's holy hill he made abode,
The prieſt of Jove, and honour'd like his god.
Between the jaw and ear the jav'lin went;
The ſoul, exhaling, iſſu'd at the vent.
His ſpear Æneas at the victor threw,
Who ſtooping forward, from the death withdrew;
The lance hiſs'd harmleſs o'er his cov'ring ſhield,
And trembling ſtruck, and rooted in the field;
There, yet ſcarce ſpent, it quivers on the plain,
Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.
Swift as thou art (the raging hero cries)
And ſkill'd in dancing to diſpute the prize,
My ſpear, the deſtin'd paſſage had it found,
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.

Oh valiant leader of the Dardan hoſt!
(Inſulted Merion thus retorts the boaſt),
Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you truſt;
An arm as ſtrong may ſtretch thee in the duſt.

And if to this my lance thy fate be giv'n,
Vain are thy vaunts; ſucceſs is ſtill from heav'n:
This inſtant ſends thee down to Pluto's coaſt;
Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghoſt.

O friend, (Menoetius' ſon this anſwer gave),
With words to combat ill befits the brave:
Not empty boaſts the ſons of Troy repel;
Your ſwords muſt plunge them to the ſhades of hell.
To ſpeak, beſeems the council; but to dare,
In glorious action, is the taſk of war.

This ſaid, Patroclus to the battle flies;
Great Merion follows, and new ſhouts ariſe:
Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriors cloſe;
And thick and heavy ſounds the ſtorm of blows.
As through the ſhrilling vale, or mountain-ground,
The labours of the woodman's axe reſound;
Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,
While crackling foreſts fall on ev'ry ſide:
Thus echo'd all the fields with loud alarms;
So fell the warriors, and ſo rung their arms.

Now great Sarpedon, on the ſandy ſhore,
His heav'nly form defac'd with duſt and gore,
And ſtuck with darts, by warring heroes ſhed,
Lies undiſtinguiſh'd from the vulgar dead.
His long-diſputed corſe the chiefs incloſe,
On every ſide the buſy combat grows,
Thick as beneath ſome ſhepherd's thatch'd abode,
(The pails high foaming with a milky flood),
The buzzing flies, a perſevering train,
Inceſſant ſwarm, and chas'd return again.

Jove view'd the combat with a ſtern ſurvey;
And eyes that flaſh'd intolerable day.

Fix'd on the field his ſight, his breaſt debates
The vengeance due, and meditates the fates;
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call
The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,
This inſtant ſee his ſhort-liv'd trophies won,
And ſtretch him breathleſs on his ſlaughter'd ſon;
Or yet, with many a ſoul's untimely flight,
Augment the fame and horror of the fight.
To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praiſe
At length he dooms; and that his laſt of days
Shall ſet in glory; bids him drive the foe;
Nor unattended, ſee the ſhades below.
Then Hector's mind he fills with dire diſmay;
He mounts his car, and calls his hoſts away,
Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he ſees decline
The ſcales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.
Then, nor before, the hardy Lycians fled,
And left their monarch with the common dead:
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
Of carnage riſes, as the heroes fall.
(So Jove decreed!) At length the Greeks obtain
The prize conteſted, and deſpoil the ſlain.
The radiant arms are by Patroclus born,
Patroclus' ſhips the glorious ſpoils adorn.
Then thus to Phoebus, in the realms above,
Spoke from his throne the cloud-compelling Jove:
Deſcend, my Phoebus! on the Phrygian plain,
And from the fight convey Sarpedon ſlain;
Then bathe his body in the cryſtal flood,
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with blood:
O'er all his limbs ambroſial honours ſhed,
And with celeſtial robes adorn the dead.

Thoſe rites diſcharg'd, his ſacred corſe bequeath
To the ſoft arms of ſilent Sleep and Death:
They to his friends the mournful charge ſhall bear,
His friends a tomb and pyramid ſhall rear;
What honours mortals after death receive,
Thoſe unavailing honours we may give!
Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height,
Swift to the field precipitates his flight;
Thence from the war the breathleſs hero bore,
Veil'd in a cloud, to ſilver Simois' ſhore;
There bath'd his honourable wounds, and dreſt
His manly members in th' immortal veſt;
And with perfumes of ſweet ambroſial dews,
Reſtores his freſhneſs, and his form renews.
Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchleſs ſwiftneſs, but of ſilent pace,
Receiv'd Sarpedon, at the god's command,
And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land;
The corſe amidſt his weeping friends they laid,
Where endleſs honours wait the ſacred ſhade.
Meanwhile Patroclus pours along the plains,
With foaming courſers, and with looſen'd reins.
Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,
Ah blind to fate! thy headlong fury flew:
Againſt what fate and pow'rful Jove ordain,
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain.
For he, the god, whoſe counſels uncontroll'd
Diſmay the mighty, and confound the bold;
The god, who gives, reſumes, and orders all,
He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.
Who firſt, brave hero! by that arm was ſlain,
Who laſt beneath thy vengeance preſs'd the plain;

When heav'n itſelf thy fatal fury led,
And call'd to fill the number of the dead?
Adreſtus firſt; Autonous then ſucceeds;
Echeclus follows; next young Megas bleeds;
Epiſtor, Menalippus, bite the ground;
The ſlaughter Elaſus and Mulius crown'd:
Then ſunk Pylartes to eternal night;
The reſt diſperſing, truſt their fates to flight.
Now Troy had ſtoop'd beneath his matchleſs pow'r,
But flaming Phœbus kept the ſacred tow'r.
Thrice at the battlements Patroclus ſtrook;
His blazing ægis thrice Apollo ſhook:
He try'd the fourth; when, burſting from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.
Patroclus! ceaſe; this heav'n-defended wall
Defies thy lance; not fated yet to fall:
Thy friend, thy greater far, it ſhall withſtand,
Troy ſhall not ſtoop ev'n to Achilles' hand.
So ſpoke the god, who darts celeſtial fires:
The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires.
While Hector checking at the Scæan gates
His panting courſers, in his breaſt debates,
Or in the field his forces to employ,
Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy.
Thus while he thought, beſide him Phœbus ſtood,
In Aſius' ſhape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood,
(Thy brother, Hecuba! from Dymas ſprung,
A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young),
Thus he accoſts him. What a ſhameful ſight!
Gods! is it Hector that forbears the fight?
Were thine my vigour, this ſucceſsful ſpear
Should ſoon convince thee of ſo falſe a fear.

Turn then, ah turn thee to the field of fame,
And in Patroclus' blood efface thy ſhame.
Perhaps Apollo ſhall thy arms ſucceed,
And heav'n ordains him by thy lance to bleed.
So ſpoke th' inſpiring god; then took his flight,
And plung'd amidſt the tumult of the fight.
He bids Cebrion drive the rapid car;
The laſh reſounds, the courſers ruſh to war.
The god the Grecians ſinking ſouls depreſt,
And pour'd ſwift ſpirits through each Trojan breaſt.
Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight;
A ſpear his left, a ſtone employs his right:
With all his nerves he drives it at the foe;
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below;
The falling ruin cruſh'd Cebrion's head,
(The lawleſs offspring of king Priam's bed);
His front, brows, eyes, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound:
The burſting balls drop ſightleſs on the ground.
The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.
To the dark ſhades the ſoul unwilling glides,
While the proud victor thus his fall derides.
Good heav'ns! what active feats yon artiſt ſhows?
What ſkilful divers are our Phrygian foes!
Mark with what eaſe they ſink into the ſand!
Pity! that all their practice is by land.
Then ruſhing ſudden on his proſtrate prize,
To ſpoil the carcaſe fierce Patroclus flies;
Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
That ſweeps the fields, depopulates the fold;
Pierc'd through the dauntleſs heart, then tumbles ſlain,
And from his fatal courage finds his bane.

At once bold Hector leaping from his car,
Defends the body and provokes the war.
Thus for ſome ſlaughter'd hind, with equal rage,
Two lordly rulers of the wood engage;
Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
And echoing roars rebellow through the ſhades:
Stern Hector faſtens on the warrior's head,
And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead.
While all around, confuſion, rage, and fright
Mix the contending hoſts in mortal fight.
So pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud
In the deep boſom of ſome gloomy wood;
Leaves, arms, and trees aloft in air are blown,
The broad oaks crackle, and the ſylvans groan;
This way and that, the rattling thicket bends,
And the whole foreſt in one craſh deſcends.
Not with leſs noiſe, with leſs tumultuous rage,
In dreadful ſhock the mingled hoſts engage.
Darts ſhow'r'd on darts, now round the carcaſe ring;
Now flights of arrows bounding from the ſtring:
Stones follow ſtones; ſome clatter on the fields,
Some hard, and heavy, ſhake the ſounding ſhields.
But where the riſing whirlwind clouds the plains,
Sunk in ſoft duſt the mighty chief remains,
And ſtretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins!

Now flaming from the zenith, Sol had driv'n
His fervid orb through half the vault of heav'n;
While on each hoſt with equal tempeſt fell
The ſhow'ring darts, and numbers ſunk to hell.
But when his ev'ning-wheels o'erhung the main,
Glad conqueſt reſted on the Grecian train.

Then from amidſt the tumult and alarms,
They draw the conquer'd corſe, and radiant arms.
Then raſh Patroclus with new fury glows,
And breathing ſlaughter, pours amid the foes.
Thrice on the preſs like Mars himſelf he flew,
And thrice three heroes at each onſet ſlew.
There ends thy glory! there the fates untwine
The laſt, black remnant of ſo bright a line;
Apollo dreadful ſtops thy middle way;
Death calls, and heav'n allows no longer day!
For lo! the god in duſky clouds enſhrin'd,
Approaching dealt a ſtaggering blow behind.
The weighty ſhock his neck and ſhoulders feel;
His eyes flaſh ſparkles, his ſtunn'd ſenſes reel
In giddy darkneſs; far to diſtance flung,
His bounded helmet on the champaign rung.
Achilles' plume is ſtain'd with duſt and gore;
That plume, which never ſtoop'd to earth before;
Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to ſhine,
And ſhade the temples of the man divine.
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;
Not long—for fate purſues him, and the god.
His ſpear in ſhivers falls; his ample ſhield
Drops from his arm; his baldric ſtrows the field:
The corſelet his aſtoniſh'd breaſt forſakes:
Looſe is each joint; each nerve with horror ſhakes.
Stupid he ſtares, and all-aſſiſtleſs ſtands:
Such is the force of more than mortal hands!
A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame:
From Panthus ſprung, Euphorbus was his name;
Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horſe,
Skill'd in the dart, and matchleſs in the courſe.

Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.
His vent'rous ſpear firſt drew the hero's gore:
He ſtruck, he wounded, but he durſt no more:
Nor, though diſarm'd, Patroclus' fury ſtood:
But ſwift withdrew the long-protended wood,
And turn'd him ſhort, and herded in the croud.
Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal ſpear,
Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear,
Retires for ſuccour to his ſocial train,
And flies the fate, which heav'n decreed, in vain.
Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,
Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat purſues:
The lance arreſts him with a mortal wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms reſound.
With him all Greece was ſunk; that moment all
Her yet ſurviving heroes ſeem'd to fall.
So ſcorch'd with heat, along the deſert ſhore,
The roaming lion meets a briſtly boar,
Faſt by the ſpring; they both diſpute the flood,
With flaming eyes, and jaws beſmear'd with blood;
At length the ſov'reign ſavage wins the ſtrife,
And the torn boar reſigns his thirſt and life.
Patroclus thus, ſo many chiefs o'erthrown,
So many lives effus'd, expires his own.
As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,
He ſternly views him, and triumphing cries:
Lie there, Patroclus! and with thee, the joy
Thy pride once promis'd, of ſubverting Troy;
The fancy'd ſcenes of Ilion wrapt in flames,
And thy ſoft pleaſures ſerv'd with captive dames!

Unthinking man: I fought, thoſe tow'rs to free,
And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee:
But thou a prey to vultures ſhalt be made;
Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid;
Though much at parting that great chief might ſay,
And much enjoin thee, this important day.
" Return not, my brave friend," (perhaps he ſaid),
" Without the bloody arms of Hector dead."
He ſpoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he ſped.
Supine, and wildly gazing on the ſkies,
With faint, expiring grief, the chief replies.
Vain boaſter! ceaſe, and know the pow'rs divine;
Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine;
To heav'n is ow'd whate'er your own you call,
And heav'n itſelf diſarm'd me ere my fall.
Had twenty mortals each thy match in might,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had ſunk in fight:
By fate and Phoebus was I firſt o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next; the third mean part thy own.
But thou, imperious! hear my lateſt breath;
The gods inſpire it, and it ſounds thy death.
Inſulting man, thou ſhalt be ſoon, as I;
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh;
Ev'n now on life's laſt verge I ſee thee ſtand,
I ſee thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.
He faints; the ſoul unwilling wings her way,
(The beauteous body left a load of clay,)
Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coaſt;
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghoſt!
Then Hector pauſing, as his eyes he fed
On the pale careaſe, thus addreſs'd the dead.

From whence this boding ſpeech, the ſtern decree
Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?
Why not as well Achilles' fate be giv'n
To Hector's lance! Who knows the will of heav'n?
Penſive he ſaid: Then preſſing as he lay
His breathleſs boſom, tore the lance away;
And upwards caſt the corſe; the reeking ſpear
He ſhakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
But ſwift Automedon with looſen'd reins
Rapt in the chariot o'er the diſtant plains,
Far from his rage th' immortal courſers drove;
Th' immortal courſers were the gift of Jove.

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